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AMERICAN COURT GOSSIP

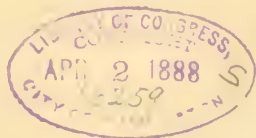
—OR—

LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL,

—BY—

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MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA



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DEDICATED

TO THAT LOVELY WOMAN,

MRS. GENERAL LOGAN,

Who adorns her sex with great charity, intelligence
and grace, and who is to the National Capital
what Madam Recamier was to France.

PREFACE.

These Washington sketches were mostly published in the Iowa State Register, and were written in a hasty manner. They are a *resume* of a seven years' diary, and imperfect as they are, may interest some of my young friends who have never seen even glimpses of the American Court at the National Capitol. As an ex Secretary of the Ladies' Press Association at Washington, I beg the indulgence of the Guild everywhere. This work has been very much abridged, and apparent discrepancies have occurred in consequence of this cutting down of the original matter.

AMERICAN COURT GOSSIP

OR

LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

CHAPTER I.

LOCATION OF THE CITY—"B" STREET MARKET HOUSE—CONGRESS
OF 1879-80—OLD SLAVE PEN.

Hamilton, under the great Washington, as Secretary of the Treasury, had a national debt of over eighty millions to provide for, after the war of the Revolution, and this debt was divided up among the states.

Hamilton's scheme for the government to assume these war debts and a promise to pay in the future, was opposed by Jefferson and the anti-federalists, many of whom lived in Virginia.

Another part of Hamilton's scheme was to establish a bank of the United States, and levy customs on imported articles. The Virginians opposed him bitterly at first, but knowing they were anxious to have the National Capitol on Virginia soil, he gave his influence to have the Federal Congress remove the capitol from Philadelphia, dating ten years from 1790. Washington selected the site himself, although it was sanctioned formally by three commissioners. L. Enfant, a French engineer, laid out the city in the year mentioned above, and the corner stone of the beautiful building called the Capitol was laid September

18, 1793. Out of the sixty millions of the nation, comparatively few visit Washington.

"It is the finest National Capitol in the world," said General Grant upon his return trip from over the seas, and for the last five years the growth of Washington has been wonderful. It contains 210,000 inhabitants—nearly 70,000 are negroes, or partly African.

The city lies in a sort of basin on the banks of the Potomac, with the Eastern Branch, also a tide water stream, coming around the city to the Navy Yard and Arsenal Point, when it meets the main stream, more than a mile wide here, and as you look up the river, past the famous Long Bridge, the glistening obelisk of the Washington monument is seen you also see ships lying in the harbor, the blue dome of the U.S. Naval Observatory. Beyond are the towers of the Jesuit College of Georgetown, and if you look over into Virginia, there is the Lee mansion at Arlington, Fort Meyer with its starry flag, and the green hills of old Virginia to finish the landscape.

Boundary street, which runs under the north hill of the city, used to be the dividing line between pastures and palaces.

"Calumet Place," the home of the late Senator Logan, stands on Meridian Hill. not far away is "Belmont," a stone castle of medieval architecture, owned by Col. A. S. Barber, and the tall stand pipe of the water reservoir, give a marked feature to the northern part of the city. Calumet Place, or the old Stone estate, is not extravagantly furnished, only in elegant taste, for the fair mistress has a deft hand in decoration. The parlors are handsome, silken flags over the doors and windows, battle scenes, family portraits, bric-a-brac, and all, to make a home desirable. There is one room furnished old fashioned—cherry bedstead and drawers—"old timey" chairs, a spinning wheel, and other things of a like character.

Near Boundary street and Nineteenth, was the old Holmead Cemetery. The ground became valuable and was bought of the commissioners by Mr. McLean of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and the bodies were removed to other cemeteries in the fall of 1884. This North Hill, with its forest, conceals the Soldiers' Home, distant about two miles. Trees and sky, and the Garfield Hospital in its enclosure of seven acres, Howard University, with other fine structures, finish the picture in North Washington. Turning around to the east, the immense pile of white marble called the Capitol, rises up to the sky, being 285 feet from the top of the cap, that binds the brow of the goddess of Liberty, to the ground.

All of the streets in the city are very wide, varying from 70 to 160 feet in width. The Capitol building is in the center of the city, exactly, but not in the center of population, for the northwestern portion is three times more populous, than the eastern part, towards Lincoln Park. The streets are lettered from east to west and numbered from north to south. The avenues, running diagonally across, are named after the states of the Union. All portions lying between North Capitol street and East Capitol is northeast, between North Capitol and Pennsylvania avenue, northwest, and between Pennsylvania avenue and North Capitol is southwest, and between the latter and East Capitol again, is southeast. North Capitol divides the numbered streets—it is First street northeast and First street northwest, each a block away from it. Where the avenues cross the streets there are beautiful laid out parks or reservations owned by the government. In the large parks there are equestrian statues, vases of flowers and rustic arbors to add beauty to places of singing birds and honey bees. The streets are paved with a dark gray asphalt, making them as smooth as a house floor, from one end of the city to another, and a wheelman can go upon his bicycle, nearly 300 miles without going over the same ground

twice. The Capitol grounds contain fifty-one acres, and planted with magnolias, acacias, maples, in fact, nearly every deciduous tree and evergreen grown in this latitude, is found on its green lawns. The statue of Columbus crowns the eastern portico of the Capitol, and Greenough's "Washington" of heroic size, is between the immense marble vases beyond the steps. This statue is of very white marble, and as the figure is seated in an immense chair, pointing its right hand to the sky, it is much admired. Birds often sit on the patriot's head and sing a merry roundelay, and at one time school archins, were playing ball on the plaza, when the ball bounded into the General's lap, to the great annoyance of the youngster, as he had to borrow a step-ladder to get it down again. The Capitol structure cost in all, \$13,000,00.

Dupont Circle in the northwestern portion of the city, was a corn field in 1870. Now it is lined with elegant residences. There is Stewart Castle, Blaine's mansion, and church of the Holy Cross, the home of the Miss Pages; that of "Sunset" Cox, and at the corner of Eighteenth and Massachusetts avenue, not far away, the elegant residence of Senator VanWyck, of Nebraska.

Massachusetts avenue runs from the northwestern boundary of the city through Dupont Circle to Lincoln Park, four and one-half miles, and is two squares from the Capitol, where it crosses North Capitol street.

Much of the beauty of Washington is due to the foresight of General Grant, who, stung by the criticisms of foreigners visiting the Capitol, and the streets being in such a deplorable condition in the spring of 1869, he determined to make the city's streets passable under all circumstances. Horses were often stalled in the mud-holes of Pennsylvania avenue, as they forced their way through the mire from the Capitol to the Treasury.

The statesmen of early days used to ride on horseback, for vehicles could not make headway, after heavy rains.

In 1871 General Grant appointed Alex. Sheppard (called Boss Shephard by his enemies), as Commissioner of Public Works and Governor, who inaugurated a new system of drainage, streets were graded down, trees set out, and a beautiful city rose, like magic, from the mud and debris of the bygone Capitol. The river Tiber, that runs at the foot of Capitol Hill on the west side was enclosed in an immense sewer, covered up with asphalt and stone, and, if you place your ear near the ground, the sighing of the imprisoned waters can be heard moaning of the past, where romantic lovers talked by its banks. Webster and Clay dreamed beside its rustic bridge of the nation's great future, but no one thought Washington would ever get beyond an over-grown village. How the Democratic papers in the campaign of 1876 bloviated over Republican extravagance! and Grant had expended "millions on the streets of Washington." The taxed citizens of the blue-blooded aristocracy howled in the same key, threatened to hang Boss Shepherd, and one night made actual preparations to carry out the outrage, but there was a whisper that the President might call out the troops, so the mob gave it up, and vented their spite by cursing the authorities behind their backs. Now, the Old Settlers Society are ready to vote Shepherd a statue, and have publicly thanked him in stirring resolutions.

The Capitol is built of marble and, after thorough cleansing with acid and water, is a beautiful object by day, but in moonlight is fairy-like and ethereal in its brightness. If you enter on the Senate floor, there is a feeling of bewilderment as the floor tiling, beautiful frescoes, marble and gilt balustrades meet your gaze, while the marble room, magnificently furnished, is fit for a prince of the blood. The east bronze doors by Randolph Rogers, relates to the history of Columbus, while in the Senate wing those by Thomas Crawford tell the story of the Revolution.

There are several fine paintings in the ante-room of the Senate by Moran, and Powell's picture of "Perry's Battle on Lake Erie" is scanned by a curious crowd daily, as they mount the east corridor stairs before its entrance. The interior of the Senate chamber is very beautiful, lined with panel pictures below the gallery seats, which rise in amphitheater; there are rows of desks and cushioned seats, the speaker's desk raised from a platform with a high chair for his Highness, the Vice President of the U. S.—the young boys, who act as pages, are standing about waiting for a senator to clap his hands, when one of them appears at his elbow immediately for messenger service. Many a page carries a lady's *billet doux*, or a card to a susceptible senator, and woe be to the little rascal if he is caught talking, or has too big eyes. There are savage-looking door keepers who show the world out from executive sessions, and warn visitors to go at once, when the speaker of the chamber orders the doors to be closed. In the members' gallery, no one is admitted without a pass. The custom is imperative, and in no place in America are the rules or regulations carried out with such military precision as in Washington. A tax-payer coming from the rural districts wants to look around, but he must wait for the proper time, for if he undertakes to pass the guard in any of the public buildings, he is arrested as disorderly.

In the Senate chamber in the winter of 1879-80, Senator Conkling sat near the middle aisle; his hair was then a curling blonde, his side whiskers came close up to the temples, blue eyes sparkling with intelligence, and to a visitor he was the first pointed out by a guide. Near him sat Senator Mat Carpenter, one of the best constitutional lawyers in the country, who pocketed as high as \$25,000 for a fee often, and, with Hon. Zach Chandler, of Michigan, was the brains of the Electoral Commission bill of 1877. Senator Carpenter, with all his brilliant talents, was a *debauchee*, and reports

were current then, on apparently good authority, that he sent one of his mistresses to Europe with a splendid wardrobe and \$30,000 for pin money. He died of Bright's disease, February 24, 1881. A few weeks before his sad ending, his physicians warned him of drink, but in his law office on F street, he held a saturnalia and died in a week afterward. He left a handsome estate for his wife and Miss Lillian, his daughter. The ladies are devoted Catholics, and have given a great deal of their wealth to the church charities.

On the front row sat General John A. Logan, the idol of the volunteer soldiery, and one of the ablest senators on the floor. His hand was never tainted with corruption by corporations, of perfect integrity in private life, cautious, shrewd, and careful of his promises. He would not see a strange lady, except in the presence of a third person. He loved "Mary" too well, to be compromised in any way by the women about the Capitol. Near him sat Senator Kirkwood of Iowa, with his honest, forcible, yet homely face. Then, in that great assembly was the statesman Chandler, and the suave bachelor Ferry, of Michigan, Hamlin, of Maine, who wore no overcoats in Washington, but in his black suit and stiff stock looked like an English beadle—General Hawley of Connecticut, Senator Harrison of Indiana, Hampton and Butler of South Carolina; these always attracted visitors' attention. The Nestor of the senate, Mr. Morrill, was a tall man with a large head and Napoleonic nose, and he has a half shuffling gait like an overgrown school boy, but he is pronounced enough on finance and economic questions. General Burnside, and Anthony of Rhode Island, now in their graves, made good speeches, and were then in ripe experience, leaders of their party—there was the great constitutional lawyer, Edmunds, in his seat; stady-going but handsome Allison, and the wonderful giant Blaine, all carefully watching the proceedings upon the debates. Thurman, the

noblest Roman, sat with his eyes shut, but it was the lynx dreaming, and Voorhees, the tall sycamore of the Wabash, was in and out, and often seemed wholly absorbed in thought.

Senator McDonald used to be the most observed man by a certain class of ladies. "Old Pillbags" made some talk in the city when he married Mrs. B—, a Treasury clerk, for his third wife. The lady's husband was a poor financier, said to be "awful shiftless" and Mrs. B— becoming tired of doing department work at \$1,000 a year and supporting too, a young boy, she placed her griefs in the hands of the good-natured Hoosier, who, by his legal ability and senatorial influence, obtained a divorce, and then married the pretty woman about as soon as he could, conveniently. Soon after the honeymoon, Mrs. McDonald was introduced to Mrs. Governor Hendricks, who quietly snubbed her, for she had heard of the manner by which the Senator had obtained his wife, so that, off and on, the ladies of these Democratic families of the Hoosier State, generally passed each other in silence. When Senator McDonald was talked of for the Presidency in 1884, Eliza Hendricks told an Indianapolis lady, that if "Mack" ever got to the White House, she would never step her foot in it. "A pretty mistress of the White House she would make," continued Eliza; "divorced from her husband because he was shiftless. For better or for worse, I say " But when Mr. Hendricks was put upon the ticket in 1884, (instead of Dr. Joseph McDonald) the latter loyally wrought in caucus and at the ballot box, and supported the Vice President and his ticket with might and main. The two champions of the Democracy were ordinary friendly acquaintances, but not a David and Jonathan friendship. However, the family women folk never reached to solid, speaking terms.

How sedate and quiet is the air of the senate: Senator Beck leans his Scotch face forward as the Chaplain leads

in prayer, and Basset, who for sixty years has been employed around the Vice President's chair, crosses his arms all through the devotional exercises. Beek is a rampant free trader, owing to his foreign birth, but he is sincere in his opinions. Ransom, of North Carolina, never makes many speeches, but who carries his point in the committee rooms, was also in the Senate at this time. General Saunders of Nebraska, and Cameron of Wisconsin, were gray-haired, quiet senators of this session. The cloak rooms seemed to be a retiring room for the solons to smoke, eat an orange, drink Apollinaris water, and talk politics, as well as boast of flirtations with the pretty widows, who swarm to the capital for soft positions. Dressed in the blackest of bombazine, their long veils falling to their feet, with clasped hands and rolling eyes, they implore protection, so that but few of these wise men can withstand their impassioned glances. In the ante-room there are generally a dozen, waiting to send in their cards to senators.

We will move upon the Supreme Court room. It is small, with a gallery running around on the east side—it is furnished with a red Wilton carpet, sofas, and seats lined with red plush, there are busts of Marshall and Story on brackets, large steel engravings, and when the whole Bench is filled with the Justices in their black silk gowns, their gray heads above the hoods, giving them an owl-like appearance, as the Chief Justice delivers an opinion, it is indeed an imposing picture. The Supreme Court is well known now, yet we give their names. Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite—Justices Miller, Field, Bradley, Harlan, Woods, Matthews, Gray and Blatchford. Justice Strong, then in poor health, died in 1886, The Chief Marshal John G. Nicolay, secretary at the White House and biographer of the martyr Lincoln, is really not in the presence very often, but has an office just off the court room. The ushers are gray-haired negroes, very polite, but they look in wonder, if you go out soon, after

being introduced to the judicial cloister, and shut the door after you with a velvet touch.

The rotunda, or the center of the Capitol, has a lining of panel pictures in heavy oak and gilt frames—historic subjects, all—such as “Pocahontas receiving Baptism,” “The Landing of the Pilgrims,” “The Embarkation of the same,” “Columbus Planting the Cross in the New World,” the “Surrender of Yorktown,” “DeSoto’s Discovery of the Mississippi” and “Washington resigning his Commission.” You look upward to the magnificent dome, 200 feet, which is painted in allegorical figures, above you, flying in a soft blue sky, are angels and graces with wreaths—agriculture, commerce, etc., all represented in rich colors. A small part is still unfinished, as Death took the pencil from the hand of the gifted artist, Brumidi, before the work was fully accomplished, but another Italian fresco painter, has completed nearly the original design.

The Congressional Library occupies the entire western projection of the central Capitol and goes out from the rotunda. This library under the control of A. R. Spofford, librarian, was commenced in 1800, but was destroyed with the Capitol in 1814, during the war with the British. Jefferson’s library was purchased by Congress embracing not far from 7,000 volumes. In 1851 it contained 55,000 volumes, which by fire, was partially destroyed, excepting 20,000 volumes. It was renovated and rebuilt in 1852, and Congress appropriated \$75,000 to replenish the collection, and it receives \$11,000 per annum for officers and clerk hire, as well as buy and to take care of the books. Authors who avail themselves of copyright, also furnish additions to its shelves.

The Smithsonian Institute in exchange with foreign savants and scientists, receives additions of manuscripts and maps, as well as bound volumes. Just before the great Garfield Fair, Dr. Joseph M. Toner of Washington, presented 27,000 volumes in a

true spirit of patriotism and public spirit. The law books are kept in a separate room under the Supreme Court, and altogether there are 565,000 volumes, and about 180,000 pamphlets. The new library building for which there was so much need, is in process of erection on East Capitol street, and will be of inestimable value for preserving the books, many of them of untold value, for in the cramped room now, they are piled up in damp masses, and the odor of musty paper can be perceived from the rotunda.

You return to the rotunda and pass through a long corridor into Statuary Hall, or the old House of Representatives, which has over twenty statues of heroic size ranged around the chamber. Lincoln, with his homely face and giant frame on the west side: Fulton, with the model of his steamboat lying in his lap—Garfield, with his massive features in calm repose—Chief Justice Chase, General Ethan Allen, asking surrender “in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress”—then, Roger Williams in his students’ gown. General Greene of Connecticut—Washington, Jefferson and other great men immortalized in the silent marble, all illustrious, give to this room a peculiar interest to all patriotic citizens. Missouri expects to give Benton and Governor Stewart a place there. Iowa is not represented by General Curtis yet, or any other illustrious name.

The guide shows the famous whispering stones in the marble floor, which by some acoustic property of the room, you can hear a pin drop or the faintest whisper a hundred feet away.

Before reaching Statuary Hall, at a long counter in the long corridor, is an old French woman with a round face, high-topped comb and quaint dress, who has sold photographs and oranges for forty years. She tells some funny reminiscences, as she takes your change, which ought not to appear on the tombstones of many a congressmen of this, and other days. She was pretty once, but now, with faded cheek and lip, that fact is forgotten.

The question was asked of the old sybil, "Who were the most beautiful women you ever saw go down this corridor?" She stood a moment and reflectively answered, "Mrs. General Belknap and Madame Catacazky"—the wife of the Russian Minister, who had a *liason* with a certain high official, and being refused admittance to a certain mansion on Lafayette Square—the facts were finally all known in St. Petersburg, and her husband was recalled. She died in consumption soon after. Her portrait was in the Corcoran Art gallery some years since, and the face was as lovely as a poet's dream—with long golden curls falling over an exquisitely turned throat and shoulders. Mrs. Belknap was very beautiful, and her receptions were extremely popular, for she had that Kentucky *bon hommie* with an exquisite grace of manner, which has made her a favorite in Paris, where she is now staying, superintending the musical education of Miss Alice, a young daughter. The Belknap and whisky scandals gave the country the upheaval vote to Tilden in 1876, although there have been hundreds of scandals since, that had no appreciable weight in politics.

General Belknap is the attorney and lobbyist for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at the capital.

With this word of digression, we pass around to the House of Representatives, which was built before the senate side in 1857, and as you enter the "bear garden" of Congress, as it is sometimes called, on account of its noisy and undignified character as compared with the Senate, you realize the nearness of this law-making power with the common people. The House has 319 seats, and desks ranged like the upper chamber, in circular rows on a green carpet, with a row of spittoons down each aisle, back of the Speaker's chair are crossed a pair of silk flags, below the gallery or amphitheater of seats are beautiful panel pictures running around the immense chamber, where the members are sitting in their seats or on the sofas smoking—there are

cunning little fire-places of blazing wood, the brass fenders polished like jewels, and the Representatives talk, laugh and smoke, even, when legislation is going on around them. The Reading Clerk reads in a loud stentorian voice, "House bill, No.—" and so on. There is too loud talking perhaps, and the Speaker behind him brings his gavel down for the hundredth time that day. No one pays much attention to it, but those immediately interested in the matter before the House; the rest are reading letters, or newspapers, and pay no attention to the Clerk, often voting as the leaders do, or say, on many party questions.

When there is a division of the House, and the Speaker is not satisfied as to the correctness of the vote, tellers are appointed and the members pass around them in the aisles where their votes are again counted, one by one.

In the lobby, few persons are admitted by the guard. This room is closed to ladies, and is elegantly fitted up with rich upholstery and paintings; and in its corridor, engravings of all the Speakers are hung on the walls, from Muhlenberg, the first Speaker who swung the gavel, to Carlisle of Kentucky, with his clean-shaven face, and expressive eyes. Out of these windows, you have a fine view of the Mall, the 200 acres south of Pennsylvania avenue, which stretches from park to park, surrounding the National Museum, Smithsonian Institute, the Agricultural Department with its many buildings, and the Washington monument grounds, far away. This Mall is set out in great forest oaks and pines, low seats for lovers, and little by-paths for baby carriages and nurses, in fact, it is an enchanted forest with castle-like structures, and ten months out of the year, is sweet with fragrant flowers and song of birds. The only drawback to its sylvan beauty is the rush of the cars and locomotives of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad, which was allowed to cross it, and build a depot close up to Pennsylvania avenue. This depot is a handsome building, however, and kept neat and clean as a par-

lor. In the ladies' waiting room, is a star in the floor made of marble, to commemorate the place where President Garfield was assassinated by Guiteau, and on the wall, a marble tablet also tells the same pitiful story. President Cleveland never goes through this waiting room.

Near here is the B. Street Market house, where the supplies for Washington households are bought, and on Christmas mornings is really a sight worth going many miles to see—the stalls draped in flags and flowers and fruits of all kinds piled up in profusion. Around the building on the sidewalk are crouched negro women selling sassafras roots, a pan or basket of vegetables apiece—in spring, the wild arbutus and lilacs, and always talking in a crooning, whining tone, so that you will buy anyway.

Not far from here stood, in an early day, an old slave pen or shanty where the poor wretches were sold at auction, many of them to pay their master's debts. An old Virginian once sold three of his mulatto grand-children, here, and this within a half mile of the Capitol, whose dome was crowned with "a fifteen-foot figure of the Goddess of Liberty," and not a half dozen years before the war of emancipation, this scene was enacted.

Some very aristocratic carriages stand around this market house, the ladies sending their stewards to buy supplies and they sending back to the stalls unsuitable baskets for the table. Among the line we have noticed Mrs. Justice Miller, Mrs. Senator Teller, Mrs. Chandler, and the wife of Admiral Rodgers seated in their barouches, and waiting for their marketing, a few minutes.

Across Pennsylvania avenue, on Market Space, is the marble fountain presented by Dr. Coggschall, of San Francisco, the temperance philanthropist, who believes in giving a cup of cold water to the thirsty poor. But such is the influence of the 1,100

saloons in the city, that the fountain has not been kept in order for use, and the local newspapers paid by saloon money, always have a gibe and a sneer for this beautiful work of art, and wholesome blessing to the way-farer.

CHAPTER II.

PRESIDENT HAYES' LEVEE—MRS. EATON'S DEATH—JACKSON'S CABINET, ETC.

The levee of President and Mrs. Hayes on New Year's day, 1880, was attended by an immense throng, that stretched out from the north door of the White House over the asphalt under the great trees to the iron fence of the grounds, marshaled by policemen, but the crowd determined to get inside as soon as they could, in spite of police, so there was a good deal of sly pushing and detours. Passing the usher at the outer door, the visitor finds himself in the roomy vestibule, the floor made of tiles, a picture of Jefferson in a conspicuous place, at the right a cloak room, but if the crowd is pushing hard, you must go with it through the large cathedral glass doors into the long corridor, decorated with plants, smilax, vases of flowers, and portraits of ex-presidents are seen on the walls by American artists. At the door of the Red parlor, you leave your card with the usher, or in the basket near, and enter a room upholstered in red, with dark red curtains, the fire-place all in harmony, and this is the private sitting room below stairs. In the Blue parlor where the president and ladies receive, you give your name to the gentleman who acts as master of ceremonies, who introduces you to the president. Mr. Hayes shook hands rather cordially, passed us on to his wife, she, to Mrs. Evarts, the wife of the Secretary of State, who stood next to Mrs. McCrary—Mrs. John Sherman afterward, Miss Agatha Schurtz, and so on, down the line that made the Blue parlor bright with interest that day.

Mrs. Hayes, "Lucy" as she is sometimes called by some at the Capitol, wore a heavy black satin with jet lace sleeves over her white shapely arms, the dress not *decolette*, but cut square in the neck, showing her white throat and bust to advantage, and her black hair in contrast to the white skin, was drawn down over her temples and ears in bandeaux—she wore a high comb, and in many ways she showed herself, the handsome, dignified mistress of the White House.

Mrs. Evarts, a small woman, looked like a dame from the country, in a plain black silk, without fan or flowers, and her hair tied up at the crown in a small knot for so grand an affair, was a contrast to Mrs. John Sherman, in brown brocade and velvet, and Miss Thompson, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, who wore a pink silk with a lace front, and flowers against her pretty neck at the corsage. Uncle Dick Thompson had a tall figure with jet black eyes and a heavy head of gray hair, and while a genial story teller, he meant business under it all. "Uncle Richard" resigned his commission as Secretary of the Navy in December, 1880, and was succeeded in February, 1881, by the Hon. Nathan Goff, now congressman from West Virginia. Mr. Thompson accepted the position as American superintendent of DeLessep's canal across the Isthmus of Panama at a salary of \$25,000 a year—headquarters at New York. This office is not heard of now-a-days in commercial circles, and Mr. Thompson went back to Indiana, to practice law.

The Hon. Carl Schurz, being a fine pianist and a widower, in this fashionable season was a welcome visitor to the White House, where Mrs. Hayes entertained a swarm of pretty Ohio girls, as the fair hostess was considered a lucky match-maker.

Miss Schurtz wore a white satin gown with short sleeves trimmed in costly lace and elegant diamonds.

One of the conspicuous figures that crossed the East room on that New Year's day, was Myra Clark Gaines, the wife of Gen-

eral Gaines, and then eighty-three years old, though in appearance not over fifty. She was as sprightly as a girl, with a shrewd look in her black eyes, a dark auburn wig, her hands were small and white, wearing heavy diamond rings, and encased in black mitts, instead of gloves—a great talker at private entertainments, or at public receptions. She laid claim to the ground where the city of New Orleans was built, through a will made by her father, Daniel Clark, and the United States courts seemed to do her justice there, but some way the city authorities always had a hitch in the proceedings, so that she did not get the millions she was entitled to, probably because she was a woman. She died in 1885.

A crank named Pinchover, used to frequent the White House, and declare President Hayes owed him a hundred millions. He was dressed in a coat of blue jean, striped pants and a huge stand-up collar came up to his very ears, while he carried a stout cane in his right hand, he pushed around the ladies in the East room that afternoon, and every once in awhile, he would mutter in front of Martha Washington's picture which covers a large segment of the wall in the northeast corner of that elegant *salon*. He was afterwards taken to St. Elizabeth's asylum, to the great relief of congressmen and everybody else, who had any political influence.

Whatever may be said, and all the ridicule that has been heaped upon the Hayes' administration—temperance principles received an impetus that will not be lost until the millenium, and with the exception of the Interior Department, the administration was pretty free from corruption. The notorious Hayt and other high officials in the Indian office, peddled out beef contracts to their own advantage, false entries were made in mining and land claims in the General Land office, such as the Maxwell and Cinarron grants, all this right under Schurz's nose in the Interior Department, and this great reformer used information in the mugwump camp, through his mugwump paper, the New

York Evening Post, to the hurt of republicans in 1884, which he found in his department, as Secretary of the Interior. For unmitigated cheek, the fusillades of Schurz at that period beat the political world. People of inside information were astounded at his impudence and audacity. It was the wolf growling at the lamb for muddying the stream.

Hayes was a compromise anyway. He was really elected by the black votes in the south. Tilden never should have been President, but the fool admission by republicans that Governor Packard of Louisiana, and Chamberlin of South Carolina, were not elected, was "a give away," and unworthy the political managers of a great party. Hayes was elected and so were the other gentlemen.

Governor Packard was given the best paying United States Consulship—at Liverpool—as a sop to his feelings, when he ought to have been sent back to New Orleans, or Baton Rouge rather, and the executive seal of the Pelican State placed in his right hand well backed by Federal bayonets. It would have saved the lives of thousands of blacks. Three thousand were murdered in the parish of Bayou Tache alone, from 1876 to 1879, all because the poor black wretches thought they had the right to vote the republican ticket under the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and were native American citizens of Louisiana. This unwarranted compromise of the Electoral Commission cannot be looked back to, with much patience, notwithstanding many thought the allowing of Mr. Hayes in the White House, and the other gentlemen elected with him sent adrift, a great victory.

There was some excuse for the republicans of that miserable epoch. For some time, the southern representatives of ex-confederates had kept getting larger and larger, and they, backed by their northern lick-spittles, had determinedly stood like a wall, that no appropriations by Congress should be made to

the Army. "They, the soldiers, might hurt a kn klux at a polling place," was the southron's cry. As every one knew, not a soldier in the south had ever stopped a man for voting, only had discouraged mobs and fighting. With no army to fight with, the southern republicans could not be retained in power. Mr. Packard was sent as a Consul to Liverpool, but under the Cleveland *ipse dixit*, "that no southern republican ever should hold an office," Governor Packard came home, and now lives on a 1,200 acre farm near Marshalltown, Iowa, surrounded by intelligent neighbors, who expect to send him to Congress in the near future.

President Hayes did the best he could, but under Postmaster General Key, many defiant rebels were put into the Departments replacing loyal citizens.

In February, 1880, died Mrs. Margaret O'Neill Eaton, the wife of General Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War. The lady had lived to be eighty-one years of age, and her memory was a link of the past, when the city was a straggling village, and she, the village belle. Mrs. Eaton was a historic figure of Jackson's time—the toast of wassail and song, an Irish beauty of great loveliness of person, but used by politicians as a tool to overthrow another set of their own class, among them Mr. Calhoun and his hopes for the Presidency. She ruled General Jackson, as completely, as he ruled his soldiers, or the democratic party.

Mrs. General Eaton was born in Washington, and was the daughter of William O'Neill, a rollicking Irishman, the landlord of a clean, well-kept hotel on Pennsylvania avenue. Maggie was the washwoman of the family, and her plump, white arms in the foaming suds, were not the least of her many attractions. She had a fair complexion, with fine dark eyes and hair, rosy lips and cheeks, while her features were as clear cut, as a cameo.

General Jackson was interested in her before she married the handsome naval officer, John Bowie Timberlake, who got into

trouble about his accounts as Purser with the government, and then committed suicide, leaving Peggy a pretty widow of nineteen years. She soon captured General Eaton, a noted Indian fighter in the Seminole war—a rough, but kind-hearted officer, who boarded with her father at his tavern. How lovely she was in her matronly beauty!

General Jackson had lost his beloved wife, Rachel, through slander and a broken heart, and when Mrs. Eaton talked on the porch of the hotel by the light of the stars to some of her father's guests, the female tabbies of the Capital carried their gossip about, until it reached the President. General Eaton resented the gossip and Jackson called it "vile slander." For the little Irish beauty went to the White House right often, a welcome guest, and poured into the master's ears all of her complaints. Van Buren finding out, that the ladies of Jackson's Cabinet led by Mrs. Calhoun were snubbing Mrs. Eaton, and wishing to annoy the haughty southron and his wife, he invited General and Mrs. Eaton to a dinner party, placing the lady at the head of his table, he being a widower. In other ways, he turned her pretty head with flattery and conceit, not much to the credit of Mr. Van Buren. The British and Russian ministers, being bachelors, followed suit, and gave elegant dinners, inviting Mrs. Eaton to be the guest of the evening; others of like ilk did the same, which so offended Mrs. Calhoun and others of the Cabinet, that they would not speak to Van Buren, who was Secretary of State, the highest officer in the Cabinet. General Eaton, through President Jackson's favor was made Secretary of War, although the politicians had secretly opposed him for the place. The rumpus extended to all circles, and excitement ran high against the Irish beauty. But Jackson, grim and determined, stood by Van Buren and Eaton. Finally, Calhoun and the rest of the Cabinet resigned, as Jackson showed them few favors, and the whole town was in a turmoil worse than ever. The fight was

carried forward until 1835, when the Jackson party beat Calhoun for the Presidency, and under Providence was indeed a blessing to the country, for if the South Carolina nullifier had been made the democratic President, slavery would have been so welded into the heart of the Republic, that it never would have been eradicated.

After General Jackson left for the Hermitage, Peggy Eaton remained the belle of a certain set, until her beauty faded and General Eaton died, leaving her some money. When past sixty she married a young Italian dancing master, and lived on H street, rather unhappily from the ill-assorted union. Upon her death, Mrs. Hayes sent from the White House, a lovely wreath of white flowers to grace her coffin—many of the old families of Washington attended her funeral, and thus ended the career of as famous a woman as Helen of Troy, or Cleopatra of ancient Egypt.

In 1880 the name of Mrs. Sprague was coupled with Senator Conkling's on every occasion, and some of the Ohio people at the Capital whom she had quietly snubbed because she hated common-place folk, were among her ugliest traducers, and told of school-girl escapades by the hour, when she lived in Columbus, Ohio, years before. For the sake of truth, at one time we interviewed her old coachman, at Edgewood, the steward, gardener, and house maids, and although Mrs. Sprague was in Europe, and no hope of reward—they, one and all, stoutly maintained her innocence. Senator Conkling was her legal adviser after her father's death, and would come out to Edgewood for business interviews. Judge Chase's business at the time of his death, was a good deal tangled up, and when Mrs. Sprague sued for a divorce from her drunken husband, Mr. Conkling was her lawyer, but the haughty beauty neither bowed her head to her enemies, or made any change in her behavior.

Ex-Governor Sprague drank heavily and was brought home by his *valet*, unconscious night after night, but, in all his frenzies and since his re-marriage, he has never uttered a word against her purity of character—nor was Mrs. Conkling ever jealous.

Stalwarts and half-breeds at a bitter war in 1881, the enemies of Mr. Conkling, did not hesitate to use a woman's reputation against him. His public life was one of the purest integrity—with Logan, Davis, Hawley, Thurman and Beck, there is no stain on his hands from corporations,

Mrs. Sprague lived at Edgewood cottage while getting her divorce, and afterward went to Fontainebleau near Paris, to superintend her daughter's education.

Mrs. Chase Sprague had a beautiful complexion when young, clear cut features, auburn hair and golden brown eyes, with a smile that would melt a saint. She was *distingue*, intellectual and charming in manner—a lovely woman. We do not believe the latest stories of trouble between the ex-Senator and the lady. It has the old hiss of slander.

The old Chase mansion has been used as a sanitarium or boarding house for the last ten years. In the *grande salon* where Kate Chase stood as a bride with the most distinguished people of the nation as witnesses of the ceremony, are sick people and boarders; an invalid chair in the bay window where hung the marriage bell of white roses and carnations. At the Chase house in the fall of 1879, a daughter of Ben Perley Poore died with consumption, fading away like a pale white rose in the late autumn air. The veteran journalist had brought her from their home at "Indian Head," Mass., in hopes the change would benefit the dying girl, but nothing could save her, and with his heart-broken wife, they, in great grief laid her in the vault at Oak Hill. Mr. Poore wrote sprightly letters to the Boston Journal that winter—of opera and reception, yet, in his own

room he was a sorrow stricken man, as he turned the key on the gay world, which he mirrored to his readers of the New England mountains.

The poet delegate from Wyoming Territory, who represented that western empire in Congress in 1879-80, was a boarder with his family in the old mansion. He published poetry in the daily papers and long speeches in poetry appeared in the Congressional Record, at government expense. The witty and beautiful Mrs. Col. Glassie, with a well turned compliment to the Wyoming delegate, said: "What is the difference? The government better publish poetic speeches than dry tariff stuff," but still the poet was hit in society and sneered at by other Congressmen. A territorial delegate cannot vote, but he has the privileges of the floor, which makes him a sort of dignified lobbyist. But the poet's verses ruined him for a renomination, and his competitor, by reading his poems on the stump, came to Congress with a large majority. This western poet at one time satirized the oleo-butter industry in long hexameters printed in the Congressional Record. In a few days, he found himself appointed by the Speaker of the House, as one of a Commission to investigate a metropolitan sample of oleo-butter at New York City. The committee were furnished with passes, were dined and wined—theater tickets, carriage drives with distinguished people—and after a thorough examination of the "butter" it was *butter* then, not oleomargarine. Not another line of the delegate's poetry hit this excellent industry between the eyes again.

At the Chase boarding house in the winter of 1880 lived an ex-Congressman lobbyist from Iowa, who did some pension work to make his record look respectable and nice. He claimed to be an agent for the Des Moines settlers, and probably did some talking for them, but the bill introduced for their benefit never passed that session of Congress, and hung fire year after year till the spring of 1886, when an honest, righteous measure to

give title in fee simple, to actual Iowa settlers, was vetoed by President Cleveland, and the Des Moines river lands remained in the hands of two or three New York capitalists, among them the heirs of Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of New York.

This ex-Congressman was not all the lobbyist to be seen about the Capitol. There was James W. Eads, Huntington, Jimmy Boyd, Col. Sherrill and John Harmon of Michigan, in fact, every ex-official about the city uses his influence with Congress. Unscrupulous men give their wine suppers at Chamberlain's or Welcker's, and when a Congressman is chuck full of terrapin and wine, how can he refuse his friend a favor? And many a high-toned Admiral and Commodore, do not hesitate to lobby some scheme through Congress to turn an honest penny, and help swell their little pittance of a salary at three thousand a year. The prize money of the late war was a nice little *morceau* for the Admirals of "our navee" and was lobbied through in a quiet way by that corps of officers, largely. Over \$300,000 were distributed among the officers, although, the poor sailors got a little of it. "They got all the money that could be thrown through the rungs of a ladder"—the officers got the rest.

But the most successful lobbyist ever in Washington, was Mrs. Cobb, the daughter-in-law of Bishop Cobb in Georgia. The war sent many helpless southern women to the Capital and among them drifted Mrs. Cobb, who found her way to the White House, and in the drunken orgies of President Johnson, his son and son-in-law (Patterson) she made herself in some way useful. After a time, the ladies of the mansion got rid of her, although she would go to the Executive Chamber, and do business there, for with her powerful influence with the Chief Magistrate, she made a great deal of money. In time she married a Washington tailor, but with southern improvidence, she and her family are now in moderate circumstances. Mrs. Cobb was not very pretty, but she wore stylish dresses, and had rare powers of conversation.

Another noted lobbyist was a Mrs. Chorpening, and her husband helped her in every way. She boasted, that she had had three Presidents at her feet. No one believed that story, but she held high carnival in a house on H street northwest, and made lots of money. At one time, a bill was before Congress, to compensate the married pair for losses in a mining claim that the government had conveyed to other parties. It passed.

In the famous McGarrighan claim, whereby an honest land owner fought the mining company which claimed his property for years, the poor man had to fight all sorts of lobbyists, male and female. A blonde haired widow from New York was in Washington in 1880, and another of the grass-persuasion with black melting eyes, dark hair and scarlet lips, that would melt an anchorite. The cute little wine suppers at their sybarite dens, their games at poker, were the preparations of an advance on the Congressmen who held the purse strings of Uncle Sam. Some of these lobbyists are spiritualistic mediums, who have a pretended revelation, to stick a pin into the unwary Congressman's sleeve. At Maggie Lord's seance on E street northwest, she had eleven Congressmen at one time in the winter of 1883-84, among them Van Horn of Missouri, who is a sincere believer in that religious philosophy, and aside of this crankyism, is a very level-headed, good-hearted man.

In early August, 1882, the spiritualists had a slight set-back at a seance at a Mrs. Levy's residence on Maine avenue. Hands, white with spirit light, were held over a wooden cabinet, sweet faces were seen floating in the dark corners of the parlor, and speaking in pretended words of love and affection. While the *seance* was in tears, excepting Col. Daniels, a newspaper man, and editor of the Richmond State Journal, who, after a patient watch, exposed the trick, caught the hands two or three times, and held them tightly, and proclaimed them veritable flesh and blood hands. This enraged the traveling medium and

her friends, so that they laid a heavy hand on the scribe, and pounded him within an inch of his life. How much truth there may be in a sort of inspiration or prophecy among mediums or individuals, these "materializations" as they are called, are always humbugs.

No one can deny the unbounded influence of women at the capital from the lower to the higher grades of society. The woman who is shrewd—with fair looks and a healthy mind and body, can make a future, that a neophyte dreams not of in her country home.

We have left out in this ladder of success, conscience, in many instances. Yet, there are genial, intellectual, true women in Washington who have made their fortunes without wronging another. Among them is the Librarian of the Treasury, Miss Helen Kimball, a soldier's widow, whose husband was killed at Bull Run. She is a charming lady.

Mrs. General G. A. Clark of Vermont avenue, a society lady who gives elegant receptions, and is now spending a few years in Paris, superintending the education of her children, was a handsome Treasury clerk before she married a millionaire, who made his money in Montana cattle. She was a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Rush Clark of Iowa City, and a great friend of Mrs. Edmunds, the wife of the late District Commissioner.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the Supreme Court lawyer has a pleasant residence in a little way from the Interior Department on F street toward the new Pension office. Her house is a four-story brick—office in the basement—the parlors nicely furnished with several good paintings to add their tribute to the lady's taste. Her first husband was Col. McNall of Rochester, N. Y., who died twenty years ago, and she married soon after, Mr. Lockwood, an invalid, who is dead. Mrs. Lockwood gives elegant receptions where many distinguished people appear—she is

an officer of the International Peace society, and Good Templar's lodge.

As a lawyer, Mrs. Lockwood has not won great success like Butler or Conkling, and is not considered authority like Myra Bradwell of Chicago, but she is careful and painstaking in the interest of her clients. She has been retained by the Mormons as their attorney at the capital, and has helped defeat adverse legislation to their church, for she reasons that "Mormons should not be prosecuted more than a Methodist." Certainly not, only when they break laws, for if polygamy is punishable in Ohio, it is also punishable in Utah, by right. Mrs. Lockwood is a woman of kind impulses and finished grace upon the lecture platform. Her ratification meeting in September 1884, was an unique affair. It occurred at Wilson's Landing, a little station on the B. & P. R. R., three miles from the city, and about fifty persons were present, some of them farmers living in Maryland, newspaper reporters from the different local journals, and enthusiastic suffragists of the coterie, known as "The District of Columbia Equal Rights association." There had been no teams provided for the guests, and ladies as well as men waded through the sand for a mile of old Maryland, "my Maryland." We sat down to an excellent picnic dinner provided by Mrs. Amanda Davis Best, our hostess, who was made presidential elector on the Equal Rights ticket, for the Fifth Maryland district in 1884. The candidate, Mrs. Lockwood, made a speech on the political issues of the day, and toasts were drank in a good cup of coffee. Flags and mottoes adorned the trees, and shouts rent the air given by the gentlemen, of course. The only wonder after this affair, was the fact, that Mrs. Lockwood was beaten in 1884.

"She lacked votes," said an old worker in the cause of woman suffrage, for as a rule, the reformers were bitterly opposed to Mrs. Lockwood's candidacy, declaring it was an advertising scheme for the lady's business. Year after year, the National

Woman Suffrage association met at the capital with varying success, until several late conventions, they had larger and more influential audiences. This is due to the gradual melting away of the popular prejudice, and among the patrons of the reform, were Mrs. Senator Teller, Mrs. Senator Blair, and at one time, Mrs. Hatton, the lovely wife of Arthur's Postmaster General, had a good word for Mother Stanton and Miss Anthony.

The convention was found to contain sensible, highly intelligent women—instead, of the traditional costume, the handsome toilettes and diamonds of the speakers—the social influence of Mrs. Spofford of the Riggs House, Mrs. Lockwood of the Strathmore Arms, and all such excellent people, had a tendency to inquiry, and the efforts of the temperance people in the direction of equal suffrage to help carry on teetotalism, has combined to melt away old prejudices, so that people of the highest standing at the capital, treat the subject with careful respect and consideration. Miss Rose Cleveland is a suffragist, it is claimed by the friends of equal rights. "Women property holders are taxed," why not representation? This is unanswerable, for no man can accurately represent another's business as well as one's self, if that self be a woman.

The taxes in the District of Columbia are not high for property owners, as the government pays half of them out of the appropriation for the District. They, and all voters are disfranchised—no voting in the District since the "Feather Duster Legislature adjournment in 1875. It was feared the negroes would rule the city, so Congress was appealed to, and the right of suffrage taken entirely away. When a man wants a vote, his residence must be claimed outside of the District, and he must vote there.

This gave rise to the different Republican and Democratic associations from each State of the Union at the Capital, and through these organizations, government clerks had some political influence, and were assisted in every way to go home, to

vote. Negroes are disfranchised, and this was done by a Republican Congress. How can they, (the Republicans) make a row because negroes are disfranchised in the south, when they winked at the same thing at the capital?

CHAPTER III.

NEGRO CAMP MEETINGS—NEGRO ARISTOCRACY—EX-SENATOR
BRUCE—HON. FRED DOUGLAS—HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.

The negro element is one that puzzles the city authorities, for they flock to the Capital from all parts of the country and in dull times in the winter, they must be fed, for in spite of charity, the mortality in the winter months is very large among them. Although many are poor, and to a certain extent, illiterate, yet, they have more churches, church societies, temperance and benevolent associations, than can be found among any other people. To belong to a "society" is a badge of honor among the colored folks. They are very earnest in securing money enough to pay their dues, and whether as Free Mason, Odd Fellow, K of L., or the order of "free burial," they will do anything rather than lose their position as members: and to their credit be it spoken, they have a decent burial by their societies, and while living, take their places in a street procession with uniforms and feathers bright and shining, as white folks, their examplers. How smartly they will step to a grand promenade march on the Fourth of July! Of course, as they are illiterate and of the oppressed class, and like the sons of Ishmael, every man's hand is against them, they commit under the influence of liquor, some excesses. In the Police Court situated at the corner of D and Sixth northwest which was once an old Unitarian church, there are every morning, a few blacks standing around the door waiting for proceedings. They are either witnesses, or friends of the prisoners,

who have "been on a drunk" and caught up for swearing, or stealing, or fighting, by the police. Washington is very strict about profane language on the street, by the common poor, black or white. A gentleman is rarely touched—a Congressman, never.

Judge Snell, of the Police Court, a man whose kind heart has shielded the poor blacks all he could in the interest of justice and right, condemning them to light punishments, has himself been criticised for these good acts, these many years. We think he was appointed by President Lincoln. Major Dye, appointed by Mr. Arthur, as Chief of Police, was a very just man. He was very high in the Egyptian army eight years, and although a strict disciplinarian, had a conscientious sense of right, and made a good officer among the colored folk.

They are very earnest in their religious services, but in the place where Satan gets his worse knocks, is a negro camp meeting. One night in company with a western journalist, we went out to Mount Hope, one of the hills back of Union town, now called Anacostia, to be present at a "rouser," as the negroes called it. The sky was half obscured by clouds, a fitful moonlight revealed the outlines of the hills in the distance, and after leaving sidewalks and streets behind, we were soon out on the dusty commons, into one of the most forbidding looking scrub pastures of the environs. Not far, the famous redoubts of Fort Stanton were seen, where Union troops were stationed through the war, but the cows wander through the brush where cannon thundered in the by-gones. The voices of singers could distinctly be heard in the plaintive African key, so peculiar to that people. We soon lost sight of landscape and moonshine.

An improvised pulpit made of a huge dry goods box, covered with a rag carpet, and a rickety, old stand held a bible and a greasy hymn book, while around this altar stood black boys holding torches filled with kerosene oil, which had been used in some

political procession, and giving a flickering, weird light. The ground had been stamped into fine dust about the seats, that were boards laid on low standards—there was a smell of onions and dishwater, as though half the crowd had come from the kitchens.

There were no other white persons but ourselves, and as the black crowd swayed to and fro, keeping time with their heads, it was a strange sight in every way to a new-comer.

There were probably five hundred present. Soon the black preacher became hoarse so that he could scarcely articulate a word, but “glo-o-ry” would ring out from his cavernous mouth, to be heard a mile away.

“Amen” and “that’s so” would urge him on, till becoming exhausted, he stepped aside and another preacher took his place. In a sing-song tone this one warned his hearers of slander, and described a back-biter, as a snake hiding behind a stump. Every once in awhile, he would yell out, “Come out from behind dat stump,” accompanied by a forward jerk of the head and clapping his hands. His audience soon became *en rapport*.

“Oh! cum along to Jesus,” he would exhort, and the hills echoed back that *along* into a prolong “ng-ng-ng-ng,” each one in the crowd taking it up, until the mournful note made the cold chills run down my back. Banging the pulpit bible he would cry out “Brederin, look out for the rim ob hell,” and giving his hearers an inaginary shake over the brimstone pit, till groans and sighs were heard all around us.

A black woman sat in front of our party, who like all the ladies of color, try to cover up their woolly heads with braids of jute, and cheap chignons. She had a small hat perched on the top of her head, but in the excitement, her hair pins got loosened, down came the jute, hat, feathers and all into the dirt, and then stamping them all to pieces, as she cried “glo-o-ry” in that peculiar, chromatic tone.

Nearly every black woman was in a state of frenzy. Clouds of dust rose from their stamping the ground, and obscured the light of the smoking lamps. Many fell flat on their backs and were stiffened into a catalepsy. Becoming tired of this pandemonium, we left the scene. Many shanties were covered with tin oyster cans and old wash-boilers, near the camp ground—the homes of the lowly. There have been some terrible assaults in these grounds, and we would not care to go again in that locality.

But the colored people of Washington must not all be judged by the low element that frequents the Police Court or these camp meetings. The fashionable colored churches of the city have refined congregations dressed in perfect taste, well trained choirs, pipe organs, diamonds and rich laces worn, especially if the ladies are quadroons and mulattoes. At St. Luke's (P. E.) St. Augustine (Catholic) and the Fifteenth street Presbyterian, a visitor will see the colored aristocracy at church, and if he wants to hear an intellectual essay, let him listen to the proceedings of a literary society called the "Bethel" Mr. W. W. Chase, editor of the Bee, is a colored man—James W. Bruce and other graduates of Howard University, are its contributors.

The tax-collector of the city for the past ten years, is John F. Cook, a colored man of irreproachable integrity. He has amassed a fortune by buying up real estate in an early day, and if he wore a white mask, no one would ever dream that a gentleman of such grace and intellectual attainments, was an outlaw in white circles of free America. He could not enter a Richmond theater, a hundred miles away, and while he is on equality at restaurants, hotels, theaters, and street cars, he could not eat at a white man's table in the city of Washington.

Among the colored aristocracy (probably its leader,) is the Hon. Fred. Douglass and family, whose black wife, once a Maryland slave, died in 1882. He married about two years

since, Miss Helen Pitts, a copyist in the office of Register of Deeds of which he was at the head, under President Arthur's administration. Mrs. Douglass is a brunette, a good scholar, and probably about forty-eight years of age. Her family, at first discarded her for marrying a negro, but she was happy in her beautiful home, "the Cedars," and proud of Mr. Douglass' talent—of his bank account and fashionable turn out—it had its effect on them in time, and several of her family friends have made her visits. Mr. and Mrs. Douglass are traveling in Europe, receiving much social attention.

"The Cedars" was once owned by a Maryland secessionist who became involved through the war, so the place was sold at auction. The parlors are elegantly furnished, also the library with its immense shelves of books—busts of Stephen A. Douglas and Lincoln adorn side brackets, marbles and bronzes, with other bric-a-brac are seen, a hot house of costly plants, and through the whole house, an air of refinement which it had under its black mistress, as well as the new wife. Mr. Douglass was a ship's caulker—once a slave, now a prince.

Ex-Senator Bruce and his lovely wife attracted much attention at the Capital, when they were first married and Republicans used to have back-bone—brother senators and their wives called on the Bruces, but in later years they have been neglected by the new crop of patriotic statesman, and find social pleasure entirely among their own color.

Mrs. Bruce was educated at Oberlin, is very fair, almost white, with hazel eyes and regular features, speaks French, and is accomplished in painting and music. Her parlors show refined taste, and as the Bruces are wealthy, they lead in church affairs and industrial schools.

When Senator Bruce and Lamar of Mississippi were in the Senate together, Bruce often voted with Lamar. For some people, this was an enigma, as the colored vote that elected

Bruce, was solidly Republican. Lamar and the Ku Klux bulldozed him by saying, "If you do not vote, as we whites want, we will call another Legislature, declare your certificate fraudulent, put another d—d nigger in your place"—and, that settled it for Bruce. Bruce's only child is named Roscoe-Conkling.

Senator Conkling in the spring session of Congress in 1880, interested himself in a Senate bill introduced by Senator Morrill, that certain contributions from abroad should be admitted free of duty, that were to assist the colored refugees of Kansas, who fled from the Ku Klux of Mississippi and northern Louisiana. Quietly forming societies, they had banded together to leave their oppressors, and go to the free lands of Kansas and southern Colorado. Altogether, there were several thousands, who had saved a little money from the year's cotton crop of 1879, and coming aboard the Mississippi river boats, were sent north. But their masters took the alarm, and threatening the officers of the boats with instant death, if they carried off any more plantation hands, the game was up, and many went back to save their lives, and worked on in a worse condition than they ever were in slavery.

Dr. Purvis, one of the most successful physicians of the city, and for many years manager of the Freedman's Hospital, married a white school teacher fifteen years ago, being one of the first to break the miscegenation laws of the District of Columbia, which have been repeatedly broken, but remain on the statute today, although not enforced.

The school teacher was poor and out of health—Dr. Purvis attended her—and grateful for his services, as well as ambitious to be the mistress of his beautiful home on Twelfth street, northwest, she accepted his offer of marriage, and cast her lot with the Helot class of America. Her children are part mulattoes the others quite dark—the mother loving all, equally well. Dr.

Purvis was a valued friend of Lucretia Mott, and other Quakers of Philadelphia, and graduated in medicine at Rush College.

The most beautiful face we ever saw in Washington, was an octoroon, or sixteenth blood, who attended the colored church, St. Augustine, through the summer of 1880. If one looked sharply they could discover the stain of the hated race on her cheek and in the slight wave of her glossy hair, the lips were scarlet, and the features were as regular as a statue of Juno. As she kneeled in her pew, her dark eyes shaded by long eyelashes looking down at her prayer book, she seemed one of the incarnated saints of the Egyptian church in the third century.

One of the best hotels on the Atlantic coast, and a swell resort for British and New York aristocracy, is at Wormley's. James Wormley, the founder of the enterprise, was the son of a bright Virginia white woman and her father's coachman, and young Wormley became the *valet* of Reverdy Johnson, our Minister to England in Buchanan's time. The poor *valet*, after his return to Washington in 1861, rented rooms and catered for the table of Chas. Sumner. The great statesman was always his friend. Other prominent Republicans patronized him, and in 1870 he bought the fine building now owned by his children at the corner of H and Fifteenth streets, northwest.

In October, 1884, the great landlord died, and through the funeral ceremonies, all of the hotels had their flags at half mast, while the street was solid with carriages in all directions. Among his pall bearers was ex-Mayor Barrett, his early friend, and upon the rich mahogany coffin were piled crosses, wreaths of flowers, harps of immortelles, while the house was heavy with the fragrance of tube-rose and white violets.

The Hon. John R. Lynch, ex-Congressman from Mississippi, and Chairman of the Republican convention at Chicago in 1884, was married in March, 1885, to Miss Ella W. Somerville, a teacher in the Minor school building. They are wealthy and

entertain largely with dinners and receptions to their many friends. She is an octoroon—her mother, a mulatto, married an Englishman at Mobile, Ala., and then all came to Washington, in 1880.

Rev. Mr. Cromwell, rector of St. Luke's church, whose dark face and white hair makes him an extraordinary figure in surplice and stole, was educated at Oxford, England, and in learning cannot be excelled by his white brethren in the church pulpits. The officers of St. Luke are all colored—the building, an imposing stone structure, built in old Gothic—ivy running over the roof—a stone cross on the spire of exquisite proportion, and a magnificent organ with the music of forty chorus boys, are among the appointments of this pleasant place of worship, where many devout white churchmen are often seen in its pews.

Washington has 110 colored school teachers—several are principals, and manage the pupils with great credit. There are several private industrial schools where colored scholars are taught manual labor with their books. At an art exhibition, held in the early autumn of 1886, the colored pupils of the city gave a very gratifying exhibit of their wonderful growth in drawing and painting, not only in copies, but original designs.

Howard University, founded by the government in 1866, and located on Seventh street beyond the Boundary, is one of the grandest institutions for the development of the race in America. It was fostered by General O. O. Howard, after whom it was named, and colored students from all parts of the country are educated here at small expense, not only in medicine, theology, but in the law, all going out to the world to squelch that old falsehood, that colored people were the missing links to apes, and never could be educated—"nothin' but niggers, no how."

When the Freedman's Savings bank bursted up, and many of the poor colored people lost all they had, they quietly took up their every day work, and put their earnings with Riggs, Metro-

politan and other banks—their aggregated savings being about ten millions in the city.

Slaves, without a dollar twenty-five years ago, are now wealthy. How long popular prejudice will stand out against brains and refinement with the accessories of wealth, we cannot say. Christian people ought to have more conscience, but then these people with black skins in America, are not as dear to some church members, as a dark-skinned Hindoo upon the Ganges. There are thirty churches sustained by the colored people here, but they do not eat at the Lord's table with the whites.

CHAPTER IV.

CONVENTION OF 1880—GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION—SHOOTING BY GUTEAU, ETC.

Washington, before the June convention at Chicago, was torn up as to candidates. The Democrats living in the city, secretly hoped that the Republicans would nominate any one of their number but Grant, believing in his invincible power with the masses. The "third term" cry was first started by the Democrats, and taken up by certain Republicans to defeat him, knowing all the time, that a blue bird had as much imperialism as the modest, unassuming General.

Certain temperance people, adjuncts of the Democracy, began to tell the old, old falsehood of drunkenness at Shiloh and before Richmond, by the great soldier. The charges were first made in the New York Herald, by one Chapman, who was a war correspondent at Shiloh, and for some reason not fully known, assailed the great commander. He admitted the falsity of his charges to his colleague, J. R. Trembly, the war correspondent of the Herald after Chapman left Shiloh. Mr. Trembly is a business man at 512 Seventh street, northwest, in Washington, and he is well known as a person of unimpeachable integrity. He said to

the writer of these sketches. "I knew what General Grant was doing in his tent every day for three years, and I never saw him drink a drop, nor saw any liquor go to his tent, though Chapman's lies had made me watchful."

The universal testimony of all citizens after the campaign of 1880 was over, that General Grant while eight years in office, and as the Lieutenant General of the army, was never seen drunk in the city. And yet the hounds, who clacked for politicians, had so reiterated this falsehood, that there are many people in the nation still believe General Grant was a drunkard.

Had the great soldier been nominated at Chicago, the Halt-Breed war in New York would never have disgraced the Republican party, and ultimately caused its defeat. When the telegrams came that General Garfield was nominated at the convention in Chicago, there was keen disappointment by the southern republicans in the city, but as the canvass went on through the summer, this feeling disappeared, and after the celebrated Mentor conference and Senator Conkling seemed to support the new leader, this disappointment disappeared entirely, and before the close of the campaign, the nominee had an enthusiastic support from them. He was a brilliant orator, a finished scholar, and with hosts of friends at the Capital. For, while he had been a preacher, he was very liberal, almost heterodox—the spiritualists always claiming that he was one of them, and, while sustaining a good moral character, "the boys" about town were "hail fellows well met" with the magnetic, kind hearted Garfield. His church—the Disciples idolized him, and that extensive organization throughout Virginia and Kentucky supported him, and holding the balance of power in Indiana, decided the contest for the Republicans in the Hoosier State.

The only fault that the General had, was a lack of firmness, and a determined will to say "no," so necessary in a Chief Magistrate. Magnetic and sweet tempered, he loved his friends

and did not hate his enemies. He must first be antagonized pretty hard, to strike back at all.

On the 14th of February, 1881, the Electoral College having made up its certificates that James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur were duly elected President and Vice President of the United States, it remained for the Senate to meet with the House of Representatives "in Congress assembled" and declare these persons elected to their high offices by the people.

Before ten o'clock A. M. the passage ways and corridors were a jam, and every vacant seat filled in the House, and before twelve M., ere the public proceedings commenced, the aisles and around the doors, people were wedged in like sardines in a box, with the exception of the blue box for the diplomatic corps, which had but few in it. The rule is inexorable, no one is ever allowed in the pews painted blue, only the foreigners and their friends. Just as the hands touched twelve M., the Speaker of the House, Hon. Samuel J. Randall, struck down his gavel, the doors had a movement while the Sergeant at Arms was trying to force the crowd back, and let the remaining Senators through who had not been already seated on the House floor. Senator Conkling, Hannibal Hamlin, James G. Blaine led the van to the row of seats in front of the Speaker's desk. Senator Morgan, also Senators Hampton, McPherson, McDonald on the Democratic side, were the observed of all observers.

When Mr. Adams, the Reading clerk of the House, after a few preliminaries had been gone through with, commenced the call of States, Alabama and Arkansas cast their votes for General Hancock and William H. English, of Indiana; then Colorado was the first Republican state that gave her votes for the President-elect, and before the call was fairly finished, the immense body of people seem to break out in such deafening cheers, that it shook the dome.

The enthusiasm ran around among the pretty faces of society dudes who never cheered before, even colored men, and all classes of men cheered again, and again—"hollered." There were several beautiful floral designs on the reading desk, the national flags seemed to stir with life, as if the breath of departed heroes of the Army of the Cumberland had come back to greet through these silken folds, their old commander. It was a good day for Republicans—the best of the decade. Alas!

The count was right, and the Electoral College named the President, who was inaugurated, March 4th, 1881. He read his message from the East Capitol side steps in the raw March air without any fatigue, and he seemed to enjoy the people's enthusiasm, as he did a game of ball on the campus of Hiram College. The crowd filled acres of the Capitol grounds—down it swept through Pennsylvania avenue, where for a mile and a half there was scarcely standing room; roofs and windows crowded with happy faces, and the day was a memorable one in the chapter of propitious inaugurations. All over the country, from the Rockies to the Atlantic, came military and civic societies, to stand in line two hours before the procession moved towards the White House. The day was chilly, the sun shone by fits and starts, and there was more slush than usual in the streets, on account of an unusually heavy snow melting off, slowly. Pennsylvania avenue had memorial arches across from pavement to pavement—representing the coat of arms and mottoes of the States of the Union—national flags hung from every window and roof—the deafening cheers of thousands rose to heaven, as the new President rode along in a barouche with ex-President Hayes—and following along in an open carriage was Vice President Arthur, with Hon. John Sherman, and we believe, Mr. Blaine. The Cleveland Grays acted as escort to the Presidential party, and behind them, company after company, regiment after regiment of soldiers, whose guns shone in the sunshine as rows of burnished

steel, marching in regular order—flags and guns forming a wavy line undulating with steps to the music of the Union for the military bands, thirty-nine in number distributed in the parade, played national airs. The civic societies, among them the fire companies of Philadelphia and New York—the Harmony—the Quaker City clubs, all appeared, and it took nearly three hours for the procession to pass the Treasury to the White House grounds. The Garfields stayed at the Riggs House before taking possession of the Executive mansion, and Grandma with Mrs. Garfield saw the parade from that hostelry.

The festivities of the inauguration were kept up all day, to the great disgust of the Democrats, who had read about the famous Morey letter, and other devices gotten up by the New York managers to defeat President Garfield in California and the Pacific coast, where they were trying to stop Chinese emigration, and now after all, here was the triumphant Garfield. In the evening, Pennsylvania avenue was a blaze of fireworks—down on the White Lot towards the great Washington monument, was a Niagara of pyrotechnics that set the country people agape, and filled the Treasury and its environs with crowds of happy clerks and their families, for there likely would be little change in the *personnel* of the departments, which is their ever-present horror when there is a change of Presidents.

The inaugural ball at the National Museum was a brilliant affair—many of the diplomatic corps being present, and the ladies costumes handsome in the extreme. The President and Mrs. Garfield did not dance, although the Marine band played delightfully several of Strauss waltzes. The building, which was not quite finished, was draped in national flags and adorned with potted plants, smilax and boquets of red, red roses—hyacinths and purple violets gave out their fragrance: jewels flashed, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Mrs. Garfield wore a cream colored silk—plain, and no ornaments but her diamonds, and a

bunch of white roses. She looked downcast, and said but little. There were over three thousand in the building dancing at one time—the tickets were five dollars. It was the only brilliant leaf in the social history of this sorrowful administration, and many a belle shudders at its remembrance, for it is so linked with the memory of its chief actor. After the inauguration came the speculation, as to who would be the advisor of the new administration and if the new Cabinet would contain Senator Conkling, or any of his friends. He was passed over.

All went along well enough with the administration, until the name of Robertson was sent to the Senate, to be collector to the port of New York City, without the consent of the New York Senators.

Senator Platt was vigorous in his denunciation of the slight put upon the State, and he did not hesitate to express his views on all occasions.

From time immemorial, the federal patronage to be distributed in each state had been in the hands of the Senators and Representatives of that particular commonwealth. Democrats, Whigs and Republicans had not doubted the wisdom of this political management, but President Garfield, through bad advice persisted in using his influence to have Robertson confirmed, in spite of the protestations of the New York Senators. The newspapers yelled "Boss" at Senator Conkling—over and over again ridicule was heaped upon him—"Me too Platt" was abused, and this was done in spite of the rule of courtesy to Senators, which had been established through long years of the republic.

No one had thought it a hardship until President Garfield's time. After the ablest Senator of the nation was forced to resign, this action of Congressmen was taken up again—nobody today cries "Boss," yet Senators rule as to appointments, as they did before the Robertson episode. Senators Allison, Sherman

and Hawley plead with the Executive, for the sake of peace and harmony, to withdraw the distasteful nomination. The President hesitated, but the influence behind the throne was too strong—his fatal weakness of character became evident, as he forced Robertson's name upon the Senate for confirmation, and as the most of the members did not like to antagonize the new administration, the man who had betrayed Grant and his N. Y. friends at Chicago in 1880, was made Collector, and the furies invoked. Senators Conkling and Platt have been severely censured for resigning their seats in the Senate, for it was thought by their friends, that after the storm of indignation which had been lashed into a white heat by the administration journals, it would pass by. The Senators, shorn of political influence—in self respect, they must resign, and if the Legislature of New York would send them back, it would rebuke the insult to the Empire state. But New York sustained the President, in one of those rare inconsistencies with which popular governments sometimes regale themselves, and the “recalcitrant Senators” were bidden by fate to practice law, thereafter.

We need not further follow the Half Breed war upon its native heath, but leave the historian of that state, to describe the intricacies of the Utica and anti-Utica politicians through the Folger campaign, and that of 1884, and 1886, in defeat. The Civil Service reformers began to show their heads, and cried out against “bosses” and political machines, but office hunting went on, and the White House was besieged all the same. After the New York Senators had resigned and gone home, Senators Lapham and Miller took the places of Senators Conkling and Platt, in the United States Senate later.

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The social page at the White House was short through this sad administration, for Mrs. Garfield had poor health, so that she made no impression in the White House as a society woman, but

the world recognized her worth, as a faithful wife and mother. Being a graduate of Hiram college and an intellectual woman, she quietly passed through the grand rooms of the Executive mansion, as if there were some mistake. Her parents, the Rudolphs, were poor, and her elevation was something wonderful from a cottage home in Ohio or to that of being the highest lady in the land. Grandma was happy, as she chattered with the little boys, about the house. The President, ever mindful of her comfort, had put in an elevator to the Mansion, as the long stairs wearied the old lady. "Abram," says the old mother, "you must always be a good boy like your father, and you will be a great man. One day, five-year-old Abram tried to climb over the iron railing of the stone stairs, and in doing so nearly broke his arm. He went whimpering to grandma—"I am a cripple now—guess I'll never be President, like father." The rim of her cap border touched his hair, as she tenderly kissed the little fellow, and Abram was comforted, for if grandma kissed the hurt place, all was well.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, about this time, held its annual convention, and appointing a number of delegates with Miss Willard at their head, they proceeded to the White House to ask the new President, to continue the cold water fashion inaugurated by Mrs. Hayes. The East room was filled by the party, and Mr. Garfield was ushered into the presence of the ladies, many of them in silent prayer. Miss Willard, in an eloquent address, made known their wishes. The President looked impassive. But, finally, he gave them his views of the matter—that every man's house was his castle, and a place that the outside world should not interfere. He neither promised nor denied their request that wine should be banished from the state dinners, where diplomats and others used to such refreshments would certainly ridicule him, as they had the Hayes occupants. Mrs. Garfield was at this reception of the ladies, but not much

seen afterward by the general public. She wore a brown velvet and ottoman silk with a long train, but high neck and long sleeves—her diamonds were handsome. She was attended by Mrs. General Sheldon, a cousin, and both ladies looked tearfully sympathetic all through the ceremonies of reception.

The W. C. T. U. went sorrowfully down the asphalt pavement back to the Temple Cafe, their headquarters—Miss Willard, Mrs. Chapin of Charleston, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, and Mrs. Le Fetra, somewhat disheartened.

A Mrs. F—— knelt down in the prayer meeting, which followed, and beseeched the Lord, that no wine should be seen at the White House state dinners through the President's term of office. Her prayer was answered, but oh! how differently from what she expected. There were no state dinners, or wine either, afterward to be drank in public. This temperance organization, which, on going upon a southern pleasure trip to New Orleans and Charleston, the next year, was captured by the southern Democrats, enough to be a nucleus for a third party. It had the elements of a great political power, had it remained solid and intact, and only working with a political party, that helped them. They, or rather, Miss Willard completely forgets that the Republicans of Iowa and Kansas had carried forward absolute prohibition, losing thousands of votes. But with a whimsical weakness, so like an old woman, she has a soft side for Democrats—the whisky and saloon party, from Maine to Georgia, and in all W. C. T. U. conventions, has never given a word of comfort to Republicans of Maine and Vermont—not a “thanky” to Iowa, Kansas or New Hampshire for Republican legislation for temperance, but insults the Almighty with prayers for a third impracticable party—an ally in every election to the saloonists and the Democracy.

She will then say, “Georgia is for prohibition”—for negroes, “yes,” we answer. The Ku Klux votes of that state cannot con-

trol drunken negroes to work for the little, miserable pittance they give them, so temperance is a southern virtue, and yet Miss Willard never saw a southern politician, leaving out Governor Colquitt, which did not drink whisky, and only voted for prohibition, "to keep the d—d niggers down."

The ushers at the White House, Messrs. Pendell and others turned away a man whose card read "Charles Guiteau" on that day of the Temperance reception. President Garfield had given his orders, that if possible, the persistent office-seeker be kept out of the Executive Chamber, for he had slipped in the day before, past the usher at that particular door. The ushers down stairs at the front entrance had become disgusted with his pertinacity, although Mr. Pendall had been used to many tough ones since he was appointed by Mr. Lincoln in 1864. "Mr. Garfield is not receiving today, Mr. Guiteau," said the ushers to the political crank from New York.

Guiteau had done a little political work in one of the city wards of New York, and all through May and June he was pestering the new President for the general consulship to Vienna, or in Paris. Instead of the ushers having the insane idiot arrested, and sent to St. Elizabeth asylum, as they have others, since the Garfield tragedy, he was allowed to come and go, at his own pleasure. From the White House, he marched muttering over to the State Department, to urge Mr. Blaine for a place. Here he was met with excuses. Night after night, he walked his chamber floor at the "Strathmore Arms," then a boarding house on Twelfth street—he urged General Logan to help him, but the preposterous fellow was told that it was an impossibility. Insanity, from hereditary causes was running through his veins, developing from his anxiety and sleepless nights—he had not much money, and his landlady presented a board bill. Matters got to a crisis with him. Excitement ran high upon the quarrel between Senator Conkling and the President, while the *outs*

sympathized with the New York Senator, and the *ins* defended Mr. Garfield. Guiteau went to the White House once more, and the ushers, first polite, finally took him by the coat collar, and forced him out of the North door, as he was determined to go past them, and see the President. He went down Pennsylvania avenue, muttering and shaking his head, and it has been charged that he met others who assisted him in his vile deed. But in the searching light of the trial, no one was accused, nor did the wretch himself, ever talk of any vile companion who could assist him in the matter. He bought his pistol at O'Meara's like any other customer, hired a hack with a colored driver and horses and went to the depot, but he did not attempt to go back in it, to a place of concealment, after his bloody deed. Anger and revenge had made him for that time a raving maniac, and he shot the President, seemingly caring but little for the consequences, to himself.

After Guiteau was in jail, a mob of both black and white started to tear down the United States jail, or at least, overpower the guard. But Col. Crocker, the Warden assured the men, that it would be impossible for the assassin to get away, and as they looked at its heavy stone walls and battlements, they concluded justice would take care of him until his trial, for murder.

Had President Garfield immediately died, there would have been serious trouble in the country, for the assassin's exclamation, "Arthur will be President, now!" was taken up by the inflamed populace, and several indiscreet newspapers and correspondents made much of the crazy man's hallucination, and telegraphed to the world, that an organized conspiracy had made the President their victim, so as to put the Stalwarts into power. No wickeder falsehood was ever started—no truth whatever in the statement, yet in 1884, we heard an intelligent looking prominent Colorado politician privately declare at Chicago, that "Arthur had helped kill Garfield," and was unworthy of a nomi-

nation by the American people. The lie had traveled in long boots. No one of any brains believes it, now. Ex-President Arthur had been honored in a thousand ways long before his death, by his party and fellow citizens, and so has Mr. Conkling—and this stupid invention of malice is now hardly worth repeating, only, as a part of the history of the times.

The murdered President lay on his bed in the southeast chamber of the White House, slowly dying, while the most earnest sympathy from all classes—stalwarts, old citizens, rebels and colored citizens, all kept an anxious watch for information, as to the patient sufferer, in hopes that the physicians' reassuring bulletins were to be sustained by facts. Many soldiers had been placed in the hospitals wounded as the President was supposed to be—none had ever recovered. Yet bulletins and local newspapers were sanguine.

Miss Dr. Edson, one of the first homeopathic physicians among the ladies in the country, was detailed as head nurse, and until the President's death at Elberon, never left his chamber, excepting for short sleeps, when the faithful Crump, the steward, took her place.

Congress allowed Miss Edson \$3,000 for her labors, which broke her health down, but the administrator of the Garfield estate, paid her nothing.

She thought the President, the most patient of men. When the doctors would clean the wound of pus, which was a horrible pain to endure—the poor sufferer only clasped his hands, and closed his eyes—the white face grew thinner and whiter, day by day. The summer of 1881 was a fearfully hot one—the mercury kept above ninety degrees for many weeks, and the fainting, weary sufferer, at last, went out from the White House in the gray dawn of a September morning, to rest beside the sea. What anxious prayers followed the President! Fifty millions of

hearts, aching in sympathy with his agony and suffering. The Vermont Avenue church, and many of the colored churches held all night prayer meetings through that week.

The bulletin boards were scanned by anxious crowds, and many waited around to get the exact meaning of the lofty, technical terms used by the surgeons.

The White House was deserted now. The guard of soldiers which for nearly eleven weeks had been stationed in the grounds, were removed—there were no parades, or Marine band concerts on the lawn, no carriages or fashionable turnouts, nothing but the withered grass and dying flowers gasping for breath in the hot sun. The heavens seemed of brass, for there had been no rain or dew for weeks, and prayers for mercy came back from the hot dome of heaven, unanswered.

On the 19th of September, just before midnight, the telegraph told the sad story that the awful fight for life had ended, and the soul of the murdered President had gone out with the tide at Elberon. But in the great statesman's own words, "thank God! the nation at Washington still lives!" It was a sorrowful Sunday night. Many department clerks slept no more that night, but at nine o'clock in the morning wended their way to the public buildings, being draped in mourning by order of Secretary Lincoln—the flags were all at half-mast—the late President's pictures in all public places draped in black, and manifestations of grief on all sides.

The department clerks have but thirty days' furlough, or rest, in a year—these days are distributed to each one, as the public business will allow, upon the favor of the Secretary, or Cabinet officer, who alone gives the permission for the clerk to leave his or her desk—excepting, from sickness there is no excuse. The clerks sat down at their desks that day with sorrow, but they wrought as best they could through the time, the chief of the division signed his initials on their work—the chief of the bureau

signed his name in full, and letters were sent off by mail, but if any report, it was sent to the Secretary or Cabinet officer of the department where the work was done, and thus the machinery of the government is always kept going, no matter who enters or leaves the White House, as President—it makes no friction as to actual government work when the President leaves the White House, no more than any other clerk of Uncle Sam.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the streets near the public buildings are crowded with the clerks hastening to their labor, and when all are inside, the streets seem deserted, comparatively. At noon there is another crush, and at four P. M.—street cars and herdies jammed full of tired clerks, many of them carrying little lunch baskets—others, with tin books where have been stowed away “goodies,” and yet there is an aristocratic class who go to the restaurants, and would not be seen with a lunch basket. Their credit is generally good, if it is known that Uncle Sam backs their bills, although some have lost their places for not paying their debts as their superior officers did not like to be board bill collectors, by garnishee.

After ten A. M., visitors are admitted to public buildings, but it is of no use to try to pass the guard before that time for the rule is imperative unless you send in your card to some official, and he sends for you by messenger. Visitors better spend their breath on something else than coaxing an impassive watchman, whose orders are imperative to admit no one until the proper time. After that hour many parties of visitors, were once escorted by guides through the buildings, but in a late day it has been nearly discontinued under the “reform administration.”

CHAPTER V.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR—FOREIGN LEGATIONS—SOCIETY RECEPTIONS
—ETC., ETC.

President Arthur after taking the oath of office, with a rare delicacy of character, did not domicile at the White House, but accepted the hospitality of Senator Jones, who had vacated his stone mansion on Capitol Hill across from the Capitol itself, a few yards. The Jones mansion adjoins that of General Butler, and was very elegant in all its appointments. The hall was spacious, and the *grande salon* was adorned with costly paintings, the upholstery in gray and gold—carpets, the finest Axminster, and at the right of the parlor was a handsome gold and ebony cabinet, which, on the top, was crowned with an exquisitely carved ivory statuette of one of the Graces. The President received here and made a favorable impression, especially on the ladies. Again, the W. C. T. U. called on the Chief Magistrate, to ask that no wine “be furnished at state dinners in the White House.” In a pretty speech, he thanked the ladies for their courtesy, but did not pledge prohibition. Having an immense bouquet of flowers sent up from the Botanical Gardens, he divided it up into pretty little nosegays, and giving a rare, red rose to Mrs. Chapin, of South Carolina, in answer to her introduction, “I am from the south!” with that grace of manner so marked in President Arthur, he answered: “My dear madam, my wife was a southern lady. I know their worth.” Those who have seen Miss Herndon-Arthur, will carry out the appreciation of Mr. Arthur’s compliment. Miss Anthony, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, Clara Barton, J. Ellen Foster and Mary Aldrich of Iowa, were among the W. C. T. U. ladies that day. Miss Willard at the head, they left for home. “Wine must be used at

state dinners" was the social edict of the Capitol. Already, an attache of the Spanish Legation, was driving past in his fashionable turnout that bright September afternoon. Two heavy black horses driven tandem to a dog cart—the wheels very large and painted in black and gold, looked like a pair of bright suns whirling over the gray street. The Spaniard with his dark eyes and hair seemed the typical cavalier of the sixteenth century.

The autumn chronicle of 1881, gives a love match between the Hon. Victor Drummond of the British Legation and the beautiful Miss L—— of New York—a very attractive girl, but without fortune. As few of the foreign titles are married to American girls *without* money, this match is perpetuated in these sketches. Having leisure, the attaches of the Legations are accomplished gentlemen—well educated in University lore, and whether married or single—bald-headed and old, or young and handsome, their love glances are killing to tender hearts, as a November frost. The Turkish minister stays in New York, and does not appear at the Capitol except on state occasions—his red fez and brilliant medals making him a conspicuous figure at the White House levees and state dinners, but he is not a male flirt.

Within a few years, a Spanish attache who left a wife and four children in Andalusia, had a flirtation with a daughter of a Cabinet official, which is often in such cases turned to a real affection. She was beautiful, could speak his own language as well as he could, and yet, the pretty Spanish talk concealed a deep love, alas, too deep. After the affair went on for a few months, she, stricken with a keen remorse at the consequences, committed suicide, and was found dead in her bed one morning by her maid, a faithful old servant. There was no inquest—the family physician only shook his head, gave a burial permit for heart disease—the newspapers said the death was caused by low-necked dresses and late hours. The world wagged on. In two weeks her broken-hearted mother was laid in the church yard beside

her, and her wicked lover recalled to Spain in a few months after the family happiness was wrecked.

Baron and Madame de Struve make their Russian envoy residence a very pleasant rendezvous to the *elite* of the Capitol on Sunday evenings where the witty hostess entertains her guests with *bon mots* and little suppers.

When Monseignor Capel, the successful priest of the Roman hierarchy, appeared at the Capitol, flushed with his success in winning millions to the coffers of the church, through lady parishioners, converting Miss Caldwell and other New York belles, he tackled Madame de Struve to come into the fold of the church, using his wonderful persuasive powers with good effect, he suspected, but what was his chagrin to hear her say in witty French that she preferred "Hades to the Romish church," and she remained as infidel as ever.

From a society column, we copy the names of her guests one Sunday evening, who were seated around the hospitable board of the Russian Minister. There were five children of the family and three Russian *gouvernants*. The guests were the Swedish Minister and Madame Reutersjkold, Count Lovernon, the Danish Minister—Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, Mrs. Julian James, Mrs. Clayton McMichael, the wife of the U. S. Marshal of the District, Mlle. Nougieras and Monsieur Pedroso, with others.

Madame Kuki, the wife of the Japanese Minister, is a very pretty brunette, dresses in American fashion, speaks French pretty well, and in many ways, is a companionable woman. Very few people outside of the Capitol, realize how much influence the Foreign Legations have in social circles, and through these often shape Congressional legislation.

Their houses, furniture, turnouts, entertainments and speech, are copied largely by the social world here. Nearly all are Roman Catholics which has given influence to that denomina-

tion, more than any other church at Washington. The new University which is to be built near the Soldiers' Home, with the Jesuit college on Georgetown Heights, will augment its power, more and more. To its credit, be it said, that this church has stood like a solid wall against Mormonism, easy divorces, and other national vices. The place where the Legations mostly worship, is at St. Matthews, an old fashioned structure at the corner of H street and Fifteenth, opposite Columbia university, and is built with heavy Doric pillars in front, standing on a stone platform. It has a moderately tall spire and roomy chancel.

At eleven o'clock Sunday mass, when the diplomatic corps has the usual number of its representatives in its pews, the church presents a brilliant scene—Rev. Father Chappelle in full canonicals, the organ pealing, and the solemn incense of heart and altar, all seem to melt the soul in the presence of Deity, and this makes a deep impression on those of a poetic temperament.

Some of these diplomats with foreign orders get terribly intoxicated if they *are* steady in their church devotions, and would appear in police circles, but there is no law to arrest foreigners, if officials; as it is supposed by treaty, that a foreign court will send *gentlemen* as representatives. The only redress is, when they are too troublesome, to call the attention of the State Department, and through it, the drunkard is recalled, and the offender sent home in disgrace. Manuel del Campo, one of the South American attaches, used to raise a row every week in the Theater Comique, but us ladies are never seen in "the Eleventh street opera house;" for some time he was only quietly remanded to his hotel. Finally, some of those who frequent the place, got tired of his insolent behavior and through the State Department he was recalled.

Under the influence of wine, some of these scions of nobility have behaved themselves in very improper ways, but as many

manmas are generally crazy for foreign matches, it is overlooked in whispers, in very gentle whispers. No wonder these noodle foreigners find themselves sought after every hour of the day, even after some of their most disgraceful antics of sowing wild oats in the most exclusive homes of America, and receive after all their naughtiness, showers of invitations every season. These foreign dudes are often ridiculing these un-American women, guying them in French or Spanish, if the ladies do not understand those languages.

A certain millionaire's wife came to the Capitol, in gorgeous array of purple and gold, rented a noted official's mansion on Dupont Circle, and throwing open her doors for a grand entertainment, sent her cards to the foreign legations, without ever being introduced to one of them. This astonishing *coup de etat* was to accent her social grandeur in the Wild West, for the society correspondents of the Chicago papers were expected to telegraph the fact that the lady had entertained "Monsieur and Madame of the —— Legation"—"Sir Lionel and Miss West of the British Legation," etc., etc.

Some of the bachelors in the diplomatic corps who have poor salaries, and known as "the d—l's poor," accepted the invitation, and had a glorious supper of terrapin and wine, that would have cost twenty dollars a plate at Chamberlin's Club house.

The lady was extricated from her *faux pas* by her wealth and cordial manner, and a season afterwards entertained the lords and ladies: Some of the social leaders in official circles helped her out of the scrape, but she was the laughing stock of the queens of society.

Many of the old families born and bred in the city, are very exclusive, not liking strangers, and mere riches are not a passport to their class, any more than among the Knickerbockers, and through all the Republican administration, had little to do

in a social way with them, even the highest officials. When the Democrats came into power in 1885, their pride was tortured at the ostentatious entertainments of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Manning, and they held aloof, at times, for many of them are poor, comparatively, with the exception of the Corcorans and Riggs's, for the 'old settlers' weak teas could not compete in high-sounding adjectives of society columns, with the terrapin and champagne at the Frelinghuysen mansion presided over by the stysh wife of the Secretary of the Navy—Mrs. Whitney. Among the highest social leaders at the Capitol, are the wives of naval officers, being superior in aristocratic rank to the wives of army officers of the same grade—then, not a step below, are the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and if Madame Edgar-Bonaparte, Countess Esterhazy, *nee* Carroll, Madame Bergman-Laughton should honor you with an invitation to dinner, your future position in the social world would be considered by the ladies, as impregnable, and you can defy envy there, or any where.

One of the most popular women at the Capitol, is Mrs. General Logan, who with her white hair rolled back in Pompadour style over her intellectual brow, would pass for a French *duchesse* of the olden time. She was much sought after before Gen. Logan's death at entertainments.

Mrs. Margaret Vinton Dahlgren, the novelist and wealthy owner of Ohio mines and forest lands, was much admired, but she foolishly wrote a book, where she disguised names and scored fashionable vanities, and for her pains, was snubbed by some of the *grande dames* without mercy.

Frances Hodgson Burnett, in her "One Administration" [perpetrated the same sin, and behind her back is still guyed and sneered at for her "lack of taste in dress"—"she wears too much heliotrope." "Oh! she is cranky," says the wife of a Supreme Court Justice, who would be dreadfully horrified at being disig-

nated as "a Judge's wife," instead of the wife of a *Justice*, for nothing could be so awfully vulgar, as to be taken for the wife of a common "Jedge"—for instance, to be the wife of "Jedge Waxem of Wabash and Wayback yender" whose biography has been faithfully written by a lady reporter of the Washington Critic, illustrated by her own inimitable pencil. This wife of a Supreme Judge, or Justice rather, is a good poker player, and drinks the best of wine at home and aboard. She, and the wife of a near relative of a late reigning family in France, have been carried to their carriages by footman and coachman, hopelessly intoxicated, and yet these ladies have never lost their high position in society. A daughter of this French family was so heart broken over her mother's unfortunate appetite, that she retired to a convent some time ago.

Poker and cribbage are the favorite pastimes of "a select set," and these sets or coteries run all through the *elite* of the Capitol. There are hundreds of ladies who do not play poker, or bet on cards, or horse races, but family and high position covers a great many ladies who hold winning cards.

One of the social leaders at charity entertainments is Mrs. General Lander—"Jean" the actress, who became one of the aristocracy through her marriage with the wealthy army officer, as well as by her many accomplishments and social tact. She lives in a handsome two-story cottage on Capitol Hill, about a block from the residence of the late Mary Clemmer-Hudson, who shared past honors among literary people with Gail Hamilton—Mrs. Blaine's cousin, whose real name is Abigail C. Dodge. Mrs. Hudson, or Mary Clemmer, was one of the best known literary women at the Capitol, being the author of a work on "Washington and its Public Buildings," and a poetess of rare merit. She married, when very young, a prig of a parson, but later they were divorced—he, retaining his admiration for his wife after their separation and her second marriage with Edward

Hudson, the brilliant journalist and correspondent of the Boston Herald. Mr. Hudson was ten years the junior of his gifted wife but they were very happy together, although the lady did not live long after her second marriage. She left no children.

Among the female artists, Miss Ransom, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, is the best known, being a member of the Classical Society of which General Garfield was the leading essayist for years. She came to the Capitol under the patronage of the Garfields, and her picture of the murdered President and his gentle wife as well as Grandma, have made largely her national reputation. Miss Ransom's best picture, which should have been purchased by the Library committee, is a full length portrait of General Thomas. "Old Pap," as the old soldiers called him, stands with his field glass, overlooking one of the valleys near Lookout Mountain, and as the face is well brought out in its intellectual grandeur of brow and massive chin, the picture brings to mind very vividly, one of the ablest generals of the war. But Miss Ransom has no business capacity to sell pictures, therefore gets worried and cross at times.

Disputing at all points of distinction with Miss Ransom, is Miss Adele Fawcett, the painter of the "Electoral Commission." The scene is laid in the Supreme Court room—the interior of this historic chamber well represented, and while some of the portraits are good, others portrayed in the audience, who witnessed the balloting of the commission, are scarcely recognizable.

Ex-Senators Windom, Blaine and Conkling are pretty well executed, but Senator Allison of Iowa, one of the ablest members of the Upper House, looks as if he had a stiff neck. Mrs. Blaine looks well around bonnet and feathers, but not in the face, while McDonald and ex-Governor Hampton and Butler of South Carolina, are very badly finished. This picture will be one of the Library treasures, not for its artistic work, but the historic

design caught the Library Commission's attention, and the fair artist was paid \$5,000.

Col. Robert Ingersoll and family entertained largely in the season of 1882-3. The great pagan has a handsome, fashionably dressed wife, and as a hostess she is cordial and unaffected in manner, as well as prodigal in the good things she provides for her guests. The milk punch and boned turkey! the rare fruits and flowers of some of their Sunday evening receptions were the theme of *bon vivants*. At one of these the lady was dressed in a cardinal satin, cut *princesse* with a demi train, her diamonds are superb, and fine point lace is one of the attractions of her toilettes that sets off her lovely neck and bust.

Two daughters are the pride of the Ingersolls—Maud and Eva, and from childhood they have been allowed free access to their papa's cash drawer, to use all the money they liked. What is surprising, they are not extravagant. Ingersoll's sarcasm in a colloquy with ex Senator Sargent was wickedly amusing, even if blasphemous. "God was a link between nowhere and nowhere"—but all talk like this would subside when poetry or art was introduced into the *salon*. Congressmen and their wives attended these receptions with the exception of strict church people, as Mrs. Senator Blair and Teller. Ingersoll's fame on the historic roll of the nation will not rest, however, upon his futile attempts to break down the Christian religion, but in his memorable address, commencing with, "The past rises before me like a dream," etc. It is one of the finest prose-poems in the English language, and today, Blaine owes much to his baptism of "Plumed Knight" given him by Ingersoll, in this nominating speech at Cincinnati, in 1876.

In the coldly religious atmosphere of Washington, the Ingersolls were not entirely happy, and they have removed to New York city—*pater familias* being a native of the interior of the

Empire State, and the son of a Presbyterian minister of Alleghany county, N. Y.

Col. Ingersoll had been considered a stalwart in politics, being a friend to Senator Dorsey, Conkling and Arthur, but his warm friendship of Blaine had a little mildew when he was not put prominently forward in 1884, by the Blaine managers, and Mrs. Blaine was cold to the ladies of the infidel's family. The Plumed Knight relied on church sentiment which should have elected him. But alas! for Burchard, it divided and went over to his rival.

Mr. Arthur was born a Baptist, but became an Episcopalian through his wife, and after he became President attended divine service with his family at St. John's, one of the oldest structures in the city, where Washington, Madison and other public men had been its historic parishioners. It is nearly opposite the White House, on the "H" side of Lafayette Square, and is a medium between High and Low church. It intones the prayers—has candles and processions, but no incense or confessional. Rev. Mr. Leonard is Rector, and a most gifted preacher.

The church has an old fashioned gallery, brass lamps, and brass altar railings, after the fashion of the English churches, a century ago. President Arthur's pew was on the north side of the center aisle. The florist of the White House furnished flowers from the conservatory for the altar every Sunday.

President Arthur's Thanksgiving proved auspicious. The Republicans rallied to his support in *apparent* harmony, and preparations were made to bring Guiteau to trial. A good deal of speculation was indulged in, and inquiry made whether the star route trials would ever come off, as it was rumored the government had been cheated by rascally mail contractors.

After the celebration at Yorktown in October, Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, resigned, and the position of Minister to Eng-

land was offered to him, but he refused it with thanks. Hon. F. T. Frelinghuysen was appointed Secretary in his stead. Later on, Mr. Windom resigned from the Treasury, expecting to be elected to the Senate from Minnesota, but was beaten by a combination, led by the Hon. Mark Dunnell. Judge Folger of New York, was given the Treasury portfolio. He died in two years and a few months, succeeded by Postmaster General Gresham, and just before the close of Mr. Arthur's administration, the office was given to the Hon. Hugh McCullough, President Johnson's Secretary—Mr. Gresham being appointed Circuit Judge of the United States courts. In April 1882, Secretary Kirkwood, appointed by Mr. Garfield resigned from the Interior Department and Senator Teller, of Colorado, appointed in his place. Mr. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, was sent as Minister to Russia, where he died in two years from the effect of the inhospitable climate. He was succeeded by the Hon. Wm. E. Chandler of New Hampshire. Mr. McVeigh resigned as Attorney General, and was succeeded by the Hon. Benjamin Brewster of Philadelphia. Postmaster General James resigned and his place filled by the Hon. Timothy Howe of Wisconsin, a stalwart Republican, dying in 1884, leaving Robert T. Lincoln, the only member of the original Garfield cabinet—Secretary of War at the close of Mr. Arthur's term.

Mr. Arthur was generally happy in his selection of officers, to fill public trusts. As time passes on, and the gentle, courteous President, who now sleeps in the Albany cemetery comes up in the historic past, his many qualities, that made him a model Executive officer will endear him to the hearts of the American people. He was as gracious to the humblest black, as to a foreign prince, and through the trying ordeal of the first year of his administration, he counseled with the ablest men of his party and with a high sense of honor, he filled his place with an abiding faith, that in time, the American people would do him justice.

The rupture between ex-Senator Conkling and the new President of 1881 made its appearance soon after Mr. Arthur's accession to the Presidency, and came from his refusal to allow a private citizen, even if an old friend and political comrade, to dictate to the old party leaders, as well as himself, the appointments of the New York custom house. Mr. Conkling was not Senator, yet he insisted on the removal of "the traitor Robertson" as Collector. President Arthur felt it his duty to uphold the late Mr. Garfield's policy, as he was his successor by accident, and not by the vote of the people. And in the excited condition of the country he thought it best to wait until there was more quiet, and all factional disturbance had passed away. But Mr. Conkling was obstinate, which we have no doubt, he regrets today. A man with less delicacy of character, with more rugged ambition when he was placed in the White House, as Mr. Arthur was, would have thrown all tender feeling of Mr. Garfield's policy to the winds, would have been more pronounced in opposition to Mr. Blaine, but he gently, yet firmly adhered to his excellent judgment in that time of trial.

He carried out the views of Congress, with but few vetoes, among them the famous River and Harbor bill, which was so obvious a steal, that the Chief Executive vetoed it without compunction. For six months after Mr. Garfield's death, all official letters and documents were draped in mourning, and every respect was shown to the late President by his successor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRELINGHUYSENS—ARTHUR'S POLICY—HISTORIC HOUSES—
HISTORIC WOMEN—GUTTEAU'S TRIAL.

Mr. Arthur in his southern policy retained in the departments the Union men of the late war, but in his messages, he said nothing more about the south than the west. The public conscience was greatly benumbed, for Congress allowed members to sit in its chambers who had blood written all over their political records, blacks were murdered in the cotton belts of the southern states, because they were republicans, yet Congress did nothing with the exception of a dilly dally investigation at Copiah and Danville, as to the methods of the tissue ballots. Had there been a more thorough overhauling in 1884, triumph instead of defeat for the grand old party—historically grand, for at this time it had so few to lift it out of the slough of a constant compromise with wrong, and the same thing for the last ten years. Sumner, Wade, Stevens, Morton and Henry Wilson, the fiery leaders of great principles were dead, and “let things alone down there” was the Shibboleth of the party leaders.

President Arthur's administration stands out in *bas relief* in the social history of the White House. Mrs. Zach. Taylor used to smoke her cob pipe in the East room. Mrs. Fillmore was a stately, pleasant lady but not particularly graceful or enjoyable. Miss Lane was lovely, but Buchanan a stiff old bachelor. Mrs. Lincoln's social atmosphere was clouded by her insanity, and the dreadful surroundings of war and bloodshed—at President Johnson's receptions there were red-nosed guests, and the pimply, gross face of Mrs. Cobb, sometimes seen. At the Grant receptions there were discordant elements, not the fault of the great general or his wife, but untoward circumstances. At the Hayes

levees were the sneers and ridicule of the anti-temperance people, and passing over the few months of the Garfield *regime* at the White House, the Arthur administration with Mrs. McElroy, as gentle and sweet as woman can well be, the social atmosphere was refined, elegant and luxurious, without ostentation or primness. The Frelinghuysens, with their daughter, Mrs. John Davis, were his most intimate friends of the Cabinet. Miss Folger, before her death, was generally present at a state dinner with the Premier's family, and her father was one of the Cabinet that the President loved. The White House often had for its guests, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Lady Mandeville, Madame Younzga, Mrs. D. P. Morgan, who came from the metropolis to pay their respects.

The social atmosphere about the White House brought many other genial and elegant New Yorkers to the Capitol. Before John Jacob Astor was sent to Italy as minister to that great power, he and Mrs. Astor spent some time in the city, and were guests of the President. Mrs. Astor in her stately beauty appeared at one of the public receptions in black velvet, with diamonds said to be worth a quarter of a million, and rare, old lace as fine as a cobweb. It was reported by a society newspaper that at another Cabinet reception, Mrs. Astor's lace overskirt could be easily drawn through a child's thimble, so fine was the texture. The spirituelle Mrs. Craig-Wadsworth, of Geneva, N. Y., reported to be the *fiancee* of the late President, by those who did not know, was, before her death, one of the lovely women of the Capitol. At one of the White House levees, she wore a white, uncut velvet with sweeping train, her point lace and diamonds much admired. Her small hands clasped the arm of the accomplished western diplomat, the Hon. John A. Kasson, our Minister to Austria, who said a pretty compliment in French, as they slowly went down the East room, Mrs. Wadsworth died the next year, after a few months of terrible suffering, patient

through it all, as the Great Master. She was *in* the world, but not *of* the world.

It was not so much the guests as the leader of the American Court himself. Mr. Arthur was a polished gentleman, and whatever may be said in Mr. Cleveland's favor, and he has many good qualities outside of his ward politics, when he came to the White House, he seemed to have been little used to the society of ladies—his hands were gawky—in greeting he made stiff bows—in trying to entertain ladies and foreigners, he dared not take the initiative, and evidently had a maniacal fear of criticism. Miss Cleveland first wore, as mistress of the White House, short hair, which horrified society belles, although in a lower grade it was copied, and the barbers of the city had quite a crop of hair for sale. This did not last long for the lady afterwards appeared in a high coiffure the very next season, and all the time of her *regime*, she was liked for her cordiality and intelligence, if she were somewhat ungraceful.

The foreign legations had their little sly talks, and even "Miss Grundy (Miss Snead) laughed in her sleeves as she wrote flaming accounts of White House gatherings to the Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Graphic, but everybody knew that Mr. Arthur's *regime* had suffered no social eclipse.

Of Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, none entertained more royally than the Attorney General. His Sevres china was imported at immense cost, their costly silver service—wines and terrapin suppers were heartily enjoyed, not only by the President, but other distinguished guests. Mrs. Brewster was a handsome woman—a daughter of Robert Walker, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and after the war when reduced in circumstances she was appointed a Treasury clerk. At one time Mr. Brewster had business with the department—saw the beautiful woman at work, and the great lawyer fell in love, *nolens volens*. The Attorney General was dreadfully burned in the face, while rescuing a younger sister

from a burning grate. He wore a grey coat, immense shirt frills and when the lady saw him gazing at her, she remarked to her desk mate, "There goes the ugliest man in America." But Mr. Brewster offered himself then and there to "the prettiest woman in America," so he said in answer. The lady hearing of his chivalrous devotion to his sister, of his great wealth and talents, accepted his offer, and after her marriage with Mr. Brewster, became one of the queens of society in Philadelphia. She died there, after leaving Washington in 1885.

Mrs. Secretary Frelinghuysen gave elegant Cabinet receptions at her residence on I street, northwest. At one of these, Mrs. Brewster was a central figure, dressed in a gray and gold brocade, her white hair rolled back, and in her stately step, one saw the old patrician blood without taint, or loss. She wore a flower bonnet of marguerites, with white lace strings—a diamond cross, and passing round her well moulded bust and shoulders, a gray and gold crape scarf.

Miss Lucy Frelinghuysen presided at a little tea table covered with an elegant silver tea service—the butler, staid and gray, saw that the table was in a proper condition; any of the lady callers, who paid their respects, partook of the refreshments. Mrs. Frelinghuysen, in a black satin, stood in the front parlor, and received her guests with a pleasant smile, and chatted with her acquaintances, rather informally that day. Mrs. George Bancroft, her neighbor, and wife of the great historian, wore at this reception a heavy Lyons silk, without a particle of trimming on the plain basque and sleeves, and nothing on the long demi-train, but the skirt braid. Her husband, the historian, white-haired and stiff with eighty-four years, had on a very dark blue swallow tail coat with large gilt buttons, and the vest with the pantaloons were of the same blue color. He talked of Adams and Clay, and seemed to understand all the intricacies of the Indian question, which at that time stirred up public men, as the noble

red men had murdered a number of families on the pioneer border of Southern Colorado.

Among other ladies present at this reception, were Mrs. Secretary Chandler, Mrs. Senators Harrison and Cockrell, the latter being dressed in a handsome garnet velvet. This lady is very intelligent, being a connection of the celebrated Ewing family. At the Frelinghuysens, the social center of Arthur's administration, there was much wit and pleasant conversation, and for four years, nearly, they set the fashion.

Mrs. Belford, the wife of the red haired Congressman from Colorado, was rather pretty and quite intellectual. She was present at this time, and conversed upon the inspirations of poets—talking about Shelley and Keats in a quiet, chatty way.

Mrs. Cockerell remarked to a lady friend, that our poets and novelists had much more influence on our national character and legislation than was generally admitted. "Thus Fennimore Cooper's imaginary Indian characters remained in many people's minds as the real Indian of the plains. He is not such a heroic personage."

There was considerable talk at one time about Mrs. John Davis and her influence with the President, after her husband was appointed to the Court of Claims by General Arthur. Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis were intimate at the White House and the lady came at all hours. There was a good deal of rivalry in certain circles, for the President was a widower, and the prize was worth fighting for—in a quiet, underhanded way. Mrs. Davis wore a cardinal dress trimmed with black lace, very *decollete*, and no sleeves but a shoulder strap, this, at a White House dinner. It was said Mr. Arthur touched her shoulder playfully with a red rose. "Sweets to the sweet," meaning only a pretty compliment. How envy caught this up, some of the society belles ought to remember—at any rate, the telegraph

and society correspondents hinted of scandal. But the man who ordered fresh flowers before his dead wife's picture every morning, who trained his children to revere their mother's name, who worshipped blue violets for her sake, and often wore them on his knightly breast, was proof against intrigue, and scorned dishonor. The scandal was short-lived, and was the only one that made any noise. It was envy with a Chinese pop-gun.

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In the parlors of Dr. and Mrs. Cora Bland, on G street, the Indian society of the District met often, and hatched up plans for the amelioration of the poor red man. What pitiful stories were told of the wants of the western tribes! how the cranks wept in sympathy, without a thought of the pioneers, who were scalped and murdered. Mrs. Colonel Adair, the wife of a Cherokee chief was at one of these receptions, wanting a Congressional appropriation for property destroyed by rebel Indians, and yet she admitted she was worth a hundred thousand dollars in land, that was constantly increasing in value. Colonel A. B. Meachem was another crank on the Indian question, and he emphasized much talk by waving his hand to a party of Warm Spring Indians, who were seated near the speaker. Mr. E. Ballou, a teacher among the Shoshones, urged education upon the tribe—the teachers to be paid by the government. There had been twenty murders by the red devils in Arizona that week but it was partially justified by the society, on the ground of retaliation. One sensible man, a guest of the society, proposed in a half-hour talk to place the whole Indian question under the War Department, claiming that our political management had cost the country one hundred and fifty millions of money and thousands of valuable lives—with outraged women, and children dashed to pieces before their mothers' eyes, and yet for the sake of Indian agents, a strong lobby had always kept the management under the Interior Department. The Indians and Mormons

in bands, had terrorized settlers in the territories, and the whole question should be turned over to the War Department. But the citizens' plan was highly disapproved by this Indian loving society, who, while small and apparently insignificant at the Capitol, have worked with similar societies in Boston and Philadelphia with different administrations, and until the capture of Geronimo by the army officers, the sweet, red men were killing and robbing settlers, as usual. England, through her Canadian militia has kept her Indians from murdering her pioneers, and the army forces of the British colonies from Vancouver to Toronto, made the savages to understand, that their business was to hunt and fish, and let scalping and murder alone. Oklahoma territory should have been opened long ago to the white settlers, but Indian traders, Indian agents and the chiefs themselves, have prevented this timely measure for the public good to be consummated.

In Oct., 1881, the celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, was attended by representatives of the State Department, several of the Diplomatic corps, with Mr. Blaine at the head of the affair, to witness the ceremonies. There had been a small appropriation of twenty thousand by Congress, but Yorktown was one of those miserable southern villages, without enterprise enough to get up a decent meal, and the whole enterprise proved to be an unhappy failure—the laughing stock of the Diplomatic corps. The management of the blow-out had hard work to get a bill through Congress for expenses, that overrun the appropriation—the wines and liquors for the swell officers of the navy and to entertain the foreigners were talked about by the temperance people, and on the whole, the Yorktown celebration was a sort of an eye-sore to Mr. Arthur and his political friends. Beside this, there was an awkward steal of a \$5,000 U. S. bond from the Treasury by an employe in the coupon division. The officers ordered in a circular to all National

banks not to pay the original, but a duplicate, which would be placed to the credit of the government, so there was no harm done, but a little flurry, and the only one for the past seven years of that kind.

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The trial of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, commenced in the City hall on D street northwest, November 14, 1881, and was of intense interest, not only to citizens of the District of Columbia, but visitors came from all parts of the country to witness the proceedings, and see the wretch, who had murdered so good a man. Judge Cox was known in the District as a solid, unimpassioned official, and no amount of eloquence could move him away from facts and evidence. There would be no snap judgment in favor of the prisoner.

Guiteau was brought up from the United States jail in a close van or "the black maria," the guard cautiously opened the door when the vehicle touched the pavement in front of the hall of justice, and the assassin creeps down the step, passes the statue of the immortal Lincoln, white and scared, the prisoner pulls his manacled hands together for he fears violence from the jeering and abusive mob of both black and white, that crowd the passage way to the door. With a single bound, he jumps the threshold of the outer door, and when he reaches the court room, his manacles are taken off in the prisoner's box. There is no fear of escape, for he believes the Lord had given him a commission to do the awful deed, and that he cannot be injured by mortal man. Col. Corkhill, the prosecuting attorney for the District of Columbia, was the leading lawyer for the government. At first, the prisoner's brother in law, George Scoville, of Chicago, was the only lawyer for the defense, but Leigh Robinson Esq., a nephew of Mr. Corcoran, kindly volunteered his services which were accepted by the Court and prisoner. Guiteau was decently dressed in a diagonal business suit of brown. His

dark, auburn hair was cut close to his wicked shaped head, the restless, insane eyes roved around the room—the brows as thick as a man's finger, lowered and raised again by his varying emotions, and when he did not fear personal violence from the outdoor mob, he stood defiant and insolent, like the insane wretch he was—there appeared a nervous twitching about the lips, clasping and unclasping his white hands, as the prosecuting attorney rose in his seat to address the Court. Mrs. Scoville, with a large poke bonnet and brown cloak sat near him, her little eight-year-old girl, ever and anon glancing at her father, and then to her Uncle Charles. John Guiteau, a black-browed brother, with a better shaped head than the assassin, was seated with the Scovilles. He never in the course of the great trial, seemed to have any sympathy for the assassin, and evidently came to the Court, to be looked at, having the same incorrigible vanity and self esteem, as the prisoner.

Mr. Scoville objected to several jurors, because they were not orthodox church members. A part of the defense was, that Guiteau believed that God had commissioned him to kill the President, that his unhealthy brain under the political excitement made him uncontrollable, therefore, the assassin was not responsible. Many experts were called at the trial, to prove Guiteau's insanity. Dr. Spitzka, Dr. Godding and Dr. Lamb, were of the opinion he was insane. Other great physicians believed him responsible at the time of the assassination. It was a case where doctors disagreed. Long before the summing up before the jury, Robinson was discharged by Guiteau and Scoville, and Charles H. Reed of Chicago, was retained by the defense. But the prisoner would often interrupt Reed, mutter incoherently—"You are a fool" he would often manage to say, and at other times he would interrupt the court, and try to plead his case himself. The bailiff and judge would order him down to his seat. If he had not been in a state of mental aberration, this action on

the part of the prisoner would not have been permitted for a moment, for he never hurried himself, and took his seat when he got ready, talking all the time.

After weeks of trial, Guiteau was found guilty and sentence passed. One morning in going to the court room, the van was fired into by a man named Jones, but Guiteau was not hit by the bullet. Search was made for this would-be murderer, but after arresting several who looked like Jones, they were let go, and to this day, it is hard to tell where Jones keeps himself. The soldiers who guarded the jail were disposed to resent the performance of this duty, and one evening, William Mason, the U. S. Sergeant in charge of the squad, seeing the assassin in his cell, fired through the pane of glass at his head, but Guiteau had dodged, and the minnie ball flattened itself against the stone wall in a most singular shape, very much like the prisoner's profile and skull.

What an uncontrollable excitement this firing made! Some thought it was a barbarism to shoot an unarmed prisoner, others that Guiteau ought to be shot at any time, and save expense of hanging. Mason, to such people was a popular hero. He was not sympathized with by the army officials, and was court martialed. Col. Ayres presided at the Court and sentenced him to eight years in the Albany penitentiary. All soldiers are poor men, and when Mason's pay was stopped, there was a call for his family by subscriptions. All over the nation, the cry went up for "Betty and the baby." This appeal brought several thousand dollars to the little woman, who never saw so much money in her Virginia home before.

An effort was made to pardon Mason out of the Albany prison but the President would not interfere with the military discipline of the army officials, until Mason had been confined eight months, when he was set free. Guiteau's sentence was given by Judge Cox, January 25, 1882, and the prisoner fell to cursing

the jury, judge and lawyers, declaring "God will punish you all! Guiteau's curse! Death and business trouble has followed eight of the jurymen—Colonel Corkhill, who received the severest part of Guiteau's curse, died an awful death of hemorrhage of the stomach on a visit to the west, and Judge Cox had a good deal of financial trouble at one time, with other plagues of life. Guiteau never actually believed he would come to the scaffold, until the last moment, and when he sang and prayed in his cell, yelled curses on "Corkhill the wretch"—the midnight echoes in the jail almost scared the guard out of their wits—there was something so weird and uncanny about the prisoner, that they were glad when the end came, and he was out of the place. The U. S. jail of the District is eastward two miles from the Capitol, on the banks of the Eastern Branch, but reached by herxies, that go out east Capitol street. It is a very substantial jail, built of strong granite blocks—cemented together, very heavy iron doors, barred windows, and is so constructed, that no prisoner has ever escaped from its walls. The scaffold remains stationery in the north end of the corridor—is painted light blue, with light, graceful steps leading to the platform, and looks no more like an instrument of death, than a grape vine trellis. But the trap is there—no escape for murderers like Stone, Bedford, Pinn, Minor or Guiteau. It is death, sure and certain from its innocent looking platform, and Reed, the lawyer knew it as well as any one, unless Guiteau could be pardoned out by the President. Guiteau sold his autographs at twenty-five cents apiece, and nothing pleased him more, than for a richly dressed lady to come out to the jail, request his presence at the grating, and pass her album to him. It made a great man of the wretch to put his bold handwriting on a white page, thus, "Charles Guiteau, February 6, 1882." Before his execution, he willed this autograph money to Mrs. Scoville, and his worthless body to the Rev. Dr. Hicks, who was his spiritual adviser, and the clergyman who preached at the Tabernacle, South Washington, Mr. Hicks

gave the body to the government. Whenever Guiteau was brought into court, he generally gave a sweeping glance to the ladies, and liked to be noticed through their opera glasses.

Mrs. Marilla Ricker, a New Hampshire widow, and a wealthy lawyer of criminal practice, used to sit for days watching the assassin. She wore short hair, and being of massive frame caused her to be the cynosure of many eyes, but she had a sweet, feminine smile, beautiful lips, and small, delicate hands. She was a tender, sweet woman, after all; a great friend to the Dorseys, Mrs. Senator Blair and other distinguished people of New England.

At the trial appeared hundreds who could not gain admission into the little, stuffy court room in the City hall, and among them came often, Dr. Mary Walker, the crank. She was dressed in her every-day suit—a long Prince Albert coat, vest, pants and shirt front like a man's—a light cane in her little, withered-up hand, and her plug hat pushed back from her head. A strange wonder. "What is it?" said a stranger. Her face is wrinkled as she is nearly sixty years of age, and her slender feminine throat rises above the band of linen like a woman, yet she stalked around like an animated clothes horse, or a dwarf man. Partially insane, as Guiteau, yet she had been a war surgeon and could diagnose disease, and after curiously watching him day by day, she declared he was "crazy as a bed bug!" Why Mary Walker is allowed to wear men's clothes we can not tell, as the police never arrest her for the offense. Boys hoot at her, little nigs run up behind her and catch the tails of her coat—she is, of course, socially ostracised, but she is persistent in her cranky ways, and defies the world, and the Washington police in her dress.

Another crank was a Miss Thompson—a love-lorn body—some said "a sweet heart of Beau Hickman." She wore long light brown stringy curls, a poke bonnet with green ribband bows, a

yellow ribbon round her neck—a blue dress in summer, and pink stockings and gloves. She had a mania for dressing in all colors of the rainbow.

Guiteau's case was brought up in Court in banc, which also refused a new trial. A reprieve was next sought after and asked by Reed, the prisoner's counsel—which was sent to President Arthur, a few days before the execution. Sensible people, who knew the President's feeling of horror at the behavior of Guiteau, were not surprised at the executive refusal, to interfere with the course of even-handed justice. "He was insane," cried out some.

"Insane people ought to be incarcerated in asylums," said others. But cranks were common. One of the fraternity had attempted to force his way into the White House. Another had attempted violence at the State Department. And if Guiteau were insane, he was as well off on the scaffold, as manacled and lying in the dungeon of an asylum, or jail, for he was evidently a doomed man, to be kept away from his fellows—too dangerous for the ordinary run of an asylum. Guiteau raved, and cursed the President—called all the anathemas down upon his head, which the prisoner had in his vocabulary. Nearly all night before his execution, the guards could hear him cursing, praying and singing religious hymns. "Arthur will die before many years, the ungrateful wretch!" he yelled, and then in writing letters and poetry he passed his time, till the fatal morning of June 30, 1882. His gibberish poetry showed the theory of his insanity to be true, more than the learned physician's opinions, and he died repeating it again and again, as all insane persons do when the will force is dead.

The details of the scaffold, the burial of Guiteau, the dissection of his body by the army surgeons at the Medical Museum are well known to our readers, but out of the hundred skeletons wired up and used for anatomical purposes, which hang in long glass cases through the building, not five of the one hundred and

ten employes can tell which skeleton is Guiteau's frame. It is numbered, and the five only know the secret in the building.

This Medical Museum, or old Ford's Theater, stands on Tenth street, between E and F, northwest, and is the melancholy structure where President Lincoln was killed by the wretch Booth. Guiteau emulated Booth. He was foolish enough to think he would find a following among office holders as Booth had among southrons—Mr. Arthur would adore him, and he expected perfect immunity from justice as he was divinely inspired.

But Booth with his dramatic powers and handsome face, was already a hero, before he cried out "*Sic semper tyrannus*," as he shot the patient Lincoln. At Baltimore and Richmond Booth was a favorite actor, and the whole family of Booths were admired all over the world. Guiteau was a filthy, Onieda tree lover, and if Booth had vices, they were of a gentleman. Edwin Booth never acts in Washington since the assassination of Lincoln, and the denizens of the Capitol must go to Richmond or Baltimore, to hear the foremost actor in America.

This old Ford's Theater is soon to be torn down as the Museum will be removed to the new building at the corner of B and Seventh southwest, in a few months. Across the street from this historic landmark is a two-story and basement brick, with a tablet over the parlor windows marked, "Lincoln died April 15, 1865." It has been rented for the newspaper office of the Washington Sentinel, an able German paper, and much read among that class of citizens. The house is visited by tourists every day, and should be owned by the government. The marked ingratitude of the Republic, in having no creditable monument at the Capitol to the great Lincoln, has often been discussed by intelligent foreigners. The shabby obelisk erected in front of the City Hall, was paid for by popular subscriptions, and the one to the great statesman in Lincoln Park, was the gift of emancipated slaves to the Capitol—these alone remind an American citizen of the

martyr to Liberty; outside of two smaller statues in the old hall of the House of Representatives. On Emancipation day, the colored people make a pilgrimage to Lincoln Park and crown the statue, which by the way is the most artistic one in the city—they cover the base of the statue with heaps of flowers and ivy. Some of the superstitious ones claim they can hear voices passing between the figure of the crouching slave on the pedestal and the great Lincoln, who was so far superior to Washington, in a thousand virtues. Lincoln, sweet and amiable, never lashed his dogs, or scolded his wife, or whipped his servants, like the great Virginian, but his public services were as great as the Father of his country, but they never have entitled him to the first place in the Capitol's gratitude, if monuments talk.

The first toast at European dinners by our consuls and plenipotentiaries is to Washington. Deserving as the great Virginian was for our gratitude, yet, the nation seems to forget Lincoln and Grant, who saved it from far worse and more dangerous perils. Washington first, and always to the front in toast, in speech—in marble monument, unless it be on Decoration day, or among assemblies of soldiers, when there is a political bearing. There should be at the Capitol, triumphal arches—something to commemorate the memory of the great heroes, Lincoln and Grant, by a grateful people. The kind feeling is all over the country—latent at times, but politicians in Congress seem afraid to take hold of the matter, while this feeling of gratitude languishes, and nothing is done, to the shame of all true Americans.

This sentiment of veneration is seen at Washington in the curious interest in old houses. On the north side of East Capitol street between First and Second street, northeast, nearly opposite the new Library site, is a three-story brick, with dormer windows in the roof, where Calhoun and Clay boarded several years when in Congress.

On the east side of the Capitol grounds soon to be torn down, is an old house used in war times, as the Capitol prison and is a matter of great interest to visitors.

On New Jersey avenue, southeast, there is an old house called the Winter mansion, which before the war was handsomely furnished and occupied by the Winter family. The marble steps and mantels beautifully carved, the imposing parlors with all the accessories, of luxury could not keep the owners from moving away, and every family that since has tried to live there, have been driven out by strange noises at midnight, blue lights, and the negro servants declare, that they can see long white wings to a pair of angels, that croon at the top of the front stairs. Whether the house is haunted or not, the neighbors think so, for the beautiful house is fast going to decay.

Washington people are believers in haunted houses— There is one in West Washington, or Georgetown, a magnificent house of twenty-five rooms, going to decay near the Aqueduct bridge. No one lives there long—the ghosts start a rumpus, the negro servants run away, and the tenants scared out of their wits, leave at once.

Near this old haunted house is Prospect Cottage, the home of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, which next to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has given more delight to American story readers, than any other of our novelists. The Cottage is a two-story frame with a porch running around it in Virginia fashion; there is a funny ginger-bread roof and cornice—roses and lilacs climb to the chamber windows and in its pleasant outlook on the Potomac, is the ideal home of a lady writer. Mrs. Southworth does not remain here through the summer, but spends the heated term with her two children, who have families living at Yonkers, N. Y., but through the Christmas holidays the old house is ringing with mirth and jollity, for the owner is assisted in her receptions by her sister, Mrs. Baden, who, herself

is a fine writer and has several young ladies among her children, who are literary also.

Mrs. Southworth's charm as a writer, lies in her graphic descriptions, her plot as a story teller, and in a subtle defense of true womanhood, for in many of her novels, she has touched up very lively old ideas, that wronged woman.

During, and yet, before the war, she hit with her white hand of mail, in ringing blows, that hideous, iron-clad monster slavery and stood by the Union, when it cost her the friendship of nearly all her immediate family relatives, and hundreds of admirers. She bravely wrote for the ostracised newspaper, the *National Era*, Bailey's journal, which had such contributors in 1859 and 1860 as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Grace Greenwood, Mary Clemmer Ames, and other glowing lights in the galaxy of female writers, that has been the greatest glory of the Republic.

At the time of the Hayes and Tilden rumpus, when the city on the Potomac was torn up with wordy factions from the river to Capitol Hill, some of the enthusiastic old confederate sympathizers hung out the stars and bars, but the old flag with its hues of heaven was swung from the flag-staff of Prospect Cottage, far above its roof, that all might know that the loyal native of "Maryland, my Maryland," did not sympathise with the old, or the new incipient rebellion. But the tongue of slander among her native people was busy. They never forgave her loyalty and probably never will, and while Mrs. Southworth has lived a life of perfect chastity, yet her fate is that of every other woman who rises above the common place, or above her first station in life—more or less slander, and envy at her heels. The novelist's parlor and library are full of historic souvenirs, gathered at home and abroad. She has a wine cordial which was given her by an old German monk of a curious, stimulating nature, and strange shaped vases, mirrors of the Sixteenth century—rare old

books and manuscripts, and other interesting objects in art and literature.

Up the river further is the Jesuit College, or Georgetown University, where so many prominent men of the nation seek their *alma mater*. The old brick wing was built in 1781, and is one of the oldest colleges of America. The new part is constructed of Maryland granite and is mediæval architecture, while the grounds are lovely with trees and shrubbery dotted over the lawn or college campus. In the library are manuscripts of the Twelfth century, Froissart's Chronicles written on vellum by patient monks, many rare old maps and charts not found elsewhere in any other college in America. Commodore Decatur was one of its patrons, and gave this great institution of learning many valuable gifts, gathered while in foreign lands. Not far from the University, is the Georgetown Convent where so many ladies of prominent families have been educated within its gloomy looking walls. Harriet Lane, the gifted niece of President Buchanan, and mistress of the White House through his eventful administration, found much of her exquisite grace of manner from her association with the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. It was patronized by many of the old Virginia and Maryland families, and today, the wife of ex-president Tyler is an inmate there. The daughter of the late German Minister, Gerolt, being the victim of an unfortunate love affair, is also a boarder. A list of its graduates would comprise great and historic names, borne by the female relatives of such families.

The Louisa Home is not an old historic house, but a splendid monument to its founder, Corcoran, the millionaire philanthropist. After the war, there were a great many helpless southern women, with no self-reliance, no capacity for business, their relatives killed and they left to starve, and so the kind-hearted old gentleman fitted up a magnificent mansion, with all the accessories of wealth at their disposal, so far as a pleasant home is

concerned—free if poor, others pay a small sum for board, etc. None but aged southern women are entertained at the Louisa Home.

Mrs. Imogene Robinson Morrell, an artist of some culture opened an art gallery in the Tayloe mansion at the corner of Eighteenth and New York avenue, southwest. This historic residence is surrounded by a brick wall about ten feet high which passes clear round the square, and the building itself is a queer specimen of architecture, as it was constructed in shape to conform to the avenue. All the rooms are octagon, and a winding staircase goes to the third story and dome. The mantels are of white marble carved in classic designs—here you see Phebus and his chariot, there Thisbe and Pyramus kissing through the wall; with carved grapes, acorns, thistles, and many other beautiful designs. This house was built soon after the British burned the city in 1813, and was the scene of gay entertainments. Through its twenty rooms wandered many a Virginia belle that visited Mrs. Tayloe, the hostess, and stately minuets were danced in the parlors of the olden time. The building was shut up after the death of the original owners—there was a gloom about its high walls, ghosts haunted it at midnight, strange feet were heard walking up and down the stairs, but Mrs. Morrell, the artist, was a Yankee woman and she snapped her fingers and laughed at the ghosts, while her pictures smiled from the walls, and other household gods gave form and beauty to the rooms, which had been darkened by dust and cobwebs for many years. The lady gave art receptions, and lights flashed from the gloomy windows, a grand piano stood where a harpsichord gave its old fashioned harmony, and waltzing by German zither music took the place of the minuet danced by Dolly Madison and her friends who often visited Mrs. Tayloe, through Madison's administration.

Diagonally across from the Arlington Hotel, is a three-story brick at the corner of Lafayette Park, where Dolly Madison lived

after she left the White House. It has been used as a public building but now rented to a pleasant family. The building has been remodeled, but is one of the historic houses of the Capitol.

The house that Senator Don Cameron lives in now, a little further eastward towards the Treasury, is another remodeled historic mansion.

The building next eastward, is where Secretary Seward was nearly murdered by Asteroth and Payne.

Between the trees and near the corner of the street and Pennsylvania avenue, is where General Sickles shot Key for seducing his wife.

At the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, "kitty cornered" from Mr. Corcoran's residence, is the historic mansion of Commodore Decatur, now owned by General Beale, the great California millionaire and friend of General Grant. Miss Emily Beale was married in this house in 1884 to Mr. John McLean Jr., son of the founder of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The founder of that great journal himself, lives two houses to the eastward towards Pennsylvania avenue, and instead of a historic name on the door plate is writ "Washington McLean."

The old VanNess mansion on Eighteenth street near the river, is the oldest house in the city which is left intact. It was built in 1810, but is now used as a beer garden and saloon. Governor Swann of Maryland was the real owner before his death, and leasing it a good many years ago, it cannot at present be rescued from the vile wretches, who inhabit this curious and interesting old homestead. It stands in a block of land enclosed with a high wall, planted with pines and maples, parterres of flowers have been laid out and bordered with English box, there are neglected rose and lilac bushes—down in the back yard, are immense banks of yellow jonquils and "daffy down dillies" yet all sandwiched through and through by blue-eyed violets in

April weather. In the yard, is the old Burns cottage, a house with four rooms, moss eaten by age—the shingles covered with green moss, the window sills blackened by age, yet the birds love to sing on its falling roof tree, and a low murmur from the waters of the blue Potomac add to their music. There are twenty apartments in the mansion house.

A daughter of David Burns, named Martha, married General VanNess, of New York, and here was the center of Washington aristocracy for many a long year. President Jefferson, Madison and Monroe used to visit this historic place, and Lafayette in 1824, took his last meal here before leaving the Capitol, and taking a ship at the Alexandria wharf for his native France.

The rooms have elegant marble mantels, carved with wonderful ingenuity; there is a winding staircase, and beneath it a dungeon, which was used in the old time for punishing refractory negroes. When the plan for abducting President Lincoln was first started by the conspirators, this dungeon was to be the place where he should be kept until the United States government made terms with the rebels. The plan failed fortunately.

CHAPTER VI.

TREASURY CLERKS—REFORM MACHINERY—MRS. JOHN SMITH—
FOOL RULES, ETC.

Near the White House, and only divided by a court with a fountain from its enclosure, the Treasury building stands on two acres of ground, on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue and west of Fifteenth street. It is built of gray granite in the form of a cross with large Corinthian pillars standing upon a wide stone platform, and at its four sides, there are long flights of stone steps leading to the ground, while on the four corners is a garden laid out by a landscape gardener in rare shrubs and flowers, which gladden through the long weary days of work, the poor government clerks, who grind out seven hours at their desks in the department tread mill. And yet, nobody pities a clerk. Too many are standing around in the city waiting for them to die or resign, so they can get their places. Under the spoils system, a clerk who had done hard work for his party (or his Congressman) was entitled to the places, but the Republicans did not turn out old soldiers to give civilians positions, at any time. There were about five-eighths soldiers under the Republicans. It is not the place in a small work like this to give the experience of clerks in getting places, for every employe has an experience of his own, and the aggregate would fill a library of volumes. Ladies go to an influential Congressman for his name and influence. It is much easier to get his name, than his active working influence with your letters of recommendation to the Secretary of the Treasury, or the appointment clerk, who sometimes is an important man in the matter.

Your Congressman must go himself to the Secretary, as he may be obliged to *cuss* and *discuss* to get you into the fold—he

explains the good of your appointment to his district, politically. If you are not appointed, the powers that be, do not always tell the applicant, and you can stay on, a year or so, pay board bills, and be put off as long as your money lasts. Thousand of applicants for government positions at the Capitol have an experience like this. The pawn shops glitter with souvenirs of this weary waiting for soft places by anxious men and women, who think they are entitled to them. Pull out a clerk, and the hole is to be filled by a hundred hungry, waiting pegs—poor, deluded wretches who want places, at once. Better work in a coal mine, for men who have wrought in the departments for a few years, are incapacitated to a great extent for anything else, unless they have been employed in the book keeping divisions.

As soon as a Congressman gets to Washington after an election, he finds that unconsciously, he has made a great many pledges to constituents—he is full of work, and if a new man he is greener than green peas in June, to the ways of the Capitol, so that in getting positions under the government for his voting friends, it is always with him an up-hill business. The civil service law was to help Congressmen out of this. But it is found that a man cannot get elected, without at least, promising something to voters, especially in close districts. Hence, the impracticability of the mugwump monstrosity—civil service.

A Congressman will tell the clerk applicant to wait, and he *waits* an awfully long time, generally. There is nothing so supremely ridiculous as a new Congressman swelling around the Capitol, and upon his first return trip to his native village, talking of “my influence” and “my people.” Unless he works with his state delegation, he has no more influence than a road supervisor, and for some time has no influence with Cabinet officers, who manage the Departments, and give places to new clerks.

In the Treasury about 1,800 were employed in 1884 in the old building, and of this number, about 700 were women. Many of them wives and sisters of soldiers, who were first appointed by Treasurer Spinner in war times, because they made good counting experts—patient clerks, too—never got drunk, and if they did not vote, when belonging to prominent families they had influence, or “flooence,” as the darkeys say. They were crowded out somewhat by Mr. Cleveland’s administration, and his friends put in their places. Southern women have been largely appointed—all, it was dared to change, as many of them do not understand business, and make as safe accountants as northern women. No Republican woman, known as such, has been appointed by Cleveland’s administration in the Treasury, if they do bear the crucial stamp of the Civil Service Commission. They have not been appointed.

In the Loan division, there is a cousin of Jeff Davis, who after her appointment, exhibited a pocket handkerchief that she wore folded over her disloyal heart. The arch-tritor had kissed it when she was a confederate spy.

Rebel women, who had been smuggled in through Hayes’ administration in the interest of harmony between the sections, showed their hand when the Democrats came into power, and said as hateful things about loyal people as they did in 1861. One in the Navigation Bureau, who upon the receipt of the news of the election of Mr. Cleveland, thought the wives of “Lincoln’s old blue coats would be sent out of the Treasury to their proper places—to wash tubs, as no northern woman is fit to associate here with southern *ladies*.”

Civil service clerks may pass ever so good an examination—answer all the school house questions, but if the head of the bureau does not want a Republican, he is not appointed. This is the rule.

The Treasury building proper, has the First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Auditors with their corps of clerks in the building. The Second Auditor on Army accounts used to be located in the old Winder building, but a part of them have been moved to the new War Department. The Sixth Auditor of the Treasury is located in the Money Order division of the General Postoffice Department, and he audits with his immense corps of clerks, the accounts of that department, but has nothing to do, as some suppose, with the city postoffice, only, as its accounts come in with other offices. The First and Fifth Auditors have the consulates and revenue marine accounts and the Fourth Auditor looks over navy accounts of pay masters and pay directors of the United States. The Third Auditor looks over army accounts and here are the clerks of the Internal Revenue Commissioner. The First and Second Comptroller, Solicitor of the Treasury, Register and Treasurer of the United States as well as the Secret Service are in the Treasury building, while the Second Auditor is in the new War Department building, and the Sixth Auditor in the General Postoffice building on F street, northwest, but they are all under the Secretary of the Treasury.

A clerk works generally very steady—sometimes chats and jokes with his, or her neighboring desk for a few minutes. There is always some jealousy for fear another may rise above his, or her class. The copyist class get \$900 a year—then there is a \$1,000 grade—next, class one, salary \$1,200; class two, salary \$1,400; class three, \$1,600; class four, \$1,800, and the chiefs of divisions get \$2,000, deputy auditors get \$2,250, and the chiefs of the bureau \$3,600. The Treasurer gets \$6,000, the Comptroller of the Currency, \$5,000; the assistant secretaries, \$6,000, and the Secretary, being a Cabinet officer, \$8,000. These officials draw their pay monthly or semi-monthly, and clerks the same way. When appointed, a clerk takes the oath of allegiance, and is generally introduced by the Deputy Auditor to his desk and room mates.

These employes are paid by the two disbursing clerks of the Treasury, who are under heavy bonds, and as they have been in office twenty-five years, there has been no change of them by Mr. Manning and Mr. Jordan, the present United States Treasurer. They draw from the cash room and the disbursing officers know the pay-roll of each bureau, the exact amount of money needed to pay off the different clerks in their different bureaus. And the plan of the Treasury is the same in all the different departments—War, Navy, Interior, etc. The Pension and Indian offices are under the Secretary of the Interior, also the Bureau of Labor—of Education, while the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of Treasury notes, is under the Secretary of the Treasury. The Government Printing Office is under its own head, appointed by the President, and has from 2,000 to 2,500 employes. The Register of Deeds has about twenty clerks and is located in the City Hall, but the head is appointed by the President. Mr. James Mathews (colored) from Albany, N. Y., took the place of Hon. Fred Douglass, and he is displaced by Trotter, a colored man.

One in passing the Treasury can never know the heartaches in that government fold. Clerks who are homesick in the great city—the fear of others through removals—the little intrigues and jealousies among so many—the overbearing insolence of some of the chiefs of the divisions; the queenly airs of some of the demi monde, who have been smuggled in by Congressmen of all parties, for chastity is not a virtue peculiar to either Democrats, Republicans or Greenbackers, and if it were not for the good Uncle Sam's money, whether to support starving children—whether to buy a new seal skin cloak, women refined and elegant could not endure many things, that are so disagreeable—even in the most beautiful city of the world. One clerk cannot stand the foul, sickening air of the ill-ventilated building—her next desk mate cannot bear a draught of air—a third wants the

steam set on—a fourth finds the air “terribly dry and hot” and so it goes—patience, forbearance, and christian forgiveness is needed every hour, until it seems sometimes, as if digging potatoes in Dakota, or washing would be preferable.

A lady, Mrs. John Smith, from a western territory, with three children, found herself stranded at the Capitol, waiting for a pension to be given her husband for services in the war. As every one knows, the Pension office waits for every scrap of evidence as in court. The man’s officers may be dead, the hospital record in pencil half rubbed out, his comrades dead or moved away from him, so that the whole chain of evidence may be a little faulty, but the circumlocution office never gives the poor soldier the benefit of the doubt, and he has to scrimmage “for more evidence.” Many commit suicide waiting, others saw wood with the negroes at the Capitol for a living, but Mrs. Smith’s husband died, worn out with disease and weary waiting. With a plucky determination not to ask for charity, she went to a certain Senator for help to get an appointment in the Treasury. Being a comely woman, neatly dressed, and rather downcast looking in her deference to the great man, she pleaded her poverty for the place. “But these places are given to those who work for *us*,” meaning the leaders and great men of the Forty-eighth Congress. “Yes, but my children are starving. Oh! give me the position of copyist. I can write well, see Senator,” and with her trembling fingers wrote his name on a sheet of paper at his library table. There was no one near. Leaning over and attempting to take her trembling hand, he made an improper proposition, as the price of her position in the Treasury. Horrified, frightened out of her wits, she seized the immense inkstand from the table, and dashing its contents against his fine coat and shirt front, she made for the door like an angry deer, only to find it locked. “Why, my dear Mrs. Smith,” said the good Senator, “I was only trying you, to see if you were a

proper person to put into so responsible a position. "Don't you worry, you shall have the place," and taking his overcoat from his easy chair, buttoning it over his soiled linen, and with the gallantry of a chivalrous knight of the fifteenth century, he opened the door, and the lady was out of the hall and into the street, in the flash of a minute. Mrs. John Smith was appointed the next day, but she was wise enough to hold her tongue and holds her place in the Treasury today, through the influence of this same Senator, who was afraid to disturb her, as she had afterwards friends in the newspaper world.

The pay-roll of the Treasury varies as the clerks are removed, or resign, and in the stifling, ill-ventilated air, many lose their health and die, or are obliged to leave. Yet, when the clerk's work is done at 4 P. M., he goes to his boarding house, or his home—reads his newspaper, goes to the theater, or opera—can study law, medicine, or theology, can have the advantage of public libraries, art galleries and studios, and there is no worry after he has learned his particular branch of the service. He is like an operative in an English factory, he can learn just what he is fitted for, or rather what the Chief of the Bureau thinks it would be better for him to do. No matter, if a civil service examination entitles you to a high place, if you want to be inside the Treasury, your Congressman, your chief, determines your salary—all want you to work for them and the party. Republicans now in the Treasury are to all intents and purposes Democrats—not two per cent. of the number have dared go home and vote in 1886. The terrorism is only known inside of the building. Not a Republican in the Treasury would dare talk his politics in a street car, or herdic coach, since the change of administration. The present civil service reform is the biggest humbug of the age. It is a thimble rig—"now you see it, now you don't.

Under the Higgins appointment regulations in the Treasury, an old soldier named Bellis, from Maryland, who walked with

two crutches, both limbs below the knee being amputated, was discharged, as Higgins had laid up an oath in Heaven that "all d—d southern Republicans should be got rid of in the Treasury." There is not a half dozen left in the building.

In the Fourth Auditor's office, Brigadier General Shelley, of the confederacy, has had discharged eighteen republicans out of forty-four clerks, and every place has been filled by southern rebels from Alabama and Mississippi. In the case of the southern Republican Bellis, mentioned above, the city newspapers and New York correspondents made such a row over the matter, after a few weeks, Bellis was reappointed to his place in the Second Comptroller's office. There has been no New York Republicans disturbed—scarcely one. The southern union men of the Treasury whose relatives were hanged by rebels, whose boys were shot down like dogs, did not vote for Mr. Cleveland, nor for any of his southern friends. They were good clerks, why discharge them, in the name of civil service? Such abominable hypocrisy! It is the spoils system with velvet claws, and not a Boston mugwump but what knows it, or ought to. In Treasurer Jordan's office, there has been only two changes. His clerks, or experts, rather, count the money of the Treasury and most of them were appointed years ago under General Spinner, tried and true. Mr. Jordan did not want to risk any stealings from new found friends of Uncle Sam, and *he* stuck to civil service reform, like a dog to an oak root. Many of these experts are ladies, who count money like wildfire, and can tell a counterfeit greenback across the room.

If a bunch of bank notes comes in to be redeemed, and there is a half inch of the border of a note, or even a line as big as a hair, they can tell the denomination, and the holder gets his money in new greenbacks, or coin, if he prefers it. The silver vault below the cash room of the building is walled in with iron plates welded together, and inside of this court is the shelves where are the sacks of silver. It holds thirty millions of silver coin, that has been

brought from the mints at Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco. The Swatara, in 1885, from New Orleans, brought in the hold of the ship, several millions of silver coin to the Treasury. It had been bought in silver bricks by agents of the government, then is coined at the rate of two millions and a half a month, and is then placed either in the Sub-Treasury at Boston, New York or Chicago, or in the vault at Washington. There are huge vans which bring the silver from the ships or railroads by express to the Treasury vaults, and other currency is brought in the same way. The silver vault has a combination lock to the door of the inner safe, that no one knows but the Cashier and Treasurer of the United States, and the man who has charge of it. No burglar, if caught inside could live long, as the air is pumped in when the officials visit it, and when it is shut up, a vacuum. Many visitors from the country, who look over the wire gauze of the counting experts, wonder if the money cannot be got out of the officials, just by a righteous claim on presentation of the same, over the cash counter. Not so. No money is distributed from the Treasury, not a half cent, without an appropriation from Congress, and this appropriation must have warrants drawn by the proper officers. And the Treasury system of checks and bookkeeping is the best in the world, perfected under Republican administration, so that the accounts to draw money out of the cash room must have been thoroughly examined and authorized by law, to the satisfaction of the proper officers.

In the Redemption Bureau, the money which has been worn out and sent by the National Banks to be replaced by good money, is counted by the experts, and if one was foolish enough to take a five or a ten, the discrepancy would appear at once, and the whole force of counters would show her guilt. Then she would lose her place, If satisfied that she was only careless and lost the money, it would be taken from the expert's salary. The

old notes are redeemed and sent back dollar for dollar in good bills to the banks. Then the old package of money is cut in two, a part put into a macerating machine, and reduced to a pulpy mass, by one of the commission, that is authorized to destroy it, and the other part by another man. One of this Commission Board is ex-President Tyler's son, John Tyler Jr.—a slender little man with a Roman nose as fully developed as any Tyler nose. He was appointed in 1875. The office of the Captain of the Watch is on the first floor and near the Fifteenth street entrance, which is guarded by heavy iron doors, and all the doors on the first floor are barred strongly with iron net work. The watch, or guard is composed of three reliefs, which are changed every eight hours—the strongest of the force retained for the night, by right, but if a man has “big political backing,” he is kept at day work. The salary of the Captain of the Watch is \$1,200 a year. In his office the visitor can see the beautiful silk flag that draped President Lincoln's box at Ford's Theater on the night of the assassination. The fringe of the flag was torn a half yard by the assassin's boot as Booth jumped from the box to the stage. The Captain of the Watch in this room reports to a half minute of time, if the clerk comes in at a half minute past nine, or after lunch at half past twelve. This offence is immediately reported to Chief Clerk Youmans, who has one of the grossest and most forbidding looking faces ever seen in the Treasury. If it were not disgusting, the running of old crippled soldiers, to make the door before nine o'clock, gray-haired ladies jumping breathless between street cars and loaded teams to get inside, the tears in the scoundrel's presence, the trembling in his high and mighty talk, the giving of excuses by old and tried servants of Uncle Sam for twenty years—it would be a comedy, but as it is, a pitifully tragic scene.

One slippery morning in February, a lady was called to the Chief Clerk's room, by special messenger, after receiving the following card upon her desk:

"Your attention is called to Rules 1 and 2, of the Standing Rules of the Department. As you appear to have violated one of said rules, (that is one minute late three months before,) you are advised that another like offence, if not satisfactorily explained, will be reported for action.

Respectfully,

E. B. YOUNMANS, Chief Clerk.

The crippled woman tried to explain that the herdie coach was crowded, so that she could not get into the vehicle, and waiting five minutes, she lost time, and in getting to the Fifteenth-street crossing, she was hindered by several loaded teams. "Look here, that's no excuse, start earlier—get up in the morning" and "I'll make these lazy folks hump themselves" was his elegant rejoinder in a lower tone of voice.

Mrs. Virginia Hellen, the head char woman of 1885, was brought into the Inquisition one day. Her offence was that of asking a certain favorite of a well known Congressman to help scrub, as the favorite had been placed on the char roll, at the pay of \$20 a month. The young female had refused to work, and made complaints to Mr. Youmans, that Mrs H was harsh and severe. The lady had been reduced by the war, and yet she belonged to one of the old families of Virginia and was a good Democrat. She refused to shield the favorite of Senator — Youmans grew angry. "Look out, my lady," said the great mogul of civil service reform. "I don't want any of your talking," when the lady explained that the other women had to do the favorite's work. Seizing her by the arm he opened the door and told her to go down stairs to her work, "mind your own business" and then had the lady removed from her place. Through the kindness of Senator Daniels and Congressman Tucker, she obtained a situation in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The scrub women did the favorite's work, that is, sweep and scrub up the tobacco stains.

The translator of the Treasury Department is Miss Eliza Wilcox, daughter of the adopted son of Andrew Jackson. She is an excellent French scholar, and has been in public employ since Mr. Key was Postmaster General. She is a very charming woman. The "Queen of the Treasury" who was known by her rich seal skin cloak and rare diamonds has been removed to the Bureau of Statistics. She was a bitter rebel, but married an union officer, who died about ten years ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONGRESS—RECEPTION TO THE HON. JAMES F. WILSON—STAR
ROUTE TRIALS—GRANT RECEPTION, ETC.

The clerks of the State Department rank higher than those of any other. A nine-hundred-dollar-clerk of the State Department can look down with serenity on an \$1,800 clerk in the War Department and in no city, is the poor *clay* kept apart from the fine porcelain in better lined ruts.

The State, War and Navy Departments are all in that magnificent building of the French renaissance, just west of the White House, and in its diplomatic reception room, one sees many old historic pictures of former Secretaries of State—also Lord Ashburton, the English envoy, whose name carries to the old settlers, the exciting times, when “fifty-four 40” was the rallying cry of Americans, and the British line was kept there, too—thanks to our folks. (See Mitchell’s Atlas for boundary line of British Columbia.) Beside Lord Ashburton, there are bust portraits in oil, of Webster, Calhoun, Seward, Clay, Fish, Evarts, Blaine, Frelinghuysen, and Bayard, men whose historic names are linked with foreign treaties, and other diplomatic relations of the great Republic.

The reception room is elegantly furnished with Turkish rugs and carpets, in the center of this apartment is a long table covered with green damask where the foreign minister and his secretaries are seated in diplomatic intercourse with our Prime Minister, and the windows are shaded by damask and real lace—the mahogany chairs and sofas all elegantly upholstered. Much of the business done by foreign governments, is carried on by telegraph, direct from our Secretary of State to the Prime Minister of other powers,

but still there are many diplomatic conferences in this beautiful chamber. Some sudden complication may arise, over fishing or other commercial treaties—hence, there is every day work.

The Korean Embassy was as singular a group as ever stood around this long table. They were dressed in long coats of brocade *chene* silk with pink sleeves of the same kind of goods, stockings of green silk, and low shoes, and upon their heads immense wire hats tied under the chin with strings of small yellow beads. They are very intelligent and wide awake, a little taller than the Chinese whose faces they resemble, but they were very quiet in speech, wore no pig tails, and did not remove their hats in the presence of dignitaries. They were escorted about the city by Lieutenant Mason and Ensign Foulke of the Navy.

The Madagascar Envoys who came over in 1883, to settle some claims, and manage other international matters with us, were light mulattoes, with broad brows and sleek combed heads. They looked for all the world like hard-shell Baptist preachers of African ancestry in old Virginy. They were not treated like negroes, but with all the deference due the rank of a foreign power in treaty conference.

Sir Leonard Tilly, the Canadian Minister of Finance, was in the middle of November, 1881, commissioned by the Dominion government to discuss with Mr. Frelinghuysen, the much vexed question of an international copyright law. The English Minister, Sir Lionel Sackville West, F. R. S., accompanied the Baronet to the State Department and assisted in arranging the preliminaries of a matter of deep interest to the English reading and writing public. It was arranged to the advantage of American publishers, as much as possible under the circumstances, and the matter has not been reopened in diplomacy.

Mr. Bayard has been blamed for not bristling up to the British government. "Chickens have come home to roost." The

Democrats for the last quarter of a century have opposed every dollar possible for the increase of the Navy, and a Democratic administration now finds itself treated with contempt by foreign powers, even if our fishermen are insulted in Canadian waters, and made to pay unnecessary taxes and levies. Under Cleveland they want a navy.

On the first Monday of December, 1881, at the opening of Congress, President Arthur recommended in his message among other useful legislation, the settlement of the Chinese question, an uniform bankrupt law, some plan to regulate the Presidential succession, in case of the death of the Chief Magistrate, and an enlargement of the Navy. These timely hints to Congress, with other matters, were well received by the country.

For Speaker of the House, there was quite a bitter contest between the Hon. John A. Kasson of Iowa, Hon. Frank Hiscock of New York, Hon. Thomas Reed of Maine, and General Keifer of Ohio. Finally, after a good deal of skirmishing, the best parliamentarian on the floor, Mr. Kasson, was defeated, and General Keifer took up the gavel for the rest of the term—his greatest rival was afterward appointed by President Arthur to Vienna, as our foreign minister. For Clerk of the House, there was a contest between John B. Clark of Missouri and the Hon. Joseph H. Rainey of South Carolina, the latter having been a member of the Forty-fifth Congress, and when many of the solons of the House after a two night's continuous session got so drunk, that they could not sit at their desks, but lay on the floor and sofas like inert bags of sand, the cool headed mulatto had picked up many bills which had been mislaid and forgotten, and these important measures were worthless without official action. He, with those who could sit up long enough to vote, in their drunken stupor, made laws for the people, dated June 19th, 1878. This was the most disgraceful chapter of the House on the record. But Mr. Rainey was defeated, for the Greenbackers

held the balance of power, led by De La Matyr of Indiana, and Murch of Maine, who hated a drop of African blood as the hoofs of satan does holy water, and Clark was elected.

Among the prominent members of this House were General Singleton of Mississippi, Willis and Carlisle of Kentucky, Hon. W. D. Kelley, (Pig Iron) the Nestor of the lower chamber, Hon. S. S. Cox of New York, Ben. Le Fevre and Tom Young of Ohio, Col. Henderson of Illinois, Robeson of New Jersey, Perry Belmont, and the Hon. Alexander Stephens of Georgia, the Vice President of the lost Confederacy, who was wheeled through the lobby to the floor of the House in an invalid carriage by a faithful black servant, and placed in front of the Speaker's desk. He was very cordial in his manner, with a pensive look in his brown-gray eyes. He did not live many months after the opening, and died as a member of the Forty-seventh Congress.

The Hon. M. A. McCoid of Iowa, at this session, offered a bill to punish dealers who sold adulterated goods without a trade mark, which did not become a law, but was the beginning of a more vigorous fight against oleo, and was aimed to help the dairymen of his own and other prairie states, as well as New England and New York.

The National Grange met in the long dining room of the National Hotel ten days before the opening session of Congress, Grand Master J. J. Woodman of Paw Paw, Michigan, presided, and among other things was a determined effort to fight the barbed wire monopoly of Washburn & Moen. A committee of ten grangers were appointed by the organization to meet with Dr. Loring, the new Commissioner of Agriculture, and arrange matters so as to move on Congress, to make the Commissioner a member of the President's Cabinet. Dr. Loring and his fashionable wife were anxious this should be done. They gave elegant teas and receptions, and if the kid gloved doctor could be

made a Cabinet officer through the Grange, certainly the officers of such a valuable adjunct should be invited to a nice little supper—which was done. The Commissioner, however, served out his term without being in the Cabinet.

Hon. James Belford who was nicknamed and ridiculed often with Thomas Ochiltree of Texas, as the “red roosters of the House,” was heard from when the mining or silver interests of Colorado were endangered. He was a classically educated man, but he had a brusque manner that tended to his impopularity.

After a spirited contest, the Hon. David Davis was made Vice President pro tem, of the Senate, in place of Mr. Arthur, elected to that office. Senator Lapham represented the Empire state in the Senate, in place of Senator Conkling, but he filled his seat with brains, like a bunch of peas in a quart cup. He was not at his post regularly, was quite intemperate, but a pronounced woman suffragist, more pronounced than any other Senator, excepting Senators Blair and Ferry of Michigan. Iowa had sent by her Governor’s appointment, Senator McDill, in place of Kirkwood. Senator Warner Miller of New York, sometimes nicknamed by the stalwarts, “Wood Pulp Miller” was able to work well for the Dairymen’s interests and resented somewhat the encroachments of the monopolies.

Senator Sherman came from the United States Treasury of the Hayes administration with no financial projects, but he was solid and when “old business” took hold of a matter, it went through and the Senate was satisfied. He was called the Senate bean pole of the Republicans.

Senators Hoar, Hawley and Harrison were in the same row of seats together. Voorhes on the Democratic side to offset the latter, and Senators Coke and Maxey of Texas followed his lead not forgetting Vest of Missouri.

On the 30th of January, 1882, the Iowa Republican Association and their lady friends, met at the house of the Hon. M. A.

McCoid on Tenth street, northwest, to give a reception to Senator-elect James F. Wilson, of Fairfield, Iowa, who was to commence his labors in the Forty-eighth Congress, but the Iowa Legislatures meet biennially, so that he was elected in the early part of January 1882. Senator Wilson had served in Congress as Iowa's Representative from the First District of the state, and this when there were but two districts, the state being divided by a parallel line dividing north and south, and stretching from river to river. The new Senator was heartily welcomed by these western people, brainy and warm hearted. Ex-Senator Jones of Dubuque, who served in the Senate with Mr. Calhoun in 1846, gave the details of a personal encounter he had with the great South Carolina politician, who opposed the admission of this beautiful star of the prairies into the Union. "Jones" said the great man as he ran his fingers through his gray hair, "I tell you, Jones, they will send abolitionists down here to work against southern institutions. I am opposed to them now, and as long as I can, I will work against them." Senator Jones was puzzled for a minute. "Why, Mr. Calhoun," said he, "there is not an abolition society in the State of Iowa, and I am not acquainted with a solitary abolitionist." After a confab of a long duration, the Iowa Congressman succeeded in retiring his antagonist to sullen silence, and the State was admitted in December, 1846. At this Republican gathering, Representative Thompson of the Fifth District and ex-Representative Thompson, of the Dubuque District, who represented the new State of Iowa, in the House, met, shook hands and tried to consin up a little with each other. Congressmen Deering, Carpenter and Hepburn, brainy fellows of the Forty-sixth Congress were "thar." Senator Allison was very happy in a speech and Secretary Kirkwood of the Interior joked with his Iowa brethren in a practical way.

Mrs. Kirkwood wore a black velvet with soft lace at the throat, a high poke bonnet of white uncut velvet and ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, whose husband was an Iowa City engineer before their marriage, appeared in a handsome black satin finished with a duchesse lace fichu, and jacquemint roses.

Mrs. Senator Harlan was an invalid from the terrible disease of insomnia, and became a victim to opiates through dyspepsia, which caused her death, but the ex-Senator was there as he had been appointed Commissioner, or Judge of the Alabama court of Claims in 1878. Mrs. Harlan had been prominent in sanitary work at the Capitol through the war, and her daughter, Mary, married the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyred President. Mrs. Harlan was much beloved in her circle.

The beautiful and accomplished wife of the senior Senator from Iowa, Mrs. Allison, a charming woman, was not present, on account of illness from partial insanity, she having attempted her own life, a few months before. She finally committed suicide by drowning in the autumn of 1884, having escaped from her watchful nurse and relatives, and dashed into the cold waters of the Mississippi, before she was missed from home.

The ladies of the Iowa delegation in Congress who were present at this reception—the Mesdames Thompson, Farwell, Deering, Hepburn and Carpenter. Mrs. Cutts was at her home in Oskaloosa, and Mr. Kasson was virtually a widower, as his wife some twenty years before, had obtained a divorce, and re-married a St. Louis merchant. He has not entered the bonds of matrimony the second time. The Fourth Auditor, Hon. Charles Beardsley and his gentle wife—the First Auditor and Mrs. Reynolds; General and Mrs. Williamson, Major General Belknap were there, and ex-Governor Lowe who lived at the Capitol eleven years, as an attorney for the State of Iowa before the Supreme Court. He died in December 1883, much regretted by the Iowa colony. Among others, were General and Mrs. O'Connor, of Muscatine, the former Solicitor of the State Department, Hon. Sam Clark of Keokuk, Hon. Ed. Russel of

Davenport, the Misses McDill, Williamson, Farwell, Ireland, Shinkle, Beach, Williams, Vaughn, Hickenlooper, Cook, Sanford, McCreery, DeMowbray, Crosby, Voorhis and Arkwright. Mrs. John Boyd of Pella, Mr. and Mrs. Prondfit, Judge and Mrs. Killpatrick, Lieutenant and Mrs. Dinwiddie, Major and Miss Love, Hon. Hawkins Taylor and wife, Paymaster Wilcox, L. C. Dilley were at the supper table in a jolly mood, and Mesdames Graham, Beattie, Beach, Thornwell, Stewart and McPherson, were in a group chatting with the genial hostess, Mrs. McCord, who was assisted by Miss Ireland, her handsome sister. Messrs. Christ, Utz, Vale, Cowie, Babbit, Herring, Frye, Burlingame and Mr. Mobley listened to the pioneer stories of Senator McDill, who related them in a most happy vein. The Hon. J. P. Grantham and Judge Hickenlooper, solid Iowans, were in the genial crowd. James S. Morgan, Senator Allison's private secretary, R. L. P. Clarke, a brother to Grace Greenwood, and a pioneer of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa—General E. Rice and lady and a host of others, good and true Republicans.

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About this time, ex-Senator Christiancy of Michigan, had a trial at the City Hall, wherein he sued his wife, *nee* Lugenbeel, for a divorce. The Senator had been in 1880 appointed by President Hayes to Chili, and on board the ship going out to his duty, his golden-haired wife of twenty-four years, flirted with a passenger, and "cut up badly" at Lima, leaving the gray-haired envoy to brood in his rooms alone, as she went out with a Spanish American cavalier, who had reduced flirting to a science, and a first-class industry. The Senator came home, applied for a divorce, the trial coming off in the spring term of the District Court in 1882. He upset his wife's reputation on good evidence, broke her heart over the affair, and she died in a year or so afterward.

May and December can not make very happy unions, but mammas go on with such marriages every week through the season at the Capitol.

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A historic scene comes up in the Capitol and marks the day of February 17, 1882, as a remarkable one and in noting of many wonderful forensic efforts in Congress it stands out in a whitelight. The Blaine eulogy on President Garfield at the House of Representatives to an overflowing audience, was an eloquent effort by the great statesman, and affected all who heard it. The Senator had been retired from public life a few months, but he met his cavillers with a serene countenance, for the dying President had trusted and loved him, leaving a dying kiss on his cheek just before going to Elberon. He rose with a half smile from the Reading desk, and delivered the beautiful tribute to Garfield in less than two hours to an immense audience.

Mr. Kirkwood was present and he left the Cabinet about the first of April, his place filled by Mr. Teller, of Colorado, President Arthur hoping to gain and hold friends from the west upon the retiring of the honest, old gentleman from the Hawkeye State. Mrs. Kirkwood was not a society woman, loved her own quiet fireside, and was glad to get home to Iowa City..

In Congress about the 20th of March, 1882, there came up some discussion over the bill for funeral expenses for the murdered President Garfield, and it finally was admitted by the committee in charge, that \$1,500 was a monumental bill for wines and liquors on a melancholy journey, like this one to Cleveland, Ohio. And to think, that when the whole nation was in tears over the lamented Garfield, that the Congressional Committee, or pall bearers of the country were tipsy with champagne on the funeral journey! The Sergeant at Arms of the House, John G. Thompson of Ohio, Congressman Page of Cali-

fornia, after this "cock-tail scandal" could not be hushed, they burned up the vouchers and bills, after bringing them before the proper auditing board, but the Sergeant at Arms was finally paid for the liquor out of the contingent fund of the House. The practice of furnishing wines and whisky to funeral junkets by Congress has been lately discontinued; and it is well, for if the nation pays funeral transportation to its dead member and his pall bearers, it ought to be satisfactory to all concerned. The old fashion of burying deceased Congressman in the Congressional cemetery was a good one, and did not cost the government \$25,000 to bury a member, as in the case of Senator Miller of California.

This quaint old cemetery, situated nearly two miles northeast from the Capitol, is surrounded by a high iron fence on a stone basement, and contains thirty acres, now pretty well filled with "the silent people." The cenotaphs, or dwarf monuments are of gray stone painted white to look like marble, and they stand in long lines on the east side of the main avenue. It is a beautiful spot, and as a good many Union soldiers are buried here, it is kept in excellent repair. The immense pines and maples shadow the green lawn and the marble of the sad enclosure—there are flowers in every spot, the Virginia creeper and ivy drapes the receiving vaults, and hangs from many of the trees, while beyond are the waters shining in the east branch of the Potomac. There are handsome monuments to Dewitt Clinton, Henry Clay, Calhoun, Quintman of Miss., General Rawlings and other great names, that will live in song and battle story, as long as time shall last.

President Arthur gave a state dinner, March 22 of this year to the Diplomatic Corps to meet General and Mrs. Grant. The state dining room is small, and is reached through the wide hall of the grand staircase—in the side corners of this hall were a couple of ebony cabinets, heavily laden with pots of pink azaleas,

bouquets of flowers and red roses with wreathing smilax, gave further touches of beauty. Passing the dining-room door, in the center of the room is a long mahogany table, covered with a green cloth, unless set for dinner, when a long mirror is placed upon it, surrounded by different flower designs—flowers at each plate—the glittering tea service of silver, and the delicious viands that wealth and luxury can give. Fruits from Florida, terrapin, oysters from the blue Chesapeake, *pate de fois grace*, the delicate pastry and ices, and seven courses of different wines made up a part of this toothsome *menu*. The chairs are a heavy mahogany of old style, the brass fender and fire appointments of an antique pattern—a rich Turkish rug on the floor, damask curtains and lambrequins with inside lace—real lace drapery, and through the conservatory, the odor of flowers give a sensuous exhilaration to the honored guests.

The East room was lovely at this diplomatic reception, and under Phister, the head florist at the conservatory, it looked like an immense tropical garden. The great, gilt pillars were wound with smilax, long wreaths of the same beautiful decorations hung from chandelier to chandelier, while the mantels under the immense mirrors were banked with red roses, white roses and carnations—the edge trimmed with moss—in the blue parlor the same line of beauty, only more delicate ferns, and an immense vase of tulips, hyacinths and blue eyed violets.

The next evening being on the 23d, the President gave General and Mrs. Grant a reception—the public was invited, and hundreds availed themselves of an opportunity, to pay their respects to the great commander, who had received such honors from the highest officials abroad. The great man had come back, as unaffected by his many ovations, as when he was in his tan and leather store in Galena. And Mrs. Grant, she too, shook hands as warmly with many a poor government clerk, as she did high officials. Mrs. Grant wore a handsome black vel-

vet trimmed with jet, point lace, and diamonds. Mrs. Senator Logan, Mrs. Windom, Mrs. Chief Justice White, were among those who paid their respects.

Mrs. Hayes' picture in the green parlor, painted by Huntington of New York, and framed by the Art Association, of Cincinnati, was so heavy, that it could not be hung on the walls, and for a year or two, looked like an outcast. The frame was handsome in designs of acorns, thistles, oak leaves, etc., but too heavy. The President afterward had it re-framed, and the dark, handsome face of Mrs. Hayes looks out from the west side of the room. On the north side hangs Mrs. Polk's picture, in her wedding dress, her beautiful neck and arms attracting admiration.

The conservatory, 100 by 200 feet, always thrown open to visitors, was rich in cinnararia, in orchids, azaleas, tropical palms, lovely ferns of a hundred varieties, roses of the sweetest fragrance—there was a soft drip of falling water through the imitation coral grotto—the music of the Marine band in the further corridor fell on the ear in soft cadence—in fact, the White House conservatory is a bit of a paradise to its mistress, whether she is impressible, or not.

Mrs. McElroy, the President's sister, well known in Albany, received the guests with grace, and her dark eyes were suffused with intelligence and poetic sentiment. She wore a lilac dress, covered with point lace ruffles and crystal, her diamonds were handsome, and at the *corsage*, a large bouquet of LaFrance roses.

The Marine band played in the corridor, their red uniforms making them conspicuous among the palms and waving tropical plants.

Messrs. Dinsmore, Leoffler, Pendall and Barr, the house ushers, were to be seen in the vestibule, and at the foot of the grand staircase and the steps of the Executive Chamber.

The visitors were presented to the President, then to Mrs. McElroy, Mrs. Grant, and so on through the blue parlor—then to the green parlor, because it is upholstered in Nile green rep silk—while the visitor is hurried through to the East room. Doors are leading out through the two corridors, into the outer vestibule to the portico where the carriages are waiting. Many of the Cabinet officers with their ladies, and the Diplomatic Corps go out from the state dining room, on leaving, to the south side of the mansion.

In a Capitol Hill mansion in the latter part of April, the Unity Club, a very pleasant band of about seventy-five members, listened to excellent essays by the Hon. Mr. Philp and Prof. Charles Davis. The Unity has been in existence ten years, and is composed of a social, literary class. Among those who have entertained the Club with essays, are Senator Ingalls, Hon. A. R. Spoffard, Hon. Horatio King, Prof. Coues, Col. Powell of the coast survey, and others. Recitations, and the best of music by amateurs, closes the exercises at ten P. M. No refreshments are served, and the club meets at the different houses of the members.

Wednesday evening, May 23, 1882, in the house where Daniel Webster and Henry Clay lived at the Capitol, there was an entertainment given by L. Lafayette Sykes, where essays upon the character of Webster were read to a party of distinguished guests. The house was owned by the Carrolls at one time, and was used as a war prison. Mr. Sykes had bachelor rooms beautifully fitted up in this historic mansion, which will soon give way to the new Library.

CHAPTER IX.

HOWGATE'S ESCAPE—GARFIELD MONUMENT FAIR—STAR ROUTE TRIALS.

About the first of April in the United States jail awaiting trial, was imprisoned Captain Howgate, under bonds for embezzlement of naval and signal service funds. The prisoner had won considerable distinction in Arctic explorations, and was entrusted with large sums of money to pay off sailors and others. He proved a defaulter through riotous living, and was placed in jail. This offense made a good deal of stir, as the government was out about a quarter of a million, and the United States still had her men in the service to pay, if the rogue were in jail. While he was peeping out behind the bars, he was visited by his paramour, a Miss Burril, who brought a market basket filled with flowers, wine, and other delicacies, and by her attentions, made the gray haired old Captain forget his solitude. After a few preliminary matters which looked like a trial, Howgate wanted the jailor to ask leave to see his wife and children. Under a guard of one man, he was allowed to go home, but he slipped out of a back door, after kissing his much loved wife and children, when a carriage whirled down the street, and the Arctic hero and Miss Burrill disappeared. There was a big commotion—the police hunted everywhere, but the prisoner has never been found. Whether he be still hunting for the North pole, or on a voyage of discovery to the South Sea, no one can tell. However, none were punished for his disappearance. Neither the guard, the jailor, his wife, or any one else was reprimanded, and Howgate, with his scrofulous scurvy and gray hair, still fascinates Miss Burrill in some foreign land—rumor sometimes says, “in Belgium.” But where?

After this Howgate episode, there was an inquiry after the Star Route mail contractors. There were immense sums paid every year to these contractors, who had mail routes away from the great lines of travel, and they claimed that it cost a "mint of money," to get the mails through on time. They wine and dined the poor Postoffice employes of the Department, and dined with Congressmen in Washington all winter, while they hired men at \$75 a month, (even less, was given to reckless cow boys)—an old pair of mules was hitched to an oil cloth covered wagon—the United States mail put aboard in a little sack, and this outfit, for a weekly service, would get thousands of dollars from the government. Sometimes all the expenses were covered by passengers—men prospectors for gold and land claims. Often, these mail contracts were secured by straw bondsmen, and the star routers failing to carry the mail, there was no redress. Mountain routes, where one letter might cost the government \$28,000, were favorites with these rascally mail contractors. It finally got to be such a crying evil, that the government, through the Attorney General, Mr. Brewster, commissioned ex-Governor Wells of Virginia, who was in the city, to hunt up the evidence in good shape for indictment of certain mail contractors, and to bring them before Judge Wiley, of the United States court of the District of Columbia, at the September term. The conspirators against the government as indicted after weeks and months of hard work, were Thomas H. Brady, Boone, Colgrove—and the Dorseys, Miner and Rerdell. John Dorsey was a Vermont farmer, who had contracts in New York and his native State—an honest-looking fellow, without any apparent trickery but fond of money, while Stephen W. Dorsey, the great political manager with his broad brow and solid looking face, was a stronger character, and might be guilty, not of little meanness, but colossal frauds, if any.

The lawyers for the government were foremost, the Hon. Richard Merrick, who was selected on account of legal ability,

and being a staunch Democrat. In this fine work, it was thought that the nation could not accuse the officials of a partisan desire to shield the great political manager. With Mr. Merrick, was associated Messrs. Porter, Davidge and the Prosecuting Attorney, Col. Corkhill. The defense had a very clear-headed lawyer in Hon. Jeff Chandler of St. Louis, assisted by Hon. R. B. Carpenter of South Carolina, Jere Wilson, and the eloquent Robert G. Ingersoll, to talk to the jury. The trial dragged along for weeks and months, beginning in the early autumn days of 1882, before Judge Wylie. Dorsey was mercilessly criticised for his political methods of 1880.

Ingersoll's speech before the jury was one of the greatest efforts of his life—full of pathos—tender, logical, and though it consumed five hours time, yet it was to the point, and listened to by a great crowd. Many ladies were present and held their handkerchiefs to their eyes, while every one in the room, even to the hardened bailiffs, was touched with his wonderful powers of persuasive eloquence. Such a gladiatorial contest of legal acumen and talent, had never been before witnessed at the Capital for hundreds were unable to obtain admission in the court room, and telegraphs and mails had been burdened with the incidents and speeches of the great trial, for weeks.

The prisoners sat in the box surrounded by their friends, Mrs. Stephen W. Dorsey, the observed of all—her rich dress and costly jewels exciting remark and profound attention among the ladies.

None of the prisoners ever went to jail, but were under heavy bonds for their appearance at trial. The Attorney General, Mr. Brewster, at the head of the Department of Justice, occasionally was seen in court, advising with the lawyers for the prosecution.

Ingersoll's great speech, the careful watching by the other lawyers for the defense, and too, some people at the Capital,

will always think money was used in the acquittal of the prisoners. No conspiracy against the government could be found, as alleged by the prosecution. The foreman of the Grand Jury, William Dickson, in answer to accusations of bribery, declared after the trial, that he had been approached by agents of the Department of Justice with a bribe to convict without fail, Brady and Dorsey, but as Dickson, upon a later trial, failed to prove his accusations of bribery, we leave the subject to our readers for their own verdict in the matter. As the jury cleared the prisoners, it was thrown out by some of the newspapers, that political friendships released the "Star Routers," but Mr. Dickson was a staunch Democrat, and ten out of the twelve jurymen were democrats. One of the jury was an intelligent colored man, and a Republican, and another, an old man, a prominent church member, was the other Republican.

Upon this verdict of acquittal, Col. Ingersoll received from Stephen W. Dorsey, \$50,000 in property, including a paying silver mine in New Mexico. Carpenter got \$5,000, Wilson and Chandler a big fee. The trials at the different times costing the Dorseys \$200,000 and the rest, as much more. The government spent a good deal of money, and while the contractors scored an acquittal, yet the officials broke up the system of the star routers by which they had victimized the United States Treasury and Postoffice Department so long, without punishment, and none since have tried their plans. President Arthur expressed himself with much satisfaction at the attempt, for the prisoners received the moral effect of conviction through the country.

The President was very cautious in making appointments, and was more silent than General Grant, as to his policy. This was criticised by some and sustained by others. When Mr. Teller succeeded Mr. Kirkwood, there was not much certainty among political circles until the appointment was made, and

then Colorado supposed to be safe for a renomination of Mr. Arthur for a second term.

There was a vacant place on the Supreme Bench which was offered to Senator Conkling, but he indignantly refused it and the place was filled by Justice Gray, who had been a friend to President Arthur, for some time.

The Mexican Pension bill, which had come up year after year, was discussed in this Congress, and finally passed the Senate, leaving out Jeff Davis and Robert Toombs—the latter would not receive his pardon from the government. He died in 1885, an unrepentant rebel.

Senator David Davis, Vice President of the Senate, pro tem, used his influence to have a bill introduced, (January 30, 1882,) into Congress, giving to the Territory of Dakota, the privileges of a State—the division being south of the Forty-sixth parallel. But the south with its old party lash over the Democrats opposed it bitterly at that session of Congress, and have as yet disfranchised 500,000 people because they were Republicans, and have been refused admission as a state. There have been black crimes, all over the pages of Democratic history, but none dirtier than the disfranchisement of a half million of the enterprising farm owners of that portion of the great northwest. How decent Democrats can look an honest granger in the face, is a puzzle to a political student. Hon. J. M. Pettigrew of Sioux Falls, was the delegate to Congress in 1882, and did all he could to make that body see the justice of admitting this new light of the northwest to the galaxy of States. Bourbon meanness ruled, however, as it generally does, and nothing could be done.

Senators Thurman and Conkling, assisted largely by Senator VanWyck, had worked up public sentiment against land grants to railroads, and in the long session of 1882, which lasted until August 9, there was more discussion against subsidies to rail-

roads than ever before. There were a dozen contested election cases, private pension bills, the Chinese question, more or less talk on silver coinage, a new bankrupt law, civil service reform bills and the River and Harbor bill with the regular appropriation bills to be acted upon, and made into laws. The River and Harbor bill was vetoed by the President, that appropriated \$14,000,000 to improve the waterways of the nation. Mr. Arthur considered it an extravagant sum. The Hennepin Canal bill was smothered before it was fairly born.

Factional feeling among Republicans was deep and bitter. There were "Stalwarts" and "Half Breeds"—Blaine and anti-Blaine—Truxton vs. Blaine, and the country in the autumn of 1882, did not sympathise with the politicians of the Republican party, who wrought without a policy or a leader. Some of the Republican politicians on the Pacific coast were favorable to the Chinese, others were bitterly opposed to their emigration. "The moon-eyed celestials send all their money to China, and are not Americans," this war cry for the opposition to the Chinese, was rung in all its changes. Mr. Blaine was considered as anti-Chinese, and his foreign policy was severely criticised, while the memory of General Garfield was discussed in different circles of politicians.

The Army of the Cumberland at its annual meeting in June, 1882, unanimously resolved to build a monument to the great Ohio war hero and statesman, and many friends of Mr. Blaine saw a vindication for him also, if the movement should prove a success, and forever tell the story of the greatness of Mr. Garfield's administration. Adjutant General of the Army, General Swaim, was appointed to go forward with the matter, and make such arrangements, for a Monument Fair, as necessary. The local newspapers were friendly, as they delight "in doins" at the Capitol. Circulars were sent out all over the country, appealing for donations to assist in raising the means to make the Fair or Bazaar, a great success.

The committee of citizens and of the Army of the Cumberland asked of leading artists, the loan of pictures—of curios and cabinets of minerals from scientists—sculptors, artisans, farmers, and in fact, every class, and everybody was urged to make the Fair a paying institution. The proper officers were interviewed, and such was the kindly feeling, that the Rotunda with its classic walls, and the Statuary Hall was set apart by Congress for the Fair, to open November 25, 1882. Circulars were sent to Consular Agents and Postmasters to act as agents for the coming festival. Many officers acted in a benevolent way, while others were paid afterward out of the proceeds. The heavens were propitious, for there was lovely autumn weather for many weeks—on All Saints day, November 2, the mercury touched eighty-two degrees in the shade. Flower, lawn and sky were beautiful to visitors, and the city was full—the leading hotels crowded. On the 19th of October, an Iowa Board of Commissioners was formed at the Ebbitt House, for the purpose of raising funds, and helping forward the good work of the Bazaar. There was a great deal of enthusiasm, as Iowa had given President Garfield 80,000 majority in his election as President, and nowhere in America was there more heartfelt mourners for the sad ending of his life. Colonel George Cowie was elected chairman, and Captain Fred M. Clarke of Iowa City, secretary of the board. The other members were O. H. Herring, Colonel John Corson of Keokuk, A. R. Burkholder, a brother-in-law of ex-Governor Carpenter, Henry Jenkins, Hon. J. M. Vale, William Lytle, Major H. M. Love of Iowa City, ex-Governor Lowe—the Hon. Charles Beardsley, Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, and the eloquent Harry O'Conner, Solicitor of the State Department.

On Hallowe'en night, the Iowa ladies met at the Ebbitt House and in the red parlor organized a society to carry forward the work of the Fair, by decorating and getting ready an Iowa booth. Mrs. General Williamson, president, Mrs. Nettie Sanford, first

vice president, Miss Mary de Mowbray, secretary. Mrs. Judge Killpatrick, treasurer. Mrs. Hannah E. Crosby, chairman of the Executive committee with Mrs. Judge Vale and Miss Cowie, the rest of the committee. Mrs. Williamson was a very energetic lady, but she was in a consumption, and the work of preparation fell upon the lower officers of the organization. How the ladies chatted and wrought with deft fingers on a crazy patchwork silk quilt, just then coming into fashion. Silk tidies were hung around, pictures loaned, flags, flowers and lace made the Iowa booth a pretty spot. There were young ladies to sell the bright tinted stationery from several New York houses, and a pair of diamond ear rings to be raffled for, at ten cents a vote for the most popular Iowa young lady, which was presented by Miss de Mowbray of Dubuque.

The Iowa board made up a purse and bought a gold watch to be raffled for, by votes, for the most popular Iowa gentleman. For days the Capitol corridors and stairways had been filled with boxes of merchandise, household articles of many kinds, sewing machines, pianos, organs, etc., were generously given by the good people of the nation, and thousands of little fancy articles were sent that showed the love of the women folk for the murdered President. At the opening, not half of these beautiful gifts could be placed in the State booths, and the residue was remanded to the basement and crypt of the Capitol "for later use" so a certain officer said.

The great historical pictures were covered with canvas, the statues moved back and the decorations changed the look of the great chambers to an art hall and bazaar, magnificent to behold.

The public exercises at the opening, were in the Rotunda, and a great crowd surged in its passage ways to get a view of the exercises laid down in the programme. It was a futile attempt. The dignitaries are personally known to all the police, who keep order at such public proceedings, and the crowd made no head-

way. One thing in Washington, the press are always accorded special privileges. The mighty current of jammed-up humanity turned to the decorated booths of Statuary hall to view the pretty sights there.

At the New Jersey booth, near the passage way, that elegant society woman, Mrs. General Ricketts presided. There were beautiful fancy articles sold. Beyond was the Connecticut booth, in charge of Mrs. General Hawley, a woman whose gentle heart was in every good work—in hospital, church, benevolent societies, and she now has the rest of heaven, for she passed away a few months since, worn out from much doing in charities.

Illinois sold perfumery and fancy articles, and from a fountain in the center of the stall, fragrant incense rose to the roof—a row of singing birds in cages, chains of smilax and fern bouquets—baskets of flowers, and a group of pretty girls, chaperoned by Mrs. General Logan, made as sweet a picture, as anything from Millet.

Pocket books were emptied like magic.

At the Kansas booth, there were sheafs of wheat, tall corn, prairie flowers, and great roosters, first made of wood and then covered with seeds and wheat heads, was a novel feature to the Capitolians. These were sold out at ten cents a vote, the most popular Republican candidate for the nomination in 1884. For a long time General Logan was ahead, but finally the friends of Mr. Blaine rallied, and the game cocks and gold watch raffled for, went to the man from Maine.

Ohio was in mourning for her favorite son, and the main attraction here were photographs, paintings, and plaster busts of the late President Garfield. This booth was presided over by Miss Sara Spencer, of the Spencerian college, and she was ably assisted by a group of Columbus and Cleveland young ladies. There was more money made here than at any other booth.

Pennsylvania sold confectioneries and candy in every conceivable shape, and of the most toothsome deliciousness confronted the buyer.

Kentucky had a magnificent portrait of Henry Clay, draped in purple velvet folds. Fancy articles in Kensington—dolls—and embroidered shawls, with elegant sofa pillows, etc., all shone in the bright light, like the ladies' eyes. Mrs. Gist, of Frankfort, was president, Miss Redd, secretary, and Mrs. White, the wife of the only Republican Congressman from Kentucky, was the first vice president with Miss Love the second in rank.

But the *ne plus ultra* for beauty, was the Arkansas booth, being a solid mass of flowers, lace and smilax. It cost \$600 to drape it in lace, and this expense was cheerfully borne by Hon. S. W. Dorsey and wife—the lady presiding at the booth.

The New York booth was large, and filled with many costly articles. There was some contention here—wrangling over precedence. Mrs. Senator Warner Miller and daughter were in nominal charge, but there was a good deal of disaffection, and they were not at the booth through the Fair all the time, but presided at the opening. There were several handsome silk quilts and embroidered portieres “for chances,” and voting for favorites went on briskly. An India shawl valued at \$1,500, was to be voted for, and it was alleged that some of the leading ladies had taken up all the chances, and drew lots inside of the ring to get the shawl, before others had a chance to buy votes. Art hall or the Rotunda, was under the decorative taste and charge of Mrs. Vinnie Ream-Hoxie, and she really made it a lovely picture. Her plaster bust of General Garfield, life-size, was in the center of the room, surrounded by potted plants, ferns, immense baskets and vases of flowers from the White House conservatory—chains of smilax swung from picture to chandelier, and other beautiful decorations. The British Minister loaned a life-size picture of England's Queen in her royal robes, and Victoria

looked smilingly to a fine picture of ex-Senator Blaine—over the side entrance door was a picture of the martyred Lincoln—Sarony, of New York, had an immense exhibition of photographs of illustrious citizens, and the fair women of the metropolis—artists from all parts of the country, either loaned or gave elegant paintings for this chamber—bits of sculpture were to be seen, crayons and drawings to please the children, so that Art hall had been turned into a fairy palace, when Mrs. Hoxie turned it over to the Fair officials. Mrs. Hoxie had finished her Farragut statue, which was unveiled in the presence of a large crowd, the year previous, at Farragut Square, on Connecticut avenue. Her busts of Lincoln were also well known, and had been criticised by connoisseurs. The bust of Garfield was not considered very artistic by critics, but they good-naturedly said but little, till the Fair was over—however, since that time, she has received no more orders from government for statues. Altogether, she pocketed from Uncle Sam about \$50,000. The lady now resides at Montgomery Ala., with her husband and little son, in the enjoyment of her fame.

In the presence of an august audience—the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court, prominent Senators and Representatives with their ladies, the Garfield Memorial Fair was formally opened by President Arthur, at noon, November 25, 1882—the Marine band following the short speech with national airs amid great enthusiasm. Fourteen months before, the late murdered President had lain in state in the Rotunda, not twenty feet from where his successor stood—dead to all things mortal. The Marine band, now so joyous, then played a mournful dirge, as they lifted General Garfield's coffin with its heavy crape from the bier and bore the wasted form down the East Capitol steps to the hearse. The cornet took up the strains of the band in "Sweet by and bye" in solemn harmony. Now, the music was a jig, then breaking into dreamy sonatas. Flowers now—music,

beautiful women and brave men, for the army and navy showed their brilliant uniforms. Not quite four years had passed from this Fair time, when the successor of President Garfield, Mr. Arthur was dead—Vice President David Davis, and of Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, Secretaries Frelinghusen, Folger and Howe, had all joined the silent majority. What wonderful changes by that strange, old wizard, Time!

Everybody seemed to have come to the Fair, and had brought his wife along, to fill up the last inch of space. Black and white scrambled for a foothold in the passage ways, and pet dogs, as well as children fared hard in the pushing crowd. One lady was quite conspicuous, holding a little tan dog that weighed two pounds, and on its right front paw, there blazed a diamond ring worth \$500. The lady pushed, the dog whined. The little mite of a canine had sore eyes and a fearful distemper, but her mistress wanted to come to the Fair, and "Fannie doggie" could not be left to the care of the servants. One of the crazes of fashion about this time, was to engrave cards with doggie's name upon it, and leave them at a friend's house, who had the same idiocy about lap dogs.

The voting at the booths went on briskly, the money often furnished by the candidates themselves, who wanted to be counted "the most popular gentleman" or sometime "the handsomest lady." There is no greater humbug at Fairs, than voting in this way, for just at the close of the ballots, comes the thimble rig, when the relative, or nearest friend of the lucky one piles in a few more votes slyly. This was the way, the diamond earrings at the Iowa booth reached a successful candidate, and the lady who had bought them for the raffle, got left, after her friends had nearly bought them back for her in the miserable ten cent votes.

There was heart-burning and envy. One pretty girl had

charge of a huge pair of scales, where people were weighed for five cents apiece, but she wanted to be in charge of a booth.

Miss Whittington, a lady of fine culture, and correspondent of the New York Knickerbocker, had charge of the table where the Ladies' Press club sold publications, for the benefit of the Fair fund. An illustrated, beautifully written poem by Bessie Beach (Mrs. M. D. Lincoln) was one of these, and Mrs. Rose Braendle, president of the club, represented the "Tomahawk" which was a spicy paper at the Capital, but not wise in its business management, and failed in a year from its inception.

The National Woman's Press association followed the Ladies' Press club and is still in existence with eighty members—women who think as well as write for the leading journals. At one time (Olivia) Mrs. E. E. Briggs was president, now Mrs. M. D. Lincoln is at the head. On its roll the names of Mrs. Eldridge Smith, (author of Christian Science), Mrs. Hort, the novelist, Miss Clara Barton, one of the saintly women of the republic, Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. Mohl of the Texas Siftings, Emily Hawthorne Charles the poetess, Miss Durham of the Inter Ocean, Mrs. Hannah Sperry of the Ashtabula Sentinel, Mrs. Maggie Burke of the Washington Post, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Mrs. Mary A. Lockwood, a brainy writer on the tariff, Mary A. Hill and other cultivated women at the Capital. Mrs. Burke has written many popular songs—Mrs. Sperry is an excellent correspondent.

Every lady writer took daily notes upon the Fair which lasted from November 25 to December 3—the closing ceremonies being on the Sabbath. The Memorial Fair was a success, so far as bringing people together—in art criticisms—in art decorations, but for the alleged object to get means to build a monument by the Army of the Cumberland to one of her great soldiers, it was a miserable failure. The managers reported about \$50,000 gross

receipts, and when all expenses were paid, General Swaim gave over to the Army of the Cumberland, a little over \$7,000. The basement did not disgorge donations very well. There were boxes of goods which were never placed on sale—several baskets of champagne for the New York booth, that were never brought from the crypt—sewing machines, a silver mounted saddle, and a city milliner presented a \$25 hat to a western booth, which never appeared at its counter, and she recognized the velvet and ostrich feathers with other decorations of the hat, upon the head of a Fair official's wife, and the frame with a part of the rigging in a second-hand store, where they sold cast-offs of the Fair.

There was so much bare-faced stealing, that a quiet investigation was had by some of the Army officers. All at once, it was dropped, and the whole affair went into a quiet corner of history not to be touched upon by profane eyes. There were too many to saddle the elephant.

The fashions for this autumn were cashmeres with Dolly Varden roses, as big as a tea cup, and the beginning of the "Mother Hubbard" dates from this November style.

One of the brightest literary women of the Capitol appeared at the Fair in lilac silk, made in this outlandish way for a street dress, trimmed with pale heliotrope ribbon, and miles of narrow Valenciennes lace. She was accompanied by her golden-haired boys—Lionel and Victor.

About Fair times Bud Eggleston, a noted temperance worker among railroad employes, put up a big canvass tent on Capitol Hill near the B. & O. depot, and with songs, temperance speeches and recitations, he induced a good many to a sign temperance pledge, especially the young men. A revival of large, anti-saloon proportions, lifted the reform out of the old rut—means were raised to build an immense hall on Maryland avenue. Capitol Hill, but, after it had reached the second story, Mr.

Eggleston was killed by a railroad accident, and the work was stopped, as his mantle did not fall on any of the 3,000 Good Templars in the city. The building was afterwards taken down and the brick sold to building contractors. The 1,100 saloons went on with their business, without hearing the weak, piping voices of lodges, churches and W. C. T. U. of the Capital—there has been none to make them afraid to any great extent since the death of poor “Bud Eggleston.”

The Young Men’s Christian Association celebrated the opening of their new quarter at the old Chamberlin Club house on New York avenue near Fourteenth street, the 15th of October, 1882. There was a band of music, an excellent picnic supper spread by the ladies, a quartette of singers gave “America” and “Old Hundred,” and speeches of congratulations that the association was in a \$30,000 house furnished in good style, and these appointments with the fine building had been rescued from genteel gamblers. Bibles in place of bottles, prayers instead of ribald songs.

CHAPTER X.

ARCTIC SURVIVORS—SOLDIERS' HOME—OPERAS—DRAMATIC AMATEURS—COULISSE CHAT.

There were a half dozen heroes to visit the Capital, and late in the autumn of 1882, a reception was given at Masonic Hall to these survivors of the "Jeannette" the Arctic ship sent out by Bennett of the New York Herald that was lost in the ice floes of the far north. The affair was managed by a few gray haired admirals of the navy in town—the hall decorated with flags and flowers—Speaker Keifer, General Logan, the Hon. David Davis and other officials were present. The Russian Nobles and an Esquimaux were much noticed—Lieutenant John C. Danenhower now dead, and a brother of the ill-fated Collins. Chief Engineer Melville, one of the survivors who lived in Philadelphia, sent regrets, for the reason that he had been terribly criticised in some of the papers, as being unkind to his wife. She came to the Ebbitt House and made some remark by her loud manners, when it was soon found out, the lady was partially insane. The old tar had an honest, bluff face, and as he had spent eighteen years at sea, out of twenty-three years of married life, it looked as if the skeleton might be in *his* closet.

Miss LaFarge, the *fiancee* of Lieutenant Chipps of the ill-starred expedition, lay in the vault of the LaFarges in a Philadelphia cemetery, dead—her heart broken at the thought of his burial in the everlasting Siberian snows of the far off north.

The "Proteus" sent after Greely under Lieutenant Garlington, the chase of the "Thetis and Bear" would seem that this *ignis fatuus*, the discovery of the North Pole, was not worth the candle.

At this Arctic reception, there was a good deal of spread eagle eloquence on the glory of the American navy, but by sensible people it was said, "there is little glory in a few old rotting ships." The Chilian newspapers had boasted they could take San Francisco any fine day. And so they could, if they had had backbone; but fortunately their southern blood was not very plucky at this time. In a couple of years afterwards, the Democrats, stung by such representations, and believing that the navy would not be turned against the South, five new steel cruisers which are now nearly finished, were appropriated for, by Congress without their opposition.

Three thousand officers and 8,000 seamen, with ninety old wooden ships, was the American navy of 1882. The Naval Academy at Annapolis turns out every year of grace, a large number of young cadets at the institution, while the top-heavy navy has no ships for them to practice upon, so that a certain percentage of graduates is sent back to private life every year. The fitting out of these foolish Arctic expeditions would have helped build several ships of the line.

Through the late autumn, President Arthur stayed at the Soldiers' Home, two miles north of the city. It is situated in an enclosure of 500 acres, laid out in walks and drives among the native oaks and maples—it is well drained, the roads delightful, and on sunny days there are hundreds of gay turnouts to be seen in the grounds. Blue coats are worn by the residents, who read in the library, lie on the grass, a spot of blue is seen in a canoe on the artificial lake, some blue coats are thrown over a rustic bench—soldiers are clipping nosegays and tending the flowers, in fact, there are several hundreds of them who draw rations in the dining room.

In 1861, General Scott, when Secretary of War, planned the endowment and place of the Soldiers' Home, which action was approved by President Lincoln. All disabled soldiers that can

be accommodated are sent here—their pay goes on at thirteen dollars a month, but pensions are stopped when in hospital.

The place is beautiful—one would imagine the gray old soldier protected by his government would be happy. In the dining room, all is neat and clean—the dishes shining, and upon asking one of the old defenders, “are you not happy in this beautiful place?” he sighed. “Yes, pretty enough—good enough, but *so* lonesome, so monotonous—the same thing over and over again.” In a community of men, unless sustained by high religious devotion, there is always the same depression. And at this beautiful place, there are a half dozen suicides every year, showing that a soldiers’ home is *not* a home—a fireside is wanting, with children’s prattle, and a woman’s smile to cheer him in his decrepitude.

At the Home in Hampton, Va., we interviewed some of the bravest men on the rolls. There was no murmuring of fare, or of discipline, but only a longing for fireside loves and home affections. It is natural.

The National Military cemetery established with the Soldiers’ Home in 1861, is in the same enclosure, and its white headstones in long rows, mark the spot where the heroic dead of the late war are buried. Over 5,000 of the loyal braves sleep here, 270 confederates, and nearly 300 unknown. Each soldier pays a certain amount of money, thirty cents a month, which is laid away for a hospital fund—the same amount the navy receives from the sailors in the line for hospital use. The President’s cottage is especially pretty, built of gravel and cobble stone, and nearly covered with ivy. Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and President Hayes all enjoyed the healthful breezes about the Home, and the freedom from the malaria at the White House, which comes up in the autumn months from the Potomac flats.

The cottage was carpeted with Turkish rugs—“cast offs” from the White House—there were Persian cloth portieres between

the library and sitting room, which swung lazily in the open doorway, and through real lace curtains came the soft light of the fading color in the west. There is a broad hall in the Virginia fashion, that connects with the dining room; and a fireplace, where a few sticks of wood were in coals, that looked comfortable to Mr. Arthur, as he sat reading Lippincott by the grate. Little Nellie in her dark blue flannel, was romping with her dog—a little yellow pet—well, it was a cur dog. She had a basket of English rabbits and a kitten.

The garden about the cottage was bright with Sophronia, Hermosa, Princess Albertha and Neil roses—lobelia, mignonette and sweet elysian bound the parterres with a wide ribbon of beauty, and so fragrant that through the cottage there was no need of toilet perfumes. The President needed the rest, but how the opposition papers scolded because he was sponging off the poor soldiers, as he prepared his message. The expenses were really paid out of the ordinary contingent of the White House fund, and not a penny from the Soldiers' Home appropriation. But detraction and slander followed Mr. Arthur at every step.

General Sturgiss, the Superintendent of the Home, lived here in a beautiful cottage—the hospital is a half mile further eastward in the grounds. The whole enclosure is surrounded by a high iron fence on a stone wall—massive gates of iron at the entrance—and the narrow street that passes the building, goes out to the ancient Rock Creek church, the brick of which was imported from England in 1756. There are mouldy tombstones where the visitor can only decipher a part of the names of those who passed away in the last century. It is an Episcopal church situated about a mile and a half from Silver Springs, the Blair homestead. The funeral of the Hon. Montgomery Blair, ex-Postmaster General of Lincoln's Cabinet, occurred in this church July 29, 1883. The chancel was draped in black, the altar rail festooned in crape, vases of white flowers over the altar and on

the gospel side. The coffin was covered with flowers, and at the head a sunburst design, made up of yellow roses. Mr. Blair, excepting the Hon. Simon Cameron, was the last of the immortal Lincoln's Cabinet. General Meyers—Secretaries Folger and Lincoln of Mr. Arthur's Cabinet.—General Belknap, Doctors Bliss and Norris of the regular army, Fourth Auditor, the Hon. Charles Beardsley, First Assistant Postmaster General Hatton, and Postmaster General Gresham came in later, and occupied the same pew with Mr. Folger. There was much feeling displayed by all present. Mr. Blair had defended Belknap at the time of his trial, and would not take a cent of money for his services, but the Hon. Matt Carpenter and Jere Black of Pennsylvania, received large fees for their services.

There is a line of street cars which connects the Rock Creek road with the boundary cars, so that visitors find these points of interest easy of access.

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On December 5, 1882, Congress was formally opened, the President recommending in his message, the policy of increasing the ships of the line, reduction of internal revenue taxes, civil service reform and that two cents postage stamps would bring in more postal revenue than three cents. Indirectly, he criticised Blaine's foreign policy of the former administration, and renewed his desire, that a new addition to our navy, and a new bankrupt law, uniform throughout the United States, should be passed.

On December 29, Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, introduced the present civil service law in the form of a bill, which was only slightly modified by both houses, and passed January 16, 1883. As it was introduced by a Democrat, the Republicans saw it would be unfair to the country to oppose it, and with both political party managers, was considered partly an experiment. The Civil Service Commission appointed by President Hayes, had made a report to Congress in favor of the system, and ever

since the Republicans had been in power, a long tenure of civil service had gradually met with favor, as there were union Democrats in all the departments, who had done their work well, and were allowed to remain undisturbed in their places. One feature of the new civil service law was, that two of a family should not be on the pay roll of the departments.

A little time after its enactment, it was whispered in the Post-office Department that a man drawing \$1,000 a year, and his wife in the Dead Letter division was on a salary of \$1,200. They had been for years supposed to be lovers, he would bring the lady nosegays, she would divide her lunch basket with him, and when they left at four P. M., would bid each other good-bye in a formal manner, and pass to their different boarding houses. Finally, there were some suspicious circumstances, and the woman was asked to resign, to favor her reputation. She then owned up to a secret marriage, and cards were sent out to their friends, with the real date of the ceremony. Secret marriages are common on account of this department rule. It is occasionally broken for influential Congressmen's especial favorites. One of these, had *seven* of her family drawing pay from the government in 1885.

Abner's garden, a German rendezvous, where families of the German aristocracy meet and talk over city gossip, was lively with politicians, just before the meeting of Congress in December. In summer, Abner's garden is a pretty spot. Beer is sold in a beautiful court laid out in beds of flowers, with potted plants pink oleanders, and fine old trees cast their shadows in the moonlight. This little Acadian gem is situated just back of E street northwest, and opposite, the Postoffice Department. When all were seated in this amphitheater around the court, it would hold a thousand people. A well trained band of music is attached to the place, which mostly discourses German music—such authors as Schumann, Wagner, Strauss are heard in their divinest melo-

dies. Above the entrance and bar is a large dancing hall, so that the music-loving people of the Capital are often found at Abner's.

At one time there was a Hospital Fair held in its precincts, that netted several thousand dollars. The Union Veteran Corps Fair held in March, 1885, also realized a large sum for the benefit of old soldiers. Captains Dillon and T. S. Reigart, of Iowa, were the main managers of the latter affair.

As it is a free admission at Abner's, many an aspiring German singer has come before the public at this place. The Hon. Simon Wolf, our late Consul to Cairo, Egypt, is a constant visitor here, and many a local celebrity has come out under his patronage. Professor Bischoff, the organist of the Congregational church, and the leading teacher of vocal culture, is a German, totally blind, but full of music, as he touches the keys of the massive pipe organ in that time honored church. Among his pupils who are well known, are Miss Eva Mills, step-daughter of Clark Mills, the sculptor, (but called by his name), Miss Minnie Ewan, another soprano of the Congregational choir, Mrs. Powell, alto, H. C. Young, basso, and Mrs. Mills, contralto, with Mrs. Allen, pianist, made a pleasant group of charming musicians. Among the amateur pianists, Miss Bertha Buxman, of the King Conservatory of Music, excels, and a programme of a largely attended *musicale* at the late Madame Logan's residence, a teacher of good vocal culture, will show a few local celebrities. Whipple, one of the best baritones in the city, gave a "Moorish Love Song" and the "Fairy Jane;" Aria from "Roberto," Miss Pryor, "Farewell" by the Misses Maurice; contralto song, "After All," Eulalie Domer. Soprano solo, from Mignon, Miss Kate Scott. "Dreamland Faces," Laura Bangs. "La Malta Bella," Miss Florence Griggs—elocutionists, Miss Helen Beattie and J. Wirt Kail.

This sketch of the musical celebrities of the Capital must necessarily be short. We can only give the names of Prof. Waldecker of Ascension church, Prof. and Mrs. Harry Sherman, of St. Aloysius, Mr. Edward Pugh, a fine tenor. Prof. Rogers, a ballad singer, E. L. Lapham, tenor, and Prof. Jecko, of Trinity—Mrs. McAuley, of St. Matthews,—Mrs. Bettie McEwan, the leading soprano of Calvary Baptist church, and a Mrs. Colonel Morgan, who was a dramatic singer and artist that rendered at a Capitol Hill reception, the Dream of St. Augustine, where she sang the Te Deum in a most inspired manner.

Miss Agnes Smallwood, of the St. Augustine choir, should not be forgotten as a leading colored soprano, and Madame Selika, also colored, made her *debut* at Lincoln Hall before her departure for Europe. The Tennessee nightingale, Miss Bertie Crawford, made a local stir in musical circles—went to Boston and Montreal, and across the water to London, but foolishly got up a scandal with her American manager, Stahl, and is now in obscurity. Had she attracted the notice of a titled lord, the case might have been different. Her sister, Minnie Crawford, was the best female banjoist in the city, and was honored with invitations to the best families when the banjo craze was at its height. Mr. Chester Alan Arthur, Jr., was a good banjo player. The mandolin has taken the place of the banjo to a large extent, yet the guitar, the harp and banjo, will always be heard in polite circles.

The Operatic Association of Washington, gave "Patience," on Friday evening, January 12, 1883, under the direction of John Philip Sousa, the leader of the United States Marine band. E. B. Hay, the funniest man in America, made a capital Bunthorne, and the entire affair was highly successful. Miss Lillie Lewis, as "Edith," was charming, and Miss Marie Reed, daughter of Judge Reed of Georgia, sang and acted well in the same role at a later representation of "Patience."

In June, 1884, Sousa and Tuber's "Desiree" was given at the National Theater under very favorable auspices, and it was supposed that "Desiree" was an American opera that would prove itself immortal, and immense applause at its first appearance gave promise of such a future. But Gilbert & Sullivan never heard of any eclipse in the comic opera line, and the author of an American opera of lasting fame, "has not been born yet" so the critics say.

The Casino, an aristocratic theater, was projected on Connecticut avenue; the lots were bought at a high figure, the architect laid out plans for a half million dollar building, the red granite basement and stone steps were laid in solid masonry, but the company broke up, and the Casino of 1884 stands just where the tower of Babel is in history—unfinished. About the same time, the Washington Light Infantry, a crack military company with the help of a few capitalists, bought a comparatively cheap lot south of Pennsylvania avenue on Fifteenth street, and built a splendid armory, and above it one of the handsomest opera houses in the country. This was leased to John Albaugh for 1884-5, and opened November 16 by that charming singer, Emma Abbott, in the time-honored opera of "*La Sonnambula*," and the night following, in "*Chimes of Normandy*."

The Boston Ideals, the Alfa Norman Company and others, have made it one of the most delightful places of amusement in the world.

The first appearance of the Jersey Lily at Ford's Opera House in December, 1882, was the signal for an avalanche of flowers behind the curtain, although from adverse newspaper criticisms, the audience was cold when she first appeared in "She Stoops to Conquer." Her personal loveliness could not be gainsaid. The exquisite beauty of throat and chin, her clear English complexion, the calm repose of her Greek face, and when she smiled the lovelight in her large blue eyes melted the hearts of many,

who would not admit it on all occasions. Congressman ——— sent baskets of flowers, day by day. Senator Bayard gave her a *petite souper* in the Senate restaurant at one time, and Freddy did not frighten off many delicate attentions from several high officials.

Minnie Hauk in Carmen, always succeeds in getting a big house, and when she sang Elsie with Campanini, the poor old tenor of to-day, they were received with shouts of applause at the old National.

Emma Thursby, at a concert in Lincoln Hall, under the Strakosch management, with the chevalier Kotinski, the pianist, had the pleasure not only of a grand house, but President Arthur and Secretary Folger were before her in the front pews with friends, Col. McMichael, the Marshal, and other dignitaries were also present.

Christine Neillson, next to Patti, had more worshippers than any other public singer at the Capital. Her Swedish face with her pink and white cheeks, and blonde hair, made her very attractive in person. In January, 1883, she appeared before President Arthur at the White House in deep mourning for her husband Rousand, and she sang the Jewel Song from Faust, Schubert's "Serenade," and the "Old Folks at Home," the tender pathos of her rich voice went directly to the heart of her august listener, who showed Madame Rousand many flattering attentions.

President Arthur patronized the farewell Annie Cary concert at the Congregational church; and Miss Ober in the Boston Ideals, under the management of the Elks, a benevolent institution of the city.

The Lawrence Barret Dramatic Club at the National Theater gave a benefit June, 1884, to the Washington Continentals, one of the swell military companies, that wear upon parade the tight

coats and knee breeches of our grandfathers. David C. Bangs appeared as Shylock; Harry Robinson, Antonio; Clarence Rheem as Bassanio, and Jay Wirt Kail as the Duke. Among the other amateurs of the club were George F. Erdman and John A. Benedick, Miss Rose Wheeler's "Portia," May McCauley's "Jessica," and Jennie E. Thompson's "Nerissa" were delightful.

The farce of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White concluded the entertainment, with E. B. Hay as "Peter" and Miss McCauley as "Mrs. Peter."

The most successful amateur actor, afterwards a star, and born at the Capital, is Robert L. Downing. In his famous character of "*Hank Monk*" in Joaquin Miller's "Tally Ho!" he has made a national reputation. Many critics think he excels in "Vantour the Exile," in a greater degree.

There is a great deal of native talent in the comic renditions of Tim Murphy, formerly of Gonzaga College, and Dr. White, the famous elocutionist of many parlor entertainments, so well known on the platform for charity's sweet sake. People laugh all over and for many days after seeing them in character.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, at the old National; in the fall of 1882, had big houses in "49." Jaunasehek, the Florences, Emmet, Joe Jefferson, Lotta and Maggie Mitchell, draw immense houses in the city.

When Madame Ristori, now over 60 years of age (who was the great rival of Rachel, forty years ago), appeared at Albaugh, there was scarcely standing room. Her wonderful personation of *Marie Stuart* seemed an inspiration. The Italian minister, Baron de Fava, gave an elegant dinner to the great actress and her children, who were with her at the Capital.

Through the first engagement of Irving and Ellen Terry in 1884, Washington had another theatrical *furor*—Irving being dined and wined by the President and the English Minister—a

dinner at the club house, and every other attention by the social lights of the metropolis. Miss Olive Risley Seward, the adopted daughter of the great New York statesman, gave a tea and invited Miss Terry—the hostess seemed infatuated with her “Portia” and “Ruth Meadows.” Miss Seward had a handsome fortune in her own right, for in the Seward will she was remembered for her acts of kindness when his amanuensis on the “Round the World” journey with the giant politician.

Among Miss Seward’s guests were Miss Lucy Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Chandler, the wife of the Secretary of the navy, her sister, Mrs. Kinsley, and other leading ladies in official life.

Mrs. Chandler wore a heavy black satin *en traine*, a white lace draped overskirt, and corsage bouquet of Jacqueminot roses.

Miss Frelinghuysen’s toilette was a white surah covered with Valenciennes lace and knots of pink ribbon through the drapery and on the front of the corsage. Her flowers were LaFrance roses.

Mrs. Kinsley, a brunette, in a pale pink tea gown, was very attractive looking. There is a bit of gossip about this tea from the Chandlers. There was a little shaking of the head, the Secretary put on and off his eye glasses before the invitation was accepted, and knowing ones asserted, that Miss Terry with her four husbands could not reach such an exalted station anywhere else in the world, even if she were the world’s leading actress.]

When Mary Anderson appeared on the stage after her European tour—her chaste, pure life being such a contrast to others of her profession, she was overwhelmed with cards for dinners and receptions, but “our Mary” is a hard student, and does not give way to pleasure—St. Mathews’ confessional, the theater, and a very few callers, claimed her sole attention. “Study” is her motto. The prettiest sight ever displayed on the stage at Albaugh’s, was her “Galatea.”

In this connection we must not omit the Bernhardt furore of 1881, when gloves, handkerchiefs and dresses bore her stamp, and marked the fire of her genius. There have been many imitations, but her "Canille" was the French ideal in life—life itself. The death-dew on her brow, the fading light in her pansy eyes, were the perfection of art in the death scene. The old National never heard such thunders of applause.

This old theater burned down in the spring of 1885, and in the autumn was re-opened by Mademoiselle Rhea, who gave Adrienne Lacouverier to a crowded house. Many of the Diplomatic Corps, and families of the Supreme Court were present.

Soon after, Fanny Davenport appeared in Fedora—the dress in the second scene being remarkably beautiful, consisting of a petticoat of white brocaded satin with an exquisite overdress of white uncut velvet. The corsage cut in a deep V shape, with seed pearls. The front of the petticoat was elaborately embroidered in pearls, and the only coloring to the dress was the facing to the white brocade train—this facing being of rich embroidery in pink and red roses. In this toilette, her diamonds costing \$30,000, were simply superb. Miss Davenport, without doubt, is the greatest of American born actresses.

Helene Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta, with her husband, the Comte, receives a great deal of social attention at the Capital. She speaks six languages, and acts in four, and is a witching, charming woman in private life, without a stain on her reputation. She was entertained by the Russian and Italian ministers at their residences, Mrs. Sherman, and other high official families. Her *Marguerite Gautier* and *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," are exquisite personations. Gentle womanhood has a most beautiful exponent in Modjeska.

In March, 1886, the singer Nevada, the beautiful wife of Dr. Palmer, had a fine audience at the Congregational church, in

“La Sonnambula.” As she was a *protege* of Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the bonanza king ; had sung before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and with the voice of the larks that sing in her native sage brush, she was received with rapturous applause. Gounod was her godfather in religion, and she sang many of his *roles* with the great composer in Paris. This was well known, and few of the Diplomatic Corps were absent, the Chinese minister and his suite, as earnest as any one in his demonstrations, when she appeared before the footlights. Her voice is a pure soprano, reaching to F. sharp in alto, and the timbre remarkably sympathetic—her execution marvellous, and withal the little Emma Wixon of the sage brush was very graceful. She wore no diamonds, but simple roses at the concert. Senator and Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, tendered her an elegant reception, when she was made the object of much compliment by the highest officials and their families. The fair singer wore a beautiful dress of carnation velvet with a petticoat of white lace, embroidered in seed pearls. Mrs. Jones’ toilette was a black surah silk covered with black Spanish lace and a breast knot of Neapolitan violets, caught by an aigrette of diamonds, shone at the corsage. Dr. Palmer, the husband of Miss Nevada, was in demand for his entertaining conversational powers.

Perhaps no actor made a greater *furore* at the Capital than *Salvini*, although he never could master English, but his *Virginius* was the perfection of art, and poor John McCullough was also loved by the art critics.

In July, 1885, the twenty-five cent opera was inaugurated with “*Fra Diavola*”—Jeannie Winston taking the title role and this opera with few alternating changes for others of the same sensational type, paid the manager well for four months.

Hertzog Museum took the place of Lincoln Hall, the building being entirely remodelled. This was a ten cent opera house and has proved a success, financially, beside it gave a great deal of

pleasure to working people, although patronized often by the wealthy at matinees.

Jeannie Winston, the queen of cheap opera here, has made a place in the hearts of many young ladies not easily understood. Whether it is because she wears male dresses and sings the banditti parts in a heavy contralto ; or, as it is sometimes claimed, she is a handsome man in woman's clothes, or is the beautiful hermaphrodite of Greece singing in the Nineteenth century—one thing is certain, she is the queen of a large class of young ladies, who adore her, imitate her, send bouquets of flowers paid for out of chewing gum money, and show her every possible attention upon her *re-entree*.

The Theodore Thomas orchestra of sixty pieces gave a grand concert at Albaugh's in April, 1885, with Materna as the prima donna. She rendered Wagner's music, as the old masters would have loved, her upper register notes filling the immense building with magnificent harmony. Her acting was excellent. She wore one of Worth's dresses in the second act—a white brocaded satin with panels embroidered in seed pearls, her diamonds superb. A magnificent aigrette of diamonds flashed against her dark hair, and she was indeed the Queen of Song for that season.

One of the most elegant parlor entertainments of Arthur's administration, was given at Castle Stewart, the home of ex Senator Stewart of Nevada, for the benefit of a charitable institution known as the "Blue Anchor," who gave its funds to ship-wrecked seaman, off the life savings stations. The "Castle," so termed, stands next to Senator Blaine's on Dupont Circle, and is a copy of a baronial castle in Devonshire, England. The entrance is by wide stone steps into a wide hall where winding stairs lead up to the tall turret and dome of the immense structure. On the right of the hall is a dining room, 30 by 40 feet—on the left, a *salon* hung with costly draperies and pictures, the Axminster and richly upholstered chairs, with other magnificent furniture, give

signs of the wealth of the owner. All the chairs were in gilt frames, and the pictures were framed in Florentine style. The ball room had a raised dais, and chairs were brought in to seat about 600 people, while it was lit with an immense chandelier and twenty-five gas jets, with wax candles on the piano, and in brackets over the stage. The President of the Blue Anchor was Mrs. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court families, and with a resoluteness of purpose and her social prestige, the entertainment netted over twelve hundred dollars.

President Arthur was delighted with the music, and one of the lions of the evening was General Sheridan, who had lately been appointed Lieutenant General of the Army. His beautiful, dark haired wife sat by him in a ruby colored brocaded velvet with handsome laces and diamonds—corsage bouquet of Neil roses. The hostess, Mrs. Stewart, was a daughter of ex-Governor Foote of Mississippi, and in her black velvet train, her winning face, and white hair rolled back in Pompadour fashion, she looked like a picture of the Eighteenth century, stepping down from the Florentine frames on the wall. Miss and Col. Corkhill—the Italian Minister and wife, the lovely Miss Folger with the Secretary, Mrs. Senator Blair, Mrs. Senator Cockrell, the Miss Pages of Warrensburg, Virginia, were present, and it proved to be one of the most brilliant, social entertainments of the kind at the Capital. Mrs. Carlisle, then the wife of a newly elected Speaker of the House, wore a handsome lilac silk covered with lace, her light hair and blue eyes giving her a youthful appearance, as she chaperoned a Louisville brunette in corn colored silk, who focused many opera glasses, on account of her piquant face, and, at that time, peculiar dress.

The programme contained ten numbers, but there were a large number of *encores*. Mrs. Braxton and Mademoiselle Nougieras, the daughter of the Portugese Minister, were the sopranos—the latter a lovely girl whose large dark eyes gave a soulful expres-

sion to the sweet melody in her voice. She sang often for sweet charity's sake, before she returned to Europe. Mr. King, a tenor of Dr. Armitage's church in New York, sang a Romanza from "Mignon," with "Robin Adair" for an *encore*. Mr. Reed, basso, sang Costa's "*Ecco quel fiero instante*," with fine effect. He was a brother-in-law to Senator Yulee of Florida and one of his nieces, Miss Yulee was present in the audience. Two octettes were played on a couple of grand pianos, the performers being the Mesdames Knox and Pearson, and the Misses Gilbert and Miller, the latter being a beautiful brunette—the daughter of Justice Miller. She married in a year or so, a Boston millionaire, the Hon. A. R. Touzalin, of the A. T. & S. F. R. R., and lives in luxury.

At this time (December 16, 1883), Lawrence Barrett gave his fine impersonations of Richelieu and Francesca de Rimini, at the old National Theater to crowded houses through the week. Fair women with lovely toilettes made up a large share of the audience.

CHAPTER XI.

MORMONS—PENSION BUILDING—CORCORAN ART GALLERY—THE
FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

The Congressional *season* opens the first Monday in December and the short term lasts till the 4th of March—an extra session would make it late, and at the beginning of a new Congress may last till July or August, as in 1882.

The fashionable *season*, when pleasure seekers come from all parts of the country to this pleasant winter resort, commences with the President's levee on New Year's day, and continues until Lent, when the gay scenes are shifted—penitent, tired out belles are kneeling in the confessionals, and if they have not secured rich husbands, they will lay plans later for so desirable an object at Newport, or some other summer resort.

January 1, 1883, was pleasant, yet cold. The crowd stood patiently in the grounds until the time for the north door of the Executive Mansion was to be opened. Previous to 12:30 the Presidential party has received the Cabinet and their ladies, the Supreme Court and the Diplomatic Corps, Congressmen—after them the Army and Navy officers in their glittering uniforms, who file in to the Blue Parlor, and shake hands with "Mr. President," who introduced them on this occasion to Mrs. McElroy on his right; next, Mrs. Frelinghuysen, Miss Folger, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Teller, Mrs. Keifer, and so on. The receiving rooms were full of flowers, the conservatory thrown open, and the Marine Band sat in the vestibule discoursing airs from "Patience," "Olivette," and from the diviner Strauss—the "Blue Danube."

Marshal McMichael introduced the guests to the President until he was tired, when Colonel Rockwell, the Superintendent of public grounds, took his place. Mrs. Blaine was present, and her handsome toilette of brocaded silk in gray and gold, with purple knots, showed her good taste. She has a solid face and looks the dignified wife of the "Plumed Knight." Mrs. Logan held a little levee in the East room, surrounded by an admiring group of army officers and their ladies. Mrs. Senator Miller, of California, appeared in a lovely white silk brocaded with pale pink roses—her diamonds magnificent.

Among the guests was Senator, and his new wife, Mrs. Tabor. This was the "thirty days Senator" from Colorado. At this reception the lady had on a gown of black satin, demi-train, trimmed with three narrow ruffles at the bottom—her white neck was covered with lace—her yellow hair puffed, and the large brown eyes made her a pretty picture. The couple left early, for it seems that there had been an icy formality in the East room, when Mrs. Tabor was presented to the exclusive ones of public life. A few days previous, they were married at Willard's Hotel and the local journals had told of Tabor's ruffled night shirts, his solitaire, his immense wealth in bonanza mines, so that, when the would-be great man appeared with his big, black sombrero, he was the observed of all observers.

The wedding at the Willard, was an unique one. The Colorado delegation, Senator Hill and Representative Belford with their ladies were invited to be present at the ceremony, and Tabor had impressed upon his colleagues the assurance, that President Arthur had accepted the invitation of the proposed bride. But there was a divorced Mrs. Tabor in Denver, who in early life had kept boarders, washed for a living, and by dint of careful economy, had made the nucleus of his immense fortune, so the ladies of the delegation refused to see Miss Teresa McCourt married to Mr. Tabor at all. Their husbands were

there. There were no ladies present however, but a couple of the house maids, and a lady traveler who happened in the parlor. President Arthur and Secretary Pruden saw the ceremony, but after the affair was thoroughly sifted, were much annoyed at the unfavorable comments of the opposition papers, but it placed Father Chappelle of St. Mathews church in a more disagreeable attitude. He denied all knowledge of a divorce, but Miss Van Court being a Catholic, gave a nice sum of money to a certain well known charity, and the matter passed from the public mind as the ceremony had been performed, and the church had blessed the union, if it were on the Esau plan.

The supper of canvass back and champagne was made as expensive as possible, but the couple did not make Washington their home, for obvious reasons, and sailed westward as soon as Mr. Tabor's duties were done.

Not long before this New Year's day, General Sherman had seen "My Sweetheart" at the Opera house, and when Minnie Palmer was serenaded at her hotel, she made a little speech of thanks, being held by the hand of the great warrior upon the balcony. How the gallant old fellow dotes on actresses, and a *leetle* waltz, with a mug of mellow wine. The old General at this New Year's reception was as jolly as some of the younger men, and joked good General Van Vliet upon his red nose. Mrs. General Sherman rarely goes into society—the church is her great delight, and the advancement of her son Thomas in the priesthood.

Mrs. John Sherman, the Senator's wife, is not really fond of society, but in her official relations she goes out a good deal, and entertains elegantly at her residence on K street, northwest, near Franklin Park. She is fond of domestic life, and is in her happiest mood when she is superintending the butter making from a fine old Jersey cow. When the family moves to Mansfield for the summer, the cow, the family horses and carriage are

bundled for Ohio in a freight car. Mrs. Sherman is an artist, and upon the walls of her handsome parlors, are many evidences of her talent. She was the only daughter of Judge Stewart, of Newark, and educated at the Granville Academy, O., under the supervision of W. B. Moore, A. M. The library on the second floor is very large, the largest private collection in the city—many rare old books and manuscripts on its shelves. In the hallway are curios with other bric-a-brac, and all over the splendid mansion are tokens of good taste, and no shoddy pretensions. The Shermans are solid people from crown to toe—"what they say they mean" and no vulgar compliments for them, are suitable.

Next door to the Shermans, lived the pagan Ingersoll, until he moved to New York, but Mrs. Sherman is a strict Presbyterian, so that the families were hardly "intimate" as the world goes.

Not far on the other side of the Shermans' is the house of the Hon. Robert Davis, one of Massachusetts' Quaker Congressman whose lovely wife is connected with a host of charities.

In the winter of 1882-3, Congress passed the 2-cent postage act, the usual appropriation bills, Senator Edmunds' great measure for the suppression of polygamy, but there were long and loud discussions for an inter-state commerce bill, which was throttled before the adjournment on the 4th of March.

The Mormons did not get their lobby to work in good shape; Apostle and Delegate Cannon from Utah was careless, and Mrs. Apostle Wells and other Mormon sisters who appealed to Congress seemed to fail in effecting good for their rotten institution. No wonder Senator Edmunds was opposed to woman suffrage in Utah, when the ladies of Deseret had kept alive their horrible league with Satan by their own white hands at the ballot box.

Yet, some of the leaders of this moral reform of Equal Rights patted these Utah plural wives on the shoulder, have helped

them before Congressional committees, without realizing that they were ruining the cause among sensible people, and among the rulers of the nation who would give suffrage to woman elsewhere than in Utah. "Better have polygamy with its terrible millstone about the neck of the women of Utah than not to vote at all," say these lady reformers.

"The ballot box with a fourth part of a husband," is the glorious estate of women voters there, and equal suffrage has been hampered greatly from this blunder by its otherwise able leaders.

President Arthur appointed the Hon. Ham Murray, of Kentucky, Governor of Utah, who did more in the course of his administration with the help of Judge Zane, to suppress polygamy, than any Utah official, excepting General Connor of the United States army. A commission consisting of the following gentlemen were appointed later to look after matters connected with the troublesome problem, and this Board consisted of ex-Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, Hon. A. C. Paddock, of Nebraska, and Hon. J. L. Godfrey, of Des Moines, Iowa, the latter, a keen, shrewd Westerner. Utah was frightened.

Several of her divinely appointed apostles were soon in jail, the secret endowment house was partly broken up. Many of the ring-leaders of this abomination kept themselves in exile, and at the close of President Arthur's administration, all was going well. But in spite of President Cleveland's high moral tone in his first message to Congress upon polygamy, he removed Governor Murray to the consternation of the Gentiles, and put in a man who has been as careful of the Saints as he could be, without absolutely defying the law. Utah Territory is Democratic. George Q. Cannon, Caine, Richards, in fact, all the ring-leaders of the Mormon abomination, are Democrats. Idaho, Southern Colorado and all the Arizona precincts where the Mormon settlements are, go Democratic at every election. How much of Utah money, went into the campaign fund of 1884, for the election of

Mr. Cleveland, can be figured out by the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Let him answer.

There is a certain church tithing, which is always used to defeat adverse legislation, but the son of a Puritan, helped by Catholics, by the moral power in Congress passed the Edmunds bill to remove this horrid stain from the Republic—Mormonism. The Republicans after the war ought to have wiped the curse out, but it was thought that commercial interest and the Pacific railroads would do it. The only rumor, that we have ever heard of a political deal with Utah and the Republicans, was in the election of Hon. H. M. Teller of Colorado to the United States Senate. In a single instance, he seemed to favor his Mormon constituents, but it may have been only for a passing interest and not a deliberate plan to foist this rotten institution, now falling to pieces further upon the nation.

On January 21, 1883, the first death occurred in the President's official family—the Postmaster General, Hon. Timothy Howe, dying very suddenly. The Postoffice Department was draped in black for thirty days, and the Cabinet, as well as Mr. Arthur, wore badges of mourning for the same time.

In the beginning of March occurred the shooting at the Hon. James G. Blaine while riding out in his carriage, but fortunately he received no injury, excepting the fright from his narrow escape. No one was ever arrested for this dastardly attempt on the ex-Senator's life, and the conviction became common that it was an irresponsible tramp, who did the ugly deed, as no political conspiracy ever came to light. But the gentleman is a brave man, and asked no protection from guards, and walks about the city like any other citizen.

On the 24th of May, all the dignitaries of the nation, high in authority, were invited to be present at the opening of the Brooklyn bridge to the public—the mechanical wonder of the world, and costing over fifteen millions. President Arthur's

home being at 121 Lexington avenue, New York, he, of course, rejoiced with his friends over the finish of this gigantic project, and was present at the public festivities, which united the metropolis and Brooklyn.

Upon his Florida trip, the President went inland as far as Sanford, which is said to be full of malaria as the Potomac Flats so that by the last of June, he was in no condition to meet the intense heat of the city. In July and August he went to Yellowstone Park, in company with General Sheridan and a few friends. How the Democratic papers howled at this, but when their idol Grover spent two seasons in the wilds of the Adirondacks, "nary yell" was heard in the land.

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Through the summer of 1883, the Pension building began to loom up on Judiciary Square, under the supervision of General Meigs. It is 200 by 400 feet, and built around a glass covered court, so as to give light in all the rooms. It is the ugliest building for public purposes ever built in the United States, but is useful and carefully constructed, if it is such a marked contrast to the Interior Department just below on F street. One, a red brick cotton factory, and the other a Greek Parthenon—this contrast is apparent, as one looks up and down the street at the two buildings. The architect of the United States Treasury generally has charge of the erection of public buildings, but in this case General Meigs was paid \$10 a day to overlook the construction. In the furniture of public buildings, the accounts are audited and paid upon the recommendation of the Chief Clerk and Superintendent of the Treasury.

The House of Representatives at its session of 1882-3, appointed a committee to investigate charges against Mr. Hill, Architect of the Treasury, and made the Hon. Theodore Tilton, of Maine, the Chairman. After a six weeks' trial through the spring months, Mr. Hill was not found dishonest, but careless

in his accounts, so was suspended on the recommendation of Judge Folger, and Mr. Bell of Des Moines, Iowa, a friend to Mr. Allison, the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, was appointed and made a good officer, being on deck yet.

The National Museum this year received a stone giant from a Missouri quarry, ancient pottery from an old Aztec village, petrified woods, funny looking lizards, queer fish, and reptiles, in fact, all sorts of creeping things preserved in old bourbon and other ways for the benefit of science, came to hand. The Smithsonian Institute had divided a part of its treasures, the year previous, so that students from all parts of the country find one of the best collections of natural history, and proofs of science everywhere within its walls. No part of the government has been so economically and carefully managed, as the National Museum and Smithsonian Institute.

In the summer of 1883 there was a fine statue of the great English philanthropist, Smithson, erected on the grounds with public ceremonies—an immense audience, bands playing, and flags flying, President Arthur was there, his Cabinet, and the British Minister in glittering uniform with other diplomats.

The Corcoran Art Gallery is managed by a board of directors, Hon. Wm. McLeod curator. This building built in the Italian renaissance, stands at the corner of Seventeenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, and cost \$150,000, being presented to the board by that grand old philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, in 1869. It has two floors and a grand staircase. The plaster casts and bronzes, and rare antiquities from an ancient Roman city, are on the first floor. In the upper chambers are the marbles—Powers' "Greek Slave," the "Veiled Nun," "The Forced Prayer," Psyche, and other beautiful works.

In paintings are the portraits of all the Presidents of the United States in one gallery—"The Arabs," the "Black Preacher" by Brooks, and in the whole room, many other works from for-

eign and American artists. The west gallery is also full of well executed paintings.

In the main gallery is "The Death of Cæsar," by Jerome—a "Winter Scene," by Gignoux, "Mercy's Dream," by Huntington, the "Test," "Sea Beach at Troiville," "The Passing Regiment," "Scene in Sweden," and the "Sacred Bull in Procession"—the latter cost \$28,000, and is much admired for its careful *technique* and exquisite finish in other respects. One of the strongest pictures ever placed in the gallery and afterwards sold to a Chicago artist, was "The Beheading of John the Baptist." The pale uplifted face of the Saint; the sinister executioner, the sharp scimitar, all sent a cold shudder through a visitor's heart. The "Lost Dogs" and the "Fright" are very realistic. The latter is a picture of a little boy who has put on a horrid mask and goes into the kitchen to frighten the cook and her baby. The dresser, the fireplace, the worn patch, even the grease spots on the door, are very faithfully portrayed.

A limited number of advanced students are allowed to come here and copy the pictures.

Ulke's studio is on Fifteenth street near the new opera house; Mathews, Fisher, Brooks and Melvine are in the Corcoran buildings; Mr. Andrews, the "Court Painter," lives on Rhode Island avenue. Mr. Clare Messer in Anacostia, and the "Rouzee School of Design" is in the Mt. Vernon building. As for amateur artists with marked ability, Washington stands high in the art world.

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St. John's church, the oldest Episcopal church in the city, was remodeled in the summer of 1883, an entire new transept running across the east end of the building. There were ten memorial windows placed in the church, President Arthur having two at his disposal—one in memory of his beautiful wife, Miss Agnes Herndon, who was a sweet-voiced singer in the choir, and

the other of the brave Captain Herndon, her father, who died at his post on the ill-fated "President." There is a brass tablet placed under the memorial window of his loved wife, in memory of the princely gentleman of the White House, Mr. Arthur.

In July of this year, there was a good deal of excitement over a bicycle race between Prince, the American champion, who was wrapped in the national colors, and Higham, the English champion, who was never beaten before, except by Prince. This race came off at Iowa Circle, and many noted wheelmen were present.

Of course, the grand people were off to Newport, Saratoga, and Long Branch, and many of the hard-worked clerks were down to Cedar Point, Piney Point, Cobb's Island, St. George's, Colonial Beach, and other Potomac resorts to get rid of the stifling heat and their dreaded desks in the departments, but, in spite of the summer exodus, there was a big crowd at the race with bets, cigars, and other accessories of sport.

Near Iowa Circle, the new Garfield Memorial church was begun in 1883, on the site of the old Christian church, where General Garfield and his family worshipped, and their pew from the old church with its red cushions and stools were transferred, and put in the northwest corner of the building. It is not occupied now since the family are all in Cleveland or Mentor, and have not visited Washington, as a family, since the assassination.

On July 8th there were several sermons preached in the city pulpits, as to the opening of the National Museum and the Botanical Gardens on Sundays. Of course, the orthodox clergy denounced this proposition made by the newspapers, as exceedingly sinful, but it was hard for clerks who had no day but Sundays to look into the strange and curious things made by our Father's hand to bless his children. They were alone deprived of this pleasure, these, being a sealed book to the wage workers at the Capital, as those institutions above mentioned are closed at the

same hour with the departments. The clergy won in the contest, and the doors still remain closed to them on Sunday.

The suicide of Monsieur Barca, the Spanish Minister at New York, made a profound impression in diplomatic circles and among the upper classes. Gaming debts and other embarrassments were given as the cause of the suicide.

The autumn season brought back from Deer Park—from the mountain and sea shore, the winter residents of the Capital. The northwestern portion of the city grew wonderfully this season in fine buildings. Among them Senators Van Wyck and Windom's residences were finished in the early part of the year. Mr. Lars Anderson built a medieval house on Sixteenth street and K, with all the look of a baronial castle on the Rhine. The Leiters, a wealthy family of Chicago, rented the Blaine mansion. Mr. John Hay and Mr. Henry Stone of Pittsburg bought property and made preparations to build another season, which gave a big boom.

In the early December, there was a good deal of excitement in Fenian circles, about the hanging of O'Donnell, the Irish leader and one of the supposed murderers at Phenix Park. The "Clanna Gael" an Irish brotherhood appealed to the State Department to save him from the gallows. He was respited a few days, but there was no power to back up Mr. Frelinghuysen—our army and navy would prove a thistle down to the British cruisers and regular army. It was reported that he and P. H. Sheridan, another of the alleged murderers, were American born, but there was no help, and British justice took its course.

The Forty-eighth Congress opened with a long message from Mr. Arthur of 19,000 words, where he recommended that bank circulation should be based on the market value of bonds and not on the face value, stronger measures for the suppression of polygamy, enlargement of the army, and bounty to soldiers and sailors.

The contest for Speaker of the House between Carlisle and Randall on the Democratic side, was the main point of interest, as there was over seventy majority in the Lower chamber for "the reformers." The Republicans scattered their vote somewhat on Reed, of Maine, Hiscock, of New York, and when Mr. Carlisle took up his gavel, it was found, that a thoughtful, quiet man was at the desk, and fair to all parties. There were no Greenbackers to speak of—Bland of Missouri, Weaver and Calamity Weller of Iowa, were the principal actors in their played-out drama. In front of Mr. Carlisle's desk were many beautiful flowers—one a design in a George Washington hatchet of roses tied with a white satin ribbon, instructing him "to cut deep" etc. The galleries were crowded in this exciting contest between friends of Congressman Randall and Carlisle—the wife of the new Speaker sat in the front row of the Member's gallery, dressed in a handsome seal skin cloak, a bonnet of gold lace upon a foundation of seal brown velvet, pompon and feathers of old gold, with handsome diamonds. Not far away was Miss Anna Randall, the daughter of the Hon. Sam Randall, in a plain dress of dark cashmere, seal cloak and turban—a sweet, modest girl who afterward married a Mr. Lancaster, of the District Bar. She is a Sunday school teacher in Dr. Chester's church on Capitol Hill.

One of the contested election cases of this Congress was the Wilson-Frederick affair from the Fifth District of Iowa. There were about 2,000 pages of evidence placed before the Committee on Elections, and Mr. Frederick did not get his seat in the House till March 3, 1885, five minutes before noon. His official act was a good one, to vote for the retirement of General Grant just before the adjournment of the Forty-eighth Congress. Mr. Frederick also served in the Forty-ninth Congress and made a very creditable Representative. The Hon. James Wilson, his competitor, was one of the ablest farmer legislators ever in Congress.

Another contested election case was that of English *vs.* Peele, from the Indianapolis District of Indiana. After some red tape, a good many champagne suppers to the election committee, and so on, Mr. English being the son of the Hon. W. H. English, who was on the Electoral ticket with General Hancock in 1880, he was given the seat by the Democratic majority, although there were a few who could not be driven by the party lash to uphold English in his villainy, as all fair-minded people conceded that Peele had the right to the seat.

Mr. Carlisle was very cautious in making up his committees, and not much was done before the adjournment of the holiday recess.

In the Senate on the 6th of December, Senator Logan introduced his famous Bounty bill, giving to any soldier who had served in the United States army a patent to 80 acres of public land, after one or two years' service, 120 acres, and three years or more, 160 acres of land. But this excellent provision did not pass a Democratic House, who never had any great *real* love for a Union soldier.

Senator Hoar brought into public notice his bill, that no convict labor should be allowed on any public works of the United States. This measure became a law. Stick a pin there, Mr. K. of L.! Among the appropriation bills was the one to dredge the Potomac Flats—deepening the channel, and throwing the debris back on the bank, so as to make a wide boulevard, or drive, by the beautiful stream, thus reclaiming 750 acres of land. The appropriation reached finally to over \$600,000, and in the spring of 1884 work was commenced, but as soon as the descendants of the Kidwells, and other old families found out the land about the river front would be valuable, they came in for heavy damages, and wanted government to indemnify them in the courts, which in a year or two stopped the work of dredging to a great extent.

About the last of December, 1883, Senator Sharon, of California, had his little muss with Miss Hill of San Francisco, and the fracas where the Senator was well known seemed blackmail, as the gentleman was considered a high-minded man. The affair cost the millionaire his life, for with the worry and mortification he felt so depressed, that disease deepened its hold, and he passed away from the grasp of Miss Hill, who claimed to be his wife. His immense fortune finally went to the rightful heirs, although the woman got nearly \$50,000, through the connivance of a certain Judge of the San Francisco courts. Senator Sharon owned a good deal of valuable property on New Hampshire avenue and Dupont circle in the city, and this lawsuit clouded the title for some time, so that improvements could not go on through that drawback.

At this time the Chinese question had its run again in political talks, and when it was known by several enterprising newspaper reporters, that there were fifteen opium joints in Washington, it worked up a good deal of feeling. Chinese agents were found by the President of the Woman's Industrial League, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, to furnish these dens with this drug. Children of both sexes were seen smoking both cigarettes, made of West India aka and opium. Many of the Chinese, who put up these packages are tainted with leprosy and other diseases, and we never believed that good Virginia tobacco caused the cancer of General Grant, but tainted Chinese cigars. And in this Forty-eighth Congress, a restriction was passed upon the emigration of Chinese to the Pacific coast. Of course, many Celestials are smuggled in with cases of opium in their baggage and in their clothing, but it was a beginning of a wise provision to stop the avalanche that disturbed the wage-workers of the Pacific States. Some Californians complained bitterly that they could not find so trustworthy servants as the Chinese, but the greatest good to the greatest number, was the Congressional idea of the matter

among the Republicans, and the restriction passed by the help of sensible Democrats.

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A Mrs. Miller, who had commanded a Mississippi river steamboat, upon the death of her husband, asked of Judge Folger to be registered as Master in the Marine service, as she had actually been in that position for some time. It was a great innovation for a woman to be a Master of a steamboat, but after taking the matter under advisement, and careful examination proved the lady capable, the request was granted by the Treasury Department. There were the usual newspaper gibes and sneers, but the plucky little woman went on with her steamboat duties and supported her children handsomely.

With this episode in official life of the Treasury, came up the everlasting platitude that "woman should stay at home and tend the children." What if she had no home or husband? Nothing but a little furniture and starving children. Men were for the offices, and the "offices should be given to men," said others. The woman made a good clerk, was painstaking. Men often got promoted to higher offices through the faithful work of a corps of ladies under him. In works of church and in charity, educational interests, the women of America carry forward their divine mission without any growls from the men, but when they want an office, they are "idiots" and ought to be kept out of sight.

The public exercises of the Deaf Mute College at Kendall Green, situated northeast from Capitol Hill on Seventh and M streets, were attended December 30, 1883, by a large number of public officials, among them President Arthur and some of his Cabinet.

The buildings are in Byzantine style, situated on an extensive campus, and the institution is under the management of President Edward A. Gallaudet, son of the Professor Gallaudet who

founded the Hartford institution and the excellent system of sign language used through this country and Europe. The college, sustained partly by National appropriations, is considered one of the best in the world for the education of this class of unfortunates. Prof. Gallandet was a personal friend of General Garfield, and he became a warm friend to the institution through his long service in Congress. There were over a hundred inmates who took part in the blackboard exercises, all done in the sign language and interpreted to the audience. When the dancing began, it was singular to see the mutes keep time to the music, who could not hear a note from the loudest orchestra, and yet kept their places in the cotillion by sight. Among the bright young boys was John Barret, son of Senator Barret, of Iowa, and John Schuyler Long, of Marshalltown, Iowa—a very proficient scholar.

Providence Hospital on Capitol Hill, under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity, generally receives an appropriation of \$25,000 a year, and as the patients are tenderly cared for, it was not superceded by any other institution at the Capital until the winter of 1884-5, when it was asked to divide favors with the Garfield Memorial hospital.

Providence Hospital has fourteen wards under the charge of a corps of nurses, who relieve each other at stated intervals. The patient must pay \$10 dollars a week, if he has means, and anything else he can spare. There are several free beds in each ward. Very few who die in the institution are Protestants; at the last they become members of the mother church.

St. Patrick's cathedral was dedicated on December 28, by a large procession of priests and deacons, headed by Archbishop Gibbon of Baltimore, who passed around the building sprinkling it with holy water and saying a benedictus. This church cost about \$600,000 and had been ten years in building. The altar

was covered with white roses and smilax, and vases of lilies were seen in all parts of the auditorium and chancel.

Nearly opposite is St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum where 500 little boys are clothed and fed by the good Sisters, and as the years advance, are provided with homes.

One of the noted lawyers before the Supreme Court was ex-Governor Lowe, of Iowa, the predecessor of Kirkwood, as Chief Magistrate of that far off State. He was prosecuting a claim for the Hawkeyes against the United States for the five per cent owing his State upon sales of public lands, that had unlawfully been paid into the United States Treasury. This money he urged the Snpreme Court to pass over to the school fund of his State as a nest egg to buy school libraries for Iowa children. And the good Governor had urged this eleven long years. About the Christmas holidays the work of his brain grew languid, he took to his bed, and died from sheer exhaustion in the 78th year of his age. Reverend Byron Smiderland, the old Chaplain of the House, and afterwards pastor of Mrs. Cleveland's church officiated at the funeral, which was largely attended by representative Iowans, among the number Generals Belknap and Williamson, Senators Allison and Wilson, and Representative Holmes, Hepburn, Henderson and McCoid.

The first Christmas Club organized in the city which has raised thousands of dollars for the deserving poor since that time, was very popular in the autumn of 1883, with Miss Nellie Arthur as the first President. The Santa Claus of the party or club, distributed the excellent gifts on Christmas morning to white and black children at the Franklin school building, next door to the late General Garfield's residence at Franklin Park. Over \$20,000 worth of presents were given. The world is more Christlike as the sunset of the Nineteenth century goes down. An old grandmother from Ohio, who sat watching the happy children, remarked, "How the world has moved forward since I was a child.

My first Christmas present was a little cotton handkerchief with the alphabet running around it, and an owl with a red cat in the center. My first dolly was a cob covered with a white rag and the nose and mouth marked out with a lead pencil—its dress a bit of white linen spun by my mother. Now look at these wax dollies for poor children; but they cannot be happier than I, with my cob doll and cotton handkerchief." But the light and beauty of this Nellie Arthur Christmas Club was a rich heritage for poor children in the city ever afterward, as the fashion has been kept up by kind hearts ever since.

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In Congress, after the adjournment of the holidays, a bill was introduced making Alaska a territory, so the far-off purchase of Seward, the back lots of Uncle Sam, came into the Union family. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, a Presbyterian missionary, had something to do with this legislation, and he also succeeded in getting an appropriation through for an Indian school at Sitka. The United States steamer "Pinta" has been stationed at that harbor for some time. Governor Swineford reports a good trade in lumber, coal, fish and seal furs—in fact, the climate is much warmer than northern Montano, Idaho or Canada, and very healthy.

The tariff was taken off wool at this session of Congress, which did not please Ohio and California to any great extent.

April 2, 1884, General Grant appeared on the floor of the House, and such was the ovation that the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, the most level-headed Democrat in Congress, moved an adjournment of fifteen minutes, so that members could pay their respects. It was granted unanimously. The General had a public reception tendered him by General Beale, and it was his last in Washington. Old soldiers, armless, legless, and battle-scarred, crowded around their old chief, and grasped him to their hearts in sympathy. Later on, came the trouble of the firm of Ward & Grant, then his lingering illness, and death at Mount McGregor.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. CARLISLE'S RECEPTION—GENERAL HAZEN—FITZ JOHN PORTER—CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The first reception held by Mrs. Speaker Carlisle came off in the red parlor of the Riggs House, and was attended by leading society people, carriages filling the street in front of that famous hostelry. Mrs. Carlisle was the daughter of Judge Goodson, of Covington, Kentucky, and she married the young lawyer when he was poor, and comparatively unknown. The old Judge was a famous whist player, and John used to go 'round to the "Kentucky home" and have a game of cards with Miss Jane and her father, so that in time there was an attachment between them. They were quietly married in the winter of 1859. About ten years ago they had some domestic infelicity, but the rising position of the Hon. John G. Carlisle prevented an explosion, and the affair was carefully concealed, except from a few, who had the inside facts, of a lawyer's jealous wife, and tea-table talk in Covington, circles of the woman's idiocy, for it really amounted to little. Mrs. Carlisle was much admired at the Capital for her gracious manners, and on this occasion she wore a brocaded white satin, elegant lace and a corsage bouquet of yellow roses. There were a dozen ladies receiving with her, some of them Kentucky ladies, in pink, maize colored, blue and black toilets, until one in coming into the room heavy with fragrance of flowers that adorned the parlor, it seemed as if the group of ladies were a huge bouquet of fairest flowers, themselves. An old tabby cat of gray fur and white paws, stepped carefully behind the trains of the ladies in the line, and after a rigid inspection of the society tastes of the receiving party, slipped out at the open door, apparently satisfied with the outlook. There were

no refreshments at these receptions, ordinarily —any one can call and pay their respects, and be introduced, if desired, or one can remain a quiet wallflower. Cards left at afternoon receptions like this of Mrs. Carlisle, are often recognized by cards to coming receptions, if the person is known prominently in society, elsewhere.

Afternoon receptions are generally held from 2 P. M. to 5, so that when all is over, the ladies can rest, and be ready for dinner, which in the hotels is served from 6 P. M. to 8, and many take a *petite souper* at midnight, with wines for a nightcap. What with the crimping pins for bangs, pulling on gloves saturated with cream salve or glycerine—a peep at the glass—out with the gas, and our beauty is on the pillow by 1 A. M. tired, and ready for sleep.

A marked contrast to the ambitious living of Mrs. Carlisle, was a Mrs. S—— from North Carolina, who lived with her husband—statesman in a 9 by 16 room—had a bed, one chair, a trunk, a gasoline stove, and really was happy for they saved the most of his five thousand a year. They kept no private secretary in that particular Congressman's home.

Many of the southern members of Congress board at the Metropolitan Hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, the rendezvous of Confederate influence and power. It is an excellent hotel and genuine cordiality to those of that line of statesmanship in the struggle for power, "to gain by the ballot what we lost by the bullet." To those who wonder how the rebels have got into power in so short a time, the mystery is explained not alone by the shot gun policy of the South, but by its thorough organization. No Southerner turns traitor to his home interests, while Northern members of Congress, even some Republicans, have prostituted their high offices for gain and political preferment. But like a stone wall, like a granite parapet, the Southron is for a white

man's government, to keep niggers down, to stop paying out any more money than is possible to the Northern blue.

After the holidays were over, the Hennepin Canal bill was again pushed at this session by the Hon. Jerry Murphy from the Davenport District of Iowa. Many opposed it on the ground that six months of the year the canal would be frozen. Another objection was that the ditch would drain Lake Michigan and ruin the lake harbors, as the land of the Mississippi river bottoms, where it would empty, was forty feet below the lake. The measure did not pass.

Tariff revision was brought up by the Hon. Wm. Morrison, but nothing was done to any great extent.

Senator Blair's National Education bill appropriating \$80,000,000 did not pass either House.

There was nothing done with the Bankrupt law, and silver coinage went on at the rate of two millions and a half per month to fill up the Treasury vaults. The party of "Great Expectations" with seventy majority passed only 170 bills, and most of them of a private nature.

Judge McCreary having resigned from the United States Circuit Court to go into railroad business, there were several applicants for the position, as its jurisdiction extended over Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. The Hon. M. A. McCoid, member of Congress from the First Congressional District of Iowa, had served in the Iowa Legislature four years on the Judiciary Committee and six years in the House upon a like committee, his friends urged his claims upon President Arthur. There were several others, among them Judge Nelson of Minnesota, and the Hon. David J. Brewer, a nephew of Judge Field of the Supreme Court, who wanted the position, and after some waiting, he was placed upon the bench, in compliment to Judge Field.

The appropriation asked for the Washington monument had kept pace with the wants of the Commission, Col. Casey in charge, and on May 1, 1884, the white, beautiful obelisk had reached 410 feet towards its way to the clouds. It is a hollow chimney, eighty one feet square at the base, and when finished measured by a plummet line 555 feet, and the total cost has been nearly \$2,000,000. It is built of heavy blocks of crystal marble from Maryland quarries, and laid in regular courses. It is the loftiest work of the kind in the world. As you come up the river, the monument seems to grow taller, advancing, and when a visitor stands at its base and looks up to its dizzy height, it seems a work of the Infinite, instead of feeble man. If it had been built on Capitol or Meridian Hill, it would have been the grandest work of human engineering, as it is now, the loftiest shaft of the world, but being below the city, on the banks of the Potomac, it loses much of its towering height by comparison.

Not very far up the river the Naval Observatory, built in 1842, is now under charge of Admiral Porter, and one of the leading astronomical observatories of the world, with telegraphic communication, kept up daily through those of London, Paris, Berlin and other national capitals. It occupies a commanding site on the north bank of the Potomac, known as "Peters' Hill" to the old settlers, and these beautiful grounds contain nineteen acres.

In 1755 a portion of the British army under Braddock camped here on the fatal march from Alexandria, Va. (eight miles below) to the ancient fort of DuQuesne, on the Monongahela, not far from the site of Pittsburg.

There is a rock shown where the troops landed, known as Braddock's rock, and George Washington, then a young Lieutenant, went on with the ill-fated army to its destruction; a remnant only was saved by the coolness of Washington, who led the shattered army back to Philadelphia. It was a favorite pro-

ject with the great commander to build a national university here.

Appropriations have been asked, and it is expected there will be a new naval observatory built somewhere in the city in the near future. If a comet is found or a new asteroid, or there is a new look to Saturn's rings, and the moon shows a change in her caverns, the telegraph informs the sleepless astronomer, who, when the sky is clear, is always at his post watching the mysterious depths of the universe. The telescope is the largest in the country, excepting that of Cambridge, though when the Lick observatory glass is mounted, will excel them both. very largely.

The Navy Yard with its officers' quarters and ship-houses—its wharf, and few old rotting ships, is situated on the Anacosti or Eastern Branch, just a mile above Arsenal Point. December 3, 1799, the grounds were laid out, but no work was done in ship-building, or repairing, until after March, 1804. Such famous vessels as figured in the war of 1812, were built here, known as the "Wasp," the brig "Viper," the "Essex," the schooners "Shark" and "Grampus," and the frigates "Columbia," "Potomac" and "Brandywine." In 1806, a large ship could anchor here, but the channel has gradually filled up, and the "man-of-war must stop eight miles below at the Alexandria dock, or get aground. The navy yard has several immense foundries where heavy ordnance can be made, and other naval supplies, but as the city of Washington and the District of Columbia have no political influence, Philadelphia, and other points have been utilized by later Secretaries of the Navy to further political schemes. On the landside of the yard from Pennsylvania avenue and Eighth street southeast, you come to an immense stone doorway in Doric style, a soldier stands by the entrance who looks formidable but says nothing, when an ordinary visitor passes in, and you find a beautiful campus ground of 27 acres surrounded by a high stone wall. On either side of the ordnance avenue, are two large guns captured by Commodore Decatur in

1804, from two Tripolitan gunboats. There are piles of shells as big as a barn, there are immense stacks of anchors, and other ship material lying about, and cannon every where—to the right of us, to the left of us, “these may have thundered.” There are several old monitors at the wharf. The “Alarm” is a gunboat ram and torpedo combined, the invention of Admiral Porter, United States Navy, and electricity is used to fire the guns in time of action. But it will be entirely superceded by the new steel cruisers, and the panoply of war lying about this yard so effective in the rebellion, would be but a child’s toy, compared with the terrible Krupp guns and Mitrailense of today. The latter will throw a ball twelve miles. We have the best drilled officers in the world, but there are no ships to speak of, and we ought to have had twenty steel cruisers to protect our coast line, instead of five, which are now in process of construction.

The picayune jealousy of poor old John Roach, has left but three firms to bid in the construction of ships for the navy, who live in America. To build our navy on the Clyde might be a little cheaper at first, but it would not give employment to American labor, and British contractors would grow rich on American money, that should be kept at home.

Why the Knights of Labor do not tully understand this, is a strange puzzle. They shout for Henry George, yet he is a Free Trader, and they crucify men at the polls who believe in protection to American labor—protection to home interests, their best interests. “It is something no fellow can find out,” said a prominent Knight of a local assembly.

The “Alarm” was furnished with fifteen inch Dahlgren guns, and a ram in the bow of the boat. The officers of the day at one time were Lieutenant Hughes of Iowa, and W. S. Hogg, United States Navy, the latter the son of Chief Clerk Hogg of the Navy Department. The young fellows’ cabin were full of little mementoes of home, and lady friends—slipper pockets em-

broidered in a dainty manner with embroidered slippers—there were toilet articles covered with monograms, and a “wet sheet and a flowing sail” did not seem such a bad thing after our party had dined on boned turkey, fruits and wine in four courses.

The training ship “Saratoga” is near, where the middies and new recruits for the line are taught how to manage a ship at sea or at the dock. They have their own messes, do their own cabin work, but if they get homesick, they must stay their three years out, or be considered deserters. Some however, only enlist for one and two years. They are transferred from the “Saratoga” or other training ships to sea-going vessels, and make long cruises, generally.

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The reception of February 12, 1884, to the Diplomatic Corps by the President at the White House, was attended by over three thousand people. In the Presidential party were Mrs. McElroy, who came down the grand stairway with Mr. Frelinghuysen following the President and Mrs. Frelinghuysen, and as they swept into the corridor, the Marine Band played “Hail to the Chief” in dulcet strains, and they soon take their place in the Blue parlor, to receive their guests. Next to Mrs. Frelinghuysen stood the white-faced spiritual-looking Mary Harlan Lincoln, daughter of ex-Senator Harlan of Iowa, and wife of the Secretary of War. Her toilette was white satin, the front and sleeves of white lace embroidered with pearls and white chenille, Mrs. Frelinghuysen in black velvet, Mrs. Brewster in a pale pink silk with Spanish lace, and Mrs. McElroy in a pale violet silk covered with point *applique* lace and a bouquet of bonsilene roses, looking charming to the visitors, as she smiled upon them after they left the presence of the Chief Magistrate. On the mantels under the great pier glasses, on the tables and cabinets, were the rifled sweets of the conservatory—over all, the lights, the flashing of diamonds, glittering uniforms and the brilliant toilettes of the

ladies of the foreign legation. Mrs. General Hazen, the wife of the chief officer of the signal service, and daughter of Washington McLean, the founder of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was present. She appeared in a white corded silk trimmed with rows of point lace on the front—her white ostrich feather fan of pearl mountings swung lazily in her hand, as she chatted with the Russian Minister, Baron de Struve. Mrs. Justice Field, a grand dame at the Capital, wore a black velvet, and in passing Miss McElroy and a group of Albany girls, who were visiting at the White House, the lady seemed as young as they, and yet she lost none of the Boston dignity becoming to a lady of her exalted station.

Madame Reutersj-kold, the wife of the Swedish Minister, made quite a sensation in the East Room, as she was very fair, with blue eyes and light golden hair, looking very beautiful in a white embroidered crape, and having Neapolitan violets as a corsage boquet, with no jewels but a string of pearls. Mrs. Clayton McMichael had a lovely toilette of black lace over pink. Mademoiselle Nougairas in a white silk with a tulle overdress of the same color. Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, of New York, was also present, dressed handsomely, and was much talked of in the society columns of the local papers.

Among those present was General Hazen, the hero of Fort McAllister, who was raised near Hiram village, in Ohio. His father, Stillman Hazen, owned an ashery, and William used to gather up the ashes from the farmers and bring them to the shop to make potash and sal-soda. He was a bright scholar, and there being a vacancy at West Point to be credited to the Ashtabula District, the Hon. Joshua Giddings had young Hazen appointed. He was wounded in the arm by arrows sent by Camanche Indians in southwestern Texas, after he had graduated at the Military Academy, and got a promotion to a Colonelcy for meritorious service. He rapidly rose in the civil war, and in spite of the most malignant enemies, the meanest persecution from a coterie

of brother officers at the Capital, he was one of the ablest and purest officers in the service. His life was a fair representation of American energy, and with Garfield from the tow-path, they have made Northern Ohio famous for sturdy growth into glorious manhood. He died in January, 1887, much lamented.

The city was in a turmoil about this time over the passage of the bill giving Fitz John Porter his old place in the regular army. Democrats were jubilant, and Republicans depressed.

If Porter were true, why should confederates care whether he was re-instated or not. The broad grin on rebels' faces showed where their sympathies lay, when the passage of the bill was announced by the President of the Senate. "Grant," they shouted "was for his re-instatement," and this gave Sabin, of Minnesota, a chance to pay off a debt he owed Democrats. Not a North-western Senator voted for Porter, but Sabin, General Logan and Manderson, of Nebraska, were well sustained by their sections. Would President Arthur veto the bill? It was thought, if he vetoed the relief measure, it might estrange General Grant and his friends before the coming convention at Chicago. If he signed it, Mr. Arthur would not be sustained by the West, especially. But the President always did his duty without sound of trumpet, and vetoed the bill.

On St. Patrick's day, 1884, Mr. Arthur received the "Clan ne Gael" and other Irish societies from the portico of the White House, a time honored custom at the Capital.

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Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, invited members of the press one evening, to see his new log cabin on Meridian Hill, and the odd-looking domicile among the fine residences was a curious sight, and it proved a sure enough cabin, being made of pine logs from a Maryland forest, not far away. There are three rooms—parlor, bed-room and kitchen, furnished with handsome rugs, portieres of dark stuffs, rural chairs, buffalo robes,

the antlers of deer—on the bed, bear skins, and an eider down quilt. A Mexican saddle was in a corner, a bowie knife on his toilet table, and other furniture of a western cabin. There were pictures of pretty actresses on the walls, and photographs of lovely girls on a number of brackets. The poet is a large, brown haired man with a monkish crown, side whiskers and blue eyes, and he wears like Buffalo Bill, a large sombrero, summer and winter. His "Sword of the South" was written in the cabin of George Cable's near New Orleans, and there is a strong friendship between these foremost writers of the period. Being an entertaining talker, Mr. Miller was invited to literary reunions, and was much admired by the ladies of the Capital, especially through the autumn of 1884. He was correspondent for the San Francisco Call, and dramatic critic for the Literary Life of Chicago.

At a *musical* given by a Boston professor on Franklin Park, Mr. Miller was present, also Mrs. Emily Thornton Charles (Emily Hawthorne), the author of a book of sweet and tender poems,—Mrs. M. E. Burke, the pleasant song writer, and Mrs. Mary A. Kail, the balladist from Ohio, whose "Crown Our Heroes" reached to 250,000 copies in the market. Mr. J. L. McCreery, of Dubuque, read his beautiful poem, "There Is No Death," and "Bessie Beach," a criticism on George Eliot and her relations with Lewes, her husband. Madame Logan sang "Douglass Tender and True," and Miss Evans, of Alexandria, from the "Waterfall."

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Before the Republican convention in June, there was an iteration and reiteration of the availability of certain candidates, General W. T. Sherman was talked of, but he positively declined long before the convention, although many thought he would make a soldier leader to bring the party to victory. But old "Tecump" would not have the nomination.

Senator Sherman says "I am not a candidate," but added he thoughtfully, "we can carry Ohio in October for the Republicans," and proved a true prophet. General Phil Sheridan, with the romance of his Winchester ride and his sturdy enforcement of law in Louisiana in the early reconstruction period, had many followers. But some timid people feared that a Catholic could not carry the country through with him as the standard bearer.

General Logan, after his triumphant march in northern and central New York, had "a whoop and a hurrah." Blaine's friends were working quietly into clubs, and on the Pacific Slope using every means for their favorite candidate to be brought before the convention at Chicago.

President Arthur, who had so faithfully carried his administration through such trials, modestly admitted he would like the nation to pass its approval upon his policy, and public measures. Of course, his friends, who thought they lived in free America, urged his renomination, and among the Southern Republicans he was their first choice. Those colored men who voted for another candidate did not voice the feeling of that large body of voters. Whether Mr. Blaine was right, or not, in using his influence against the Force Bill—that action stood against him, and there was no bigger falsehood ever told than this, "the men bought by offices are for Mr. Arthur."

The writer of these sketches was in communication with all the leading white Southern Republicans, and they were opposed to Mr. Blaine for the reason that *he* opposed placing the army at Southern polls, to protect them from Ku-Klux.

Time has passed on. These objections may not come up again with such force, but from 1874, the time when the Force bill was voted down, Mr. Blaine has not been the first choice of the Southern Republicans, and while Senator Conkling had personal enmities, he voiced the feeling of these men in 1876 and in 1880.

The Stalwarts in 1884 carried forward this feeling, and in the strife of temporary chairman at Chicago between Powell of Arkansas and Lynch of Mississippi, this was the underground contest. But the Stalwarts were beaten in the nomination for President. Mr. Arthur was soon to be retired, which really broke his heart through the long, weary months that followed his leaving the White House.

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In May, Squires & Co., private bankers, doing business on Pennsylvania avenue, failed for a large amount of money, involving one of the District Commissioners, Edmunds, in a supposed loss of \$42,000. This made a sensation as many clerks deposited their hard earnings because they could get a high interest on deposits—in promises. Squires was abused roundly and committed suicide in a few days after the failure. Commissioner Edmunds formerly from Iowa City, was sued in the courts by creditors of the bank to recover some of the money lost, but it was proved on the whole, that Squires borrowed money of the Commissioner, and that the latter was not a partner in the bank. “The five per centers,” or men, who loan money to a clerk for thirty days at an exorbitant interest, make a great deal of money in Washington. Some of these *bankers* buy a man’s pay in the army or Navy for much less than the government pays him at the end of a quarter—so these chaps do a thriving business. Some of them have invested these savings in real estate, which has advanced five hundred per cent in a few years so that fortunes were made in this way.

There was a business failure in June, which caused a good deal of trouble among poor clerks, who had placed their money with the firm of Middleton & Co., bankers of F street, northwest. Mrs. Hutchinson, a widow lady whose husband had died the year before, lost \$100,000 by their villainy. Their best plan seemed to cheat women, for among other ladies, who lost smaller

sums was Mrs. Judge Chisholm, the wife of the murdered jurist of Copiah county, Mississippi. She lost \$2,000 dollars, the savings of five years hard earned at her desk in the First Comptroller's office, where she was kindly placed by that grand man, the Hon. John Sherman, when Secretary of the Treasury. A pale, sweet faced lady, who had the horror of seeing her husband and daughter shot down by a Ku-Klux mob at her door. Miss Cornelia, a young girl only 16 years of age, when the mob reached the threshold and clamored for her father's blood, she threw herself over his breast and received the first charge. But it did not save her father. He was a martyr to the cause of human liberty, his son was wounded, and the scared remnants of the family were sent north by faithful negroes, and a property worth \$100,000 was abandoned to the mob. The lady, nor her sons, have not dared to go back to the plantation, and it was sold for taxes some time ago. After the Democrats came into power, she was moved out of the Treasury into the Money Order Division of the Postoffice for Mr. Fairchild says. "It won't do to discharge her. But you can tell the Democrats of Mississippi, she is out of the Treasury." This double dealing with Northern feeling and Southern ghoulishness, is characteristic of these reformers—the Cleveland administration.

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A tournament! Ever since childhood when we read the novels of Walter Scott, a tournament was our embodied idea of social elegance. The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. ran an excursion train to Forest Glen, August 6, for the purpose of giving Capitolians a chance to see one of these knightly gatherings, where the beauty and chivalry of Montgomery county, Maryland, would meet to decide the tournament prizes. Forest Glen was nine miles from Washington, and about a half mile from the station. The road was hot and dusty, but our party walked through the sand with enthusiasm. It seemed that Carroll Chapel, which

was originally built a hundred years ago, by the Maryland Catholics of this section, had been repainted and repaired somewhat, and the vestry or priest in charge had concluded a tournament would bring in some money to its treasury. The old chapel stands in a church yard where the tombstones reeled in the grass, and on their gray and mouldy breasts, it was hard to decipher the inscriptions, when the dust below lived and died. If the "loved and lost" of A. D. 1800, could sit up in their shrouds and see the gay crowds—little girls in "Mother Hubbard" dresses and peaked hats—ladies with immense tournures, and hats wound with cloth enough to make an old-fashioned pillow case—bicycles, velocipedes, baby wagons—the tum-tum of a banjo—the old folks would turn over for another century's sleep and wonder "what on airth will the critters dew next?" The honey bees flew in and out under the eaves of the old church, yellow butterflies chased each other over the mounds of the churchyard, the birds sang in the cedars and pines, as if death never came into this pretty spot. The tournament grounds are just east of the church, and the master of ceremonies after lunch at 3 P. M. called the riders into position. The trees and arches were ornamented with flags of all nations—an occasional starry flag to be seen at a dining booth. The band played "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Dixie," but no national airs, as it was considered a boom for the Republicans, if any should be heard. The most of the people had been secessionists, and would vote for Cleveland in the coming November election.

The track for the race was through a worn-out tobacco field—three arches or bars, are set up over the track, and a couple of wires run down from each arch with a red ring attached. Each rider must take the rings off these wires on the point of his lance three times. There were five contestants who entered the joust, and paid a sum of money to the church for the privilege. Each rider is called by the chief Marshal, who wore an elegant sword

belt, sash and ribbons. Each rider, also, wore a sash. Beyond was a field with low stunted corn, then an orchard—a sweet meadow—an old farm house, and next to the sky, a forest line of oaks and pines. It was a pretty picture. When the knights had all got into position, the chief marshal shouted “Charge!” and dashing down a slight declivity, they all went under the bars, carrying a ring or two on their lances.

The joust finally terminated in a couple of hours in favor of Mr. Frank Clark taking the rings three times, and leading upon the dancing platform a Miss Caldwell of Washington, who proved to be a dumpy brunette—she was there crowned “Queen of Love and Beauty.” Miss Cissel, of Howard county, who lived about ten miles away, and far prettier than the Queen, was chosen her maid of honor. It proved a pleasant and profitable party for the church, as there was an immense crowd, and dancing was kept up until after midnight.

CHAPTER XIII.

RATIFICATION MEETINGS—WASHINGTON MONUMENT CELEBRATION—
MRS. LINCOLN'S AND NEW YEARS RECEPTIONS.

The District Columbia W. C. T. U., held its annual meeting at the new Garfield Memorial church September 12. The pulpit was beautifully draped in ferns and smilax, handsomely framed pictures of Miss Willard and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, wreathed with ivy, were placed on a table in front of the pulpit. Over all, hung a magnificent picture of the lamented Garfield, and at the left was an open door leading to the pastor's library and study, elegantly furnished by the ladies of the church. It was a handsome structure.

There was also a ratification meeting held at the City Hall by the Democrats, and Col. Bradley Johnson who fed our prison boys at Salisbury, N. C., on ground corn cobs, was on hand, and made a speech—also, the Hon. Jerry Murphy of Iowa orated, and with the procession of hired boys with torches—a boom of an old cannon, it looked as if the Washingtonians took a little stock in the performance. A mule walked in the procession, a pair of red flannel roosters were carried behind him and crowed for victory—the platform was draped with ivy and flags, but the statue of Lincoln near by, not touched by flag or flower, stood in the white electric light, like an accusing angel.

The Democrats at their Chicago convention, in June, had nominated Governor Cleveland, New York, over General Butler, ex-Senator McDonald, and Roswell P. Flower, of New York.

The Prohibition party had ex-Governor St. John, as their standard bearer, and in August the boom of General Butler, as

the candidate of the Greenback Labor party, had got well under headway, rousing the Anti-Monopolists to action.

The Democrats went into the campaign with the war cry, "Turn the rascals out." The Republicans answered among other things, "When you went out of power in 1861, there were but thirteen cents in the United States Treasury." The old account books of the navy in the Fourth Auditor's office showed, that from 1830 to 1861, over a million of dollars, in sums ranging from ten to seventy-five thousand, were squandered by the Democrat navy agents, alone.

In 1877, the cry of "turn the rascals out" caused an investigation all through the Treasury, and they could find no evidences of fraud or mismanagement, and this commission was headed by Senator Davis of West Virginia, a bitter Democrat.

After the death of Judge Folger, General Gresham was taken from the Postoffice Department and made Secretary of the Treasury, although in the interregnum, Charles E. Coon, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, filled the office so acceptably, that many thought the President would appoint him to the higher place. After a short time, the Hon. Frank Hatton was called up higher from First Assistant to Postmaster General, in place of Judge Gresham. President Arthur in his friendship for the latter official, then gave him a life long position on the Bench, as Circuit Judge for Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, and made Hon. Hugh McCullough Secretary of the Treasury, for the short time he was to remain at the White House. Mr. McCullough had been Andy Johnson's Secretary for the term while he was in office. Mr. Hatton was a printer boy, rose to be an editor of a metropolitan daily, had given his best energies to the postal service, and made a brainy, easily approached officer, while he was at the head of the Postoffice Department.

He did not shut himself up, and refuse the cards of his humbler acquaintances, but did his duty modestly and well.

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X A meeting was held at the M. E. Foundry Church by ladies from the different churches, and a protest was printed in the N. Y. Tribune, as coming from these Christian women, "that for the sake of morality, no such libertine as Grover Cleveland should be permitted by the American people to go to the White House as their representative—as their Chief Magistrate."

Several of the Buffalo clergy had proved up the case of Maria Halpin and her boy, and the adoption of the child Oscar, by one of the Folsom family.

To these good women there was something wrong in a proven case of immorality. Mr. Cleveland said, "Tell the truth." This was manly. He did not deny the accusation, and the newspapers carried on the campaign with unwonted zeal.

Puck, the cartoonist, brought out Mr Blaine as a tattooed man, and photographed a part of the famous Mulligan letters. The "Judge," another cartoon sheet, fired off with Mr. Cleveland's big neck, and Maria Halpin driving up to the White House with her boy. Then came the counter charge by the Indianapolis Sentinel against Mr. Blaine's reputation, that he was guilty of a misdemeanor against perfect chastity. Whether this was true or not, Mr. Blaine committed a great blunder in suing the Sentinel for slander, and then withdrawing the charge—letting them off without damages, and proving nothing for himself, only, that he married the lady, and proved a loyal husband. In all the charges against Mr. Blaine there has never been a whisper of scandal since his marriage, and in all his varied public life, no woman has ever been mixed up with the accusations against his official record.

Mr. Cleveland did not marry Maria Halpin, but provided for the child in the Folsom family. So that after all in private matters, it was "a drawn game, between the two great contending parties" said the politician mugwumps. The contest between them grew more and more passionate, and bitter feelings developed between department clerks, who were conservative and obeyed the civil service law, while intense Republicans defied it—giving to the different State associations campaign money and labor in the campaign headquarters after office hours, even into the late hours of night for the old party's sake. "We earn our money," said they, "we can give to missionary funds, why not to this campaign?" These state Republican associations met at different places in the city every week, made preparations for taking home voters, and many foresaw that a small majority either way would be the result in November. Through Virginia there was a good deal of altercation, families divided—the Republicans getting in a good deal of campaign work. Negroes were terrorized in the southwestern part of the State, and a good deal of money was scattered by certain Democratic agents of the Liquor League, and D. C. campaign fund through the old Commonwealth. St. John, and the temperance cranks were at work in New York. W. C. Templar Stearns, in the east room of the White House, laid up an oath in heaven that the order would defeat the Republicans that year.

After the victorious Ohio election for the Republicans in October, the Democrats were hopeless as to the future contest the next month, and if Mr. Blaine had gone directly to Augusta, Maine—had no New York dinner—no Burchard episode, he would have been President now, by a small majority. But Senator Gorman's stenographer and private secretary heard Burchard's speech; it was printed by the thousands in a few hours, and special agents of the Chairman carried this blundering speech and placed it at the threshold of every Catholic church in New

York State, and thus victory was snatched from the jaws of defeat, and Grover Cleveland was elected by 1,100 majority.

For several days, in spite of the happy boasts of Democrats, very few of the Washington business men, or department clerks believed that New York had gone Democratic, thus turning over the country to rebels. The clerks on the 9th and 10th of November did but little work in the departments. Some were deathly pale from sleeplessness, others swore with Flander oaths that it could not be true, while the old rebel element drank in good old bourbon toasts to the incoming Democratic administration. The New York Tribune kept sending out little lies to let the country down easy. One lady clerk in the Treasury got a dispatch from a New York friend in the Tribune office that the Plumed Knight was elected by 800 majority. Rushing into the lower corridor, she screamed hysterically, "Blaine! Blaine is elected." The screams were taken up all over the building by hundreds of voices, and old soldiers and loyal people shook hands with a great cry. But the reaction came that evening that Cleveland was President. Many of the clerks were poor—trust deeds on mortgaged homes, and if "to the victors belonged the spoils," there would be great distress and losses. Could they sell their homes? By the 4th of March would there not be such a glut in the real estate market by throwing so many houses on it for sale, that the clerk could not realize much from this resource. Helpless old soldiers; they had no faith in civil service or Democracy. Many grew gray in a short time. They never were so economical, and the city never saw such a depression in business.

Their Democratic relatives, were written to in a cousinly way by some, others were too proud, but after all, the social influences were unsparingly used by many Republican clerks. This cannot be denied. A panic seized on many. If it could be covered up many hedged about campaign work. Human nature was weak in view of the flesh pots of Egypt.

The civil service law had been so understood by Postmaster Pierson of New York and other Republicans, that while in office they must not be in a partisan conflict, so their efforts were uncertain and lukewarm. On account of this construction of the law, which since that time is understood to be correct—Mr. Blaine's friends had a bitter feeling against Mr. Arthur and his officials. But it was unworthy of them, for all was done by the President, possible. The country demanded civil service—right or wrong.

In November, the trial of Judge Advocate Swain was begun at the Ebbitt House, General Grosvenor of Ohio, counsel for the defense. It was charged by Bateman & Co., bankers, that General Swain had obtained money from them under false pretenses, and other things were in the accusations, that were unbecoming in an officer and gentleman. This court-martial was ordered by Secretary Lincoln, and dragged on for several weeks—the court having General Terry as presiding officer.

The lady guests of the hotel often came into the room with their embroidery and knitting of Berlin wool—there were vases of flowers to be seen, and the starry flag in silken folds draped the windows of the room.

General Swain, the trusted friend of General Garfield, and the officer in charge of the Garfield Memorial Fair of the Army of the Cumberland, only two years before, was found guilty of dishonest practices, and removed from the office of Judge Advocate General of the Army, and also cashiered of his pay for three years. It was a terrible blow to his friends and himself.

December 8, 1884, saw the great Washington monument finished amid the cheering of thousands—the booming of artillery, and several bands discoursing the “Star Spangled Banner” and “America” as the old flag was run up forty-five feet above the aluminum apex, making 600 feet from the ground to the point in the sky where the edge of the stars and stripes touched the line

of heaven. It was a noble enterprise, well finished, as to the exterior. The statues and pieces of marble given to the nation to be placed in the interior of the crypt, and the adornment of the grand staircase would require a further appropriation, and be a creditable addition to the beautiful obelisk. The elevator is not finished yet, as it should be, and visitors are annoyed by the supercilious airs of the officers in care of the structure.

At the opening of the closing session of the Forty-eighth Congress, President Arthur in a dignified manner alluded to his retirement from public life, and recommended the passage of the Dakota bill, the enlargement of the consular service, partial suspension of silver coinage at two and a half millions a month, the greater increase of our coast defences, and to make the army and navy more efficient in case of war. There was a great deal of hilarity among Democrats. Senator Gorman of Maryland, as Chairman of the Congressional Committee, and to whom so much praise was due from their party, found his desk adorned with an immense rooster of brilliant plumage made of red roses, and the tail of pampas grass was so adorned with straw flowers, that it looked like a real game cock, and was greeted with shouts of laughter before the Chaplain opened the Senate. Voorhees, Beck and McPherson were full of fun, and their desks were covered with victorious designs in flowers. But the pages were called in a few minutes after the Chaplain had finished his devotions, and the offending roosters, flags of victory, etc., were carried to the cloak rooms out of sight to the Republicans, who felt chagrined in spite of themselves, to be the fifth wheel of the Democratic "tally ho coach. To confirm Democratic policy, to be the clincher of their crude efforts at legislation, was a bitter pill indeed.

In the House there were congratulations among the victorious—flowers on Democratic desks—a full gallery of spectators, and a reception room of mourning, long-veiled widows, waiting and

begging for places, for it was thought that Republican officials would give way and let these supplicating creatures into good positions, for the "*change*—the blessed change" had come.

Through the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine visited the Capital and were handsomely entertained by General Loring, then Commissioner of Agriculture—at Senator Hills' to a swell dinner, and received calls from the best people, while they seemed as happy as if defeat were a thing unknown, or uncared for now.

Congress adjourned for the holidays, and passes were given many of them to go to the New Orleans Exposition, but most of them went home.

Senator Gorman had a banquet tendered him at Baltimore, which proved a grand affair with wines, terrapin, and such lovely flower designs for the tables.

Sometimes the florists make funny mistakes in spelling.

Representative Murphy received a canal boat rigged with the word "Hennipin" in purple immortelles on a white rose back ground, interspersed with Marechal Neils. Representative H—— of Maryland, received a pillow of roses with "Sweet Violets" in the center. "Who is your Violet, Hob?" came in from all sides of the House. A low whistle of the song by Emmet was heard behind his chair. "Now you are mad because you didn't get any" said "Hob" to his tormentor, but the pillow went out of the door. There is so much chaffing, and the faintest suspicion that some affectionate lady has sent it, that half of the Congressmen resent a costly basket of flowers.

One waggish Representative received early in the morning hour, a beautiful gift of flowers. Not caring to be chaffed, he quietly put it upon Holman's desk, the great Indiana objector, who upon coming in and finding it there, whacked it upon the floor, and kicked the beauty out of it, as the unwelcome thing spun down the aisle among the spittoons.

At Gorman's banquet, there were regrets from some of the old wheel-horses of democracy, who did not care after all, to swell the Maryland Senator's popularity, yet 500 happy Democrats, in answer to toasts, made boastful and vain-glorious speeches. They entered into no promises, whereby their policy was indicated for the good of the public service—nothing but shouts of victory.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood went down to the New Orleans Exposition about this time, and made a little speech there at the instigation of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Chairman of the Woman's Department.

The fare from the Capital was put down to \$40 for the round trip, and a good many citizens visited the Crescent City for the first time in their lives. The show brought together the citizens of North and South, and it proved a great success, except in finances. The managers asked Congress after the Exposition closed for \$400,000 more to reimburse them for money borrowed to carry on the affair. Congressman Holman objected, but the matter was compromised by Congress not getting back all the original loan of a million into the Treasury. The newspapers declared that "Superintendent Burk was in a state of mental anguish, and must be re-imbursed." The loan was given by Congress, and what was the use in lugging it back to the Treasury. The South wanted it, and the truth was, the most of it got scattered around New Orleans.

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On January 1, 1885, President Arthur gave a New Year's reception to the public, after the Cabinet, Congressmen, Army and Navy officers, had been presented. The conservatory, rich in palms, ferns, azaleas and roses was rifled for its sweets, and yet there was enough left to make it a lovely place to the visitor. A phantom lily was among its attractions, a bird of paradise flower, and a new orchid of the Stanhope variety. It is as a large

as a tea cup—beautiful in its whiteness. The nun flower is a tall potted plant with a white flower cup, and its stamens are so arranged as to give the appearance of a veiled nun in the center.

At this reception Lieutenant Greeley was presented, and proved to be the lion of the occasion. He is a tall, light complexioned Yankee, and wears his Saxon hair parted in the middle—the features rather feminine, and he speaks in a thin tone of voice, and yet his endurance was remarkable among the frozen ledges of the Northern coast. Sergeant Brainard was also present.

Among the receiving party of ladies, was Mr. Hugh McCullough in a black velvet *princesse*; Mrs. Frank Hatton, a “fayre ladye” in pink silk, and being of the Cabinet, she gave a lunch in the course of the week, the Wednesday following being Cabinet day for receptions. She proved a charming hostess. Mrs. Reed, wife of the Hon. Tom Reed, of Maine, wore a white corded silk, her beautiful shoulders and bust in a very *decollette* bodice, the corsage bouquet of red roses. Another charming lady was Mrs. Judge McArthur in black velvet, her diamonds remarkably fine. She is very charitable, but now has retired from Washington society since the Judge’s death.

For a *decollette* corsage, it seems as if there should be a government censor appointed, to bare the shoulders of many ladies. So many scrawny, wry necks, with a black, hairy list down the spine, that no number of boxes of “Lily White” could cover its repulsiveness, and yet evening after evening these bones are exposed, these deficiencies made plain with a bland smile, because it is the fashion to wear low necked dresses—therefore, it must be charming. They can use the fan in front, but no lace or wing of fairy can cover the ugly backs of these belles.

Mr. Pendall, the gray haired usher, said it was “a brilliant scene.” Mrs. Lincoln used to call him Mr. “Penelton” some times. After the assassination, she slowly went daft. When

she would order the carriage, it might not be a moment after the messenger had gone, before she would slip out, go to the carriage house, and stop the harnessing of the horses. She was a very sweet, amiable woman before the troubles of the civil war began. Mr. Theaker, the United States Commissioner of patents under Mr. Lincoln, saw the lady strike the President in a fit of passion. Mr. Theaker was astonished that the President did not rebuke her, at least, by a warning look. "No, no, Theaker," said he, it does Mary some good, and it don't hurt me more than a fly." If the White House ushers would turn society reporters, what a chapter of interesting events would be unfolded. Mr. Pendall was appointed in 1864; Leoffler, the faithful guardian of the Executive Chamber, in 1866; Mr. Barr and the handsome Dinsmore, later.

Albert, the coachman, is generally around at all the gatherings. He was appointed by General Grant in his first term, and drove the hearse at the funeral cortege at Riverside.

One, occasionally, gets a glimpse of the White House servants at receptions, peeping out at the lower windows. The lower part of the house is a lonely looking place. The furnace and coal take up a good share of room—the range is large, and pantry shelves groan with good things which the steward has bought in market. But the roaches and water bugs will often take possession. Over the east door of the basement, there is the old fashioned fan shaped window that was put in 1818, when the White House was thoroughly repaired after British occupation. People come, people go, but it stays there forever.†

Music above our heads hurries us back to the gay scenes. There was the usual jam, the florist did his work in the most effective manner—the Marine Band played its most entrancing waltzes, yet there was a feeling of depression—a shadow of the coming parting at the 4th of March. This seemed to sadden the

President's face, and made his hand grasp the visitor, a moment longer than usual.

After the adjournment of the holidays was over, Congress met, and in the Senate, the Spanish and Nicaraguan treaties were discussed in executive sessions. The Cubans under the Spanish treaty wanted free trade, and the cigar makers of the East opposed the free importation of Havanas—the sugar planters of Louisiana opposed, and the fruit preservers of Baltimore did not want to come into competition with the Cubans under the treaty, for foreign fruits would hurt their trade seriously. This treaty was not ratified.

We were to plant the American flag at the entrance of the Nicaraguan Canal, guarantee the independence of that South American province, and New York capitalists could build the canal across that isthmus without paying for right-of-way. We had no navy to guarantee the independence of a sick kitten, outside of our own coast line, and while we might shout for Blaine's South American policy, or oppose the hanging of Irish Americans on British soil, or send our merchant ships to South America, we had but ninety old wooden ships, and it was buncombe to talk threateningly to anybody, or any nation of importance.

The Republicans for some time had plead for appropriations, to enlarge the Army and Navy, but it was of no use. The treaty with Nicaraguan was not ratified for obvious reasons, and perhaps we might add the Pacific railroads opposed the building of this canal, as it would cheapen transportation between San Francisco and New York, bringing wheat and fruit from California much cheaper than by rail. That ended the matter.

In the House, Reagan, of Texas, brought up his Inter-State Commerce bill⁴ whereby railroad pools were forbidden, "rates per ton, per mile" and other restrictions on railroad traffic were proposed.

The Hennepin Canal was talked of—this time in connection with the Florida Ship Canal, which crossed the peninsular State on a divide of eighty miles in length, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean. Neither bill passed Congress.

The Library bill was engineered through, but the Mexican Pension bill hung fire on account of Southern men not taking the oath of allegiance, who would be benefitted by its provisions.

Moody, the Evangelist, held immense meetings at the Congregational church, about the middle of January—tickets being presented to the different churches of the city, so that the crowd would not be too great, although every seat was full, and many stood through the services. Mr. Sankey was not present, but the organist, Prof. Bischoff, gave the desired music for the occasion. It was said that Mr. Moody had added to the church 50,000 members in America and England, since he commenced preaching as a lay member.

The trial of the ex-confederate Captain—John A. Drew, the druggist on Pennsylvania avenue for navy frauds in complicity with certain officials, was concluded about the 1st of February, giving an acquittal to the gentleman to the great surprise of everybody. But the rebels were on top.

Rooms were engaged at the Arlington Hotel, for the Cleveland presidential party prior to the inauguration—the same given to President Diaz and family upon their recent visit to the Capital. This suite of rooms overlook Vermont avenue, and were handsomely furnished with rich portieres, lace curtains, crimson upholstery, and carpets of dark red, gave them an unusually rich appearance from the lofty stairway of the hotel.

Preparations were made by President Arthur and Mrs. McElroy to leave the White House, a day or two before the inauguration—vans from the express companies carried away loads of trunks and boxes, belonging to the family. Mr. Chester Allan

Arthur, Jr., had a pleasant season at the Capital this winter when he asked a holiday of Princeton, but he felt with the rest, the mournful parting from the scene of their social triumphs.

Through the town, dressmakers were lively in getting handsome toilettes ready for the inaugural ball, and in New York and even in Paris, at the hands of Worth, there were preparations made for the coming event.

“The King is dead! Long live the new King!”

Republicans were scarce. Democrats in the departments were found everywhere. It was “safer,” even if Mr. Cleveland proposed to stand by the civil service law, as reported by George Wm. Curtis.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLEVELAND'S INAUGURATION—WHITE HOUSE AFFAIRS—DECORATION DAY—MT. VERNON REGENTS—OFFICIAL AX.

The morning of the day, when Grover Cleveland was to be inaugurated the twenty-second President of the United States, dawned in mildness over the Maryland hills, and through the eventful day it was so warm that ladies wore light wraps, and an overcoat proved a nuisance to many a sight-seer on that occasion.

The streets had been swept—flags floated over the buildings on Pennsylvania avenue and many private dwellings were decorated with bunting. Long before noon, the hour for the exercises to begin, the streets were crowded with people. The United States artillerists with their red caps and heavy looking uniform headed the first section of the army, and were deployed on the White Lot—the horses as well disciplined as if they had just come from a review by Von Moltke. They moved into the line soon after, and paraded with the rest of the soldiers to the East Capitol front, where the President-elect took the oath of office and gave his inaugural in a clear voice, with only a very few notes, as immovable as a sphynx, amid the cheering of thousands. After the ceremony he stepped into his carriage, accompanied by ex-President Arthur; the next carriage, drawn by four milk-white steeds, contained the well-known form of Vice President Hendricks and friends, the distinguished gentleman rising from his seat often, and waving his hat to the crowd, who cheered themselves hoarse at this demonstration of his regard for the masses.

There were no arches, or signs of victory to be seen, but the waving of banners—Mr. Cleveland objecting to any street decoration. After the Presidential party, came the Seventh Regiment of New York for an escort—the Pennsylvania State Militia

8,000 strong dressed in blue, and the whole length of Pennsylvania avenue from the Treasury to the Peace Monument, looked like a broad blue riband from curb to curb, and flashing from the guns the light fell in wavy lines on this wide ribbon in a very beautiful perspective. After these, were the Richmond Greys, with the Confederate General at their head, Fitzhugh Lee. The crowd gathered largely from Maryland and Virginia secessionists, cheered and yelled, as he rode in a very graceful manner a black horse, and touching his hat occasionally with gauntleted hand, "like an olden knight," so his admirers said. He was elected Governor of Virginia, the following summer. The Grand Army Posts turned out to honor the occasion, but many of them with heavy hearts. Some swore on the parade in an undertone, and limped along on their tired limbs, for most of them were in the different departments, and if not present might be commented upon at some future time, and to lose their places, for lack of courtesy, was not to be thought of by the scarred, old veterans.

They, the heroes of another epoch were there, two thousand strong. The swell companies of the city—the Continentals, the Washington Light Infantry, the Emmet Guards, National Rifles, and the Capital City Guards (the colored soldiers), were in the procession, as well as a Baltimore regiment and Palmetto Guards. After the soldiery came the civic societies, the Americus Club of Philadelphia eight hundred in line, the Sam Randall Club and another company from the Quaker City were in the procession with bands of music, banners flying, and with their gay uniforms, made an interesting feature of the parade. Tammany, Irving Hall, and the County Democracy in grey suits were in their glory, and looked at the Treasury when they passed it as if they "would turn the rascals out" before the corn bloomed on the Potomac.

The Cincinnati Club of healthy, well pedigreed Democrats were in the procession, and the Iroquois from Chicago, also made

a handsome show of themselves. Handsome equipages were seen in every direction enjoying the day—"a Cleveland day," as the new President's admirers said to each other. As the day grew to its close, rockets and Roman candles, balloons and Chinese fire-works, gave beauty to the sky and Maryland hills.

Vice President and Mrs. Hendricks were quartered at the Willard, and their rooms were crowded with visitors till they took their carriage for the Inaugural Ball. Flowers were sent to their parlors in profusion, and every attention was showered upon them, but alas! in a few short months, the scene changed to their Indiana home shrouded in black—and Mrs. Hendricks, after reaching almost to the summit of her highest ambition, was thrust back to a lonely fireside—a weeping mourner, a comfortless widow. As they came down the stairway of the hotel, and out at the Fourteenth street entrance, they were a distinguished looking couple, and upon reaching the ball, were again "the observed of all observers."

The din of rolling carriages, the handing out of ladies and their maids by the footmen; the subdued voices of the true aristocracy, the flashing of jewels and the unrolling of ladies' trains, were the preliminaries of the great drama in society, for which preparations had been made for many a month previous to the affair.

It is not easy to do justice to a great gathering of this kind, for much must be left to the imagination, and in a sketch of this evening, we only suggest to the memory of those present, a faint representation of the scene.

The District Committee of Arrangements for the Inauguration and ball, were very anxious that the new Pension building should be fitted up for the latter festivity, but a storm blew the roof off in several places only a few days before the 4th of March but after working night and day, it proved a good make shift. The building had been plastered over two coats, stoves were

put up in every place available, and the decorators from New York soon put touches of beauty in the interior of the ungainly structure, that were surprising. The heavy iron pillars, two feet through, that supported the dome, were covered with neutral tinted paper, and wound with strings of smilax and maiden hair ferns, interspersed with palms from the Carolina swamps, while around the galleries were draped flags, and velvet curtains festooned with flowers that filled in the spaces where there was a gap, and thousands of dollars were expended in this manner. Pictures were draped, and floral designs of wondrous beauty peeped out from every corner of the immense building. But in Mr. Cleveland's room the *chef d'œuvre* challenged the guests admiration. It was an executive chair, as large as any, made of tube roses, Marshal Neils and smilax, with other costly decorations in flowers. The Wilton carpet and lace curtains were lovely, the new President's picture, life size, was on the wall, vases of cut flowers every where, and all, that a grateful Democracy, who had been away from Washington for nearly a quarter of a century, could do, was not grudged, and as Colonel Norris, one of the Committee said, "It shall be a buster, and beat the Republicans anyhow." A floral design in an immense globe three feet through, to represent the State Department—War, Navy, and so on, even to the Department of Justice with its even scales of justice made of a bar of white roses, cups of carnation pinks, and everything as perfect, as if wrought of iron.

The Marine Band under Sousa, as leader, was stationed in a handsome stand in the center of this immense court, and 2,000 couples danced to the entrancing measures. It was a magnificent sight. The brilliant costumes of the ladies—the diplomatic corps—the dashing uniform of the Army and Navy, made a picture long to be remembered. Supper was served in several side rooms of the building. The tickets were \$5 a piece, and the next night after the ball, before the flowers had lost their entire freshness, the Marine Band, under the direction of the Inaugu-

ration Committee, gave a promenade concert in the same place—tickets \$1. About 4,000 people came again, to view the fading splendors of the great ball. Police were stationed in all parts of the building, and the arrangements were perfect in detail. After this, colored people, and poor white laborers paid fifty cents to see this faded glory of a March night, and compared notes with those on a former occasion. General Grant's first Inaugural ball was on this Judiciary Square, but in a kind of barracks fitted up for the purpose. It was so cold that the ladies shivered in their ball dresses, in spite of red hot stoves and other heating appliances.

General Grant and his good-hearted wife were terribly mortified at the unpleasant atmosphere of the evening, but laughed it off, as something that could not be helped, and met their friends with serene smiles, as they received their many congratulations.

The music was so very fine at Cleveland's Inaugural Ball, that connoisseurs said "it was long to be remembered." The Americus Club Band, of Philadelphia, with one hundred pieces was a marked feature of the occasion. The New York Seventh Regiment Band was also, very much admired.

One of the most beautiful dresses at the ball was worn by Mrs. Carrington, wife of a prominent lawyer, and we reproduce it, as a matter of history. It was a cream-colored brocade, with a crystal tablier front—sleeveless, but made with straps of lace. Over the right shoulder caught up with a diamond pin, and the left shoulder strap was looped over a bunch of ostrich feathers laid flat, while around the low corsage a line of ostrich feathers were overlaid in a dovetail fashion. It was a princess back, *en trainé*. The lady's shoulders and neck were very beautiful, although her face was rather plain. Mrs. Leiter's gown was a pale gold brocaded satin, the petticoat of plain white satin embroidered in heavy silk and chenille—the dress a princess back, *en trainé*, the sleeves puffed from the shoulder to the elbow, and

the lady's beautiful hair was coiffured with pale, amber colored feathers, and an immense corsage bouquet of yellow roses. Mrs. Horace Helyer, the wife of one of the attaches of the British Legation and a reigning belle, was present in a heliotrope satin softened with lace, and a large knot of Neopolitan violets on her corsage. She has the exquisite complexion of an English beauty, with hair as yellow as corn tassels—blue eyes, such a heavenly blue! and features of a slightly Roman cast, as if she might be the descendants of some of the Druids of Stonehenge, at the American Court in Washington. Her toilettes are always the perfection of taste. She is sought after in New York and other great cities, while at the fox hunts at Newport, is the toast of the swell dinners. She is the wife of the Second Secretary of the Legation.

Sir Lionel Sackville West is a small man with light hair, almost bald, with Dundreary whiskers. He is very quiet and unassuming, and not a bold Briton of the type, which Capt. Marryat characterizes to be found among the English aristocracy. Miss Flora, his daughter, had on a beautiful gown of white corded silk, and in every movement she has a sinuous grace and beauty, not easily imitated. She is rather tall with hazel gray eyes, brown hair and an arch expression very winning.

Mrs. Bayard wore an elegant bronze velvet—Miss Kate in a white satin gown. Miss Bayard, before her death, was the most daring *equestrienne* in the city. Her horse was trained to jump a ditch or a fence, and she sat in her saddle like a Diana of the forest.

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The White House was in good repair, so that the new President and his sister Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, were to be envied by the great world, as they closed their eyes for the first time in the historic mansion. There was little change of furniture and other house appointments, as Mr. Arthur's taste could

not be questioned, and through the summer, Tiffany of New York, had decorated the interior in the latest æsthetic fashion. Yes ! the Clevelands were envied that night. Miss Cleveland lay under a blue satin quilt and eider down—the bed being placed in the southwest chamber, so as to have a fine view of the Potomac. The learned essayist and the little school girl of Holland Patent was sleeping where the Prince of Wales met the god Morpheus, and in the beautiful room, the fairy ghost of Dolly Madison danced in the electric shadows wooing her to future social triumphs in the magnificent parlors below.

About the hotels, after this ball was over, speculation run on the new Cabinet, although, it had been announced by newspaper authority, certain gentlemen would be appointed. They were not entirely right. Senator Thos. F. Bayard was called from the Senate to the first place—Secretary of State. Daniel Manning of New York to the Treasury. William C. Endicott, Secretary of War. William C. Whitney, Navy Department. Senator L. Q. C. Lamar to take the portfolio of the Interior. Senator A. H. Garland, of Arkansas, Attorney General. Wm. H. Vilas, Postmaster General.

As Mr. Bayard was a candidate for the Presidency, this appointment gave general satisfaction at the time.

Mr. Manning, the good genius of Cleveland in his campaign for Governor, proved to be the clearest head in the Cabinet. His father had died when he was a youth—his mother, an Irish washwoman, placed her boy in the Albany Argus office as “devil”—he rose to his present position by force of his brain and sound principle taught by his priest, and when he married one of the haughty Livingstons of New York, and ruled the republic by his force of character, one sees the glory of American institutions.

The New Orleans politicians asked for General Money, of Mississippi, to be placed in the new council, but Senator Garland came from the South, and the “fair daughter of the sun” must

be content with him and the dreamy Lamar, the lotus eater. The appointment of Mr. Endicott somewhat surprised the politicians, as it was thought General Slocum, of New York, would be given the War portfolio. It was known the Paynes and Mr. Whitney had given largely to the Cleveland campaign fund, so that the latter's appointment was looked for somewhere in the new Cabinet.

General Sheridan was Lieutenant General of the army, and many timid souls felt stronger for this thought. It would be useless to disguise the fact, that an undefinable dread seized on many people, at the near approach of Democratic rule. The colored people were half sick with anxiety and fear. But father Time turned the hands of the department clocks, day by day; the routine work of each division went on as usual, and no clash of bugles resounded. It was the same old grad-grind, after all.

The new President caused it to be understood that the heads of the different departments would not commence the work of decapitation very soon, and new life went into the stiffened fingers of the old clerks, as they audited accounts and wrought at their desks. "But wait and see," said the alarmists. "It is the lion making ready for his prey." The "Post," the organ for the District of Columbia Democracy, in an editorial of length and spirit, virtually said, "To the victors belong the spoils."

About the 12th of March the President gave a reception to the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet and Congress, who were accompanied by their ladies. The Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief" as President Cleveland and Mrs. Bayard came down the stairs followed by Miss Cleveland and Secretary Bayard, and the rest of the Cabinet with their ladies in quick succession, with the exception of Secretary Lamar and Garland, the latter rarely goes into society. He lives with his mother on New Hampshire avenue near Nineteenth street.

It was a brilliant scene. The actors had changed—jewels, rich silks, beauty and youth graced the occasion. It was the old chapter of society's greed for position and honor. Mr. Cleveland looked bored before an hour had passed—his hand was listless and ungraceful.

Mrs. Endicott, a tall, brown-eyed woman with gray hair in a high coiffure, was stately and polished in everything she said. Her daughter, a fair winsome girl, with a mouth to kiss, and yet she rattled French to the army officer who was her *vis-a-vis*, as if it were her mother tongue—heart and intellect, beauty and grace, was the new Boston force in the worn ruts of dress occasion.

From Buchanan's reign till now. The little modest rose bud of that time bloomed on the revers of a corsage—now, it was a bouquet, as large as a peck measure. The immense hoops of 1857 had given place to the *tournure*, and tied back skirts of today. Many of the old families, who had not crossed the threshold of the White House since Buchanan's time, called on Mr. Cleveland and his sister. The Washington blue bloods were treated kindly, but with scarcely more deference than Yankees. It was a shadow of disappointment. Secession heroes might be given places to satisfy Southern politicians, but socially, they stood no nearer the throne, than a Hoosier at this time. Mrs. Endicott and her daughter, as well as Mrs. Manning with her fine dark eyes, held Cabinet receptions at the Arlington Hotel with their rooms filled at every opportunity.

Mrs. Bayard with her lovely daughter, made Highland Place like the *salon* of Madame Recamier, and Miss Kate in pouring the reception tea, caught the grace of a Ganymede, and her white neck and arms as she leaned against the tea urn, brought a host of admirers to her feet, who flattered her in every foreign language spoken at the Capital by the legations.

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Congress was in extra session for a few weeks, and the Senate

until July, was ready for executive work on Presidential appointments.

The admission of Oklahoma was one of the pet hobbies of the Labor party, and petition after petition was presented by General Weaver of Iowa to the House for the bill to pass, favoring its admission. The West was anxious to have the country thrown open for settlement, and the "boomers" had camped near its borders for many long months under the leadership of Col. Couch, a young, brave looking officer. But Col. Hatch of the regular army had received orders from the War Department, to keep all campers off, as the Indians near by objected. General Weaver and Col. Couch plead with the new President, that Oklahoma was really opened by the cattle barons, and Texas cattle were fed there by a syndicate, instead of being saved as a pasture land for the Indians. These gentlemen also showed by the original treaty, that the Indians had no right to the soil of Oklahoma. The cattle barons, included a few United States Senators, and it was an outrage upon the Western people, to prevent its settlement by the whites.

Col. Boudinot of the Choctaw tribe, had the ear of Mr. Cleveland in this matter and acted for his people, also before the Supreme Court in a large for damages. Col. Boudinot is a half-breed and used to wear his long black hair, down his shoulders artist fashion, but he married a young lady about this time, went to the opera with his hair cut, and looked in his wide sombrero, as a Spanish cabarello in a New York tailor suit.

The appointments of Mr. Cleveland were now given out as characteristic of a *business* administration—that civil service regulations were to prevent the removal of a thorough and efficient officer, but if a man was a drinking careless official, he should be removed.

At first, the Senate accepted this in good faith, but upon a closer examination, it was found that the reformers removed

Republicans because they *were* Republicans and not for dishonesty or inefficiency. Removed officials stood aghast at the thought of a smirched character—to go out to earn a living as a dishonest man was terrible. Going back on their pledges to the mugwumps was bad enough, but to smirch an official to get rid of him, was diabolical. The Senate was in a puzzle what to do with Mr. Cleveland's appointments.

Among the first to fall, was the Baltimore postmaster, and his assistant—General Ross who had lost a leg at Petersburg, while fighting for the old flag. Both were put out, and a Confederate soldier put in General Ross' place, with a chuckle from Senator Gorman and the South. Eugene Higgins, Gorman's satellite in the appointment room of the Treasury, was removing "offensive partisans"—all good clerks, but places were wanted for ex-Confederates.

This was a time when true manhood showed itself. Some Republican officials, thinking to save themselves, would select victims for the ax "as offensive partisans," and see them removed without any compunction of conscience, but, in a few months they, in turn, were decapitated, and sent home to learn a new business. After caucusing and fuming, instead of standing out against the removal of Republicans, it finally gave in, and the Senate confirmed the most of the President's appointments. Mr. Cleveland had promised the Mugwumps and Civil service followers that he would not remove without cause, so, when he said, "I do not choose to tell why I remove certain officials," the hypocrisy of the reform policy was so apparent to thoughtful minds, that the Senate confirmed without question those men who took the places of Republicans, whose private characters were not smirched by official proclamation from the Chief Magistrate, or the heads of departments. "It was removal, Mr. President, after all, for political reasons," said the Republican leaders.

But what worried society and church, was the question, "Where will the Clevelands attend divine services?" Foundry had been the "Court Church" under "Mrs. Hayes' administration," St. Johns under Arthur—now, who would be the lucky preacher? The new "Church of the Covenant" at N northwest and Connecticut avenue (nicknamed Blaine's temple of Presbyterianism because he had given \$25,000) was not finished. But at the first public reception, the 21st of March, given by Miss Cleveland, the Rev. Byron Sunderland accompanied by his wife, gave his name to the first lady in the land, as is customary on such occasions. "Reverend Mr. Sunderland," Miss Cleveland repeated, "my mother used to belong to your church in Central New York," and with great cordiality invited him to remain with Mrs. Sunderland after the reception was over in the parlors.

Miss Cleveland took a pew in the middle aisle of his church, and Mrs. Frances Cleveland retains the sitting at the present time. The 1st Presbyterian Church, on Four-and-a-Half street, thus became the Court Church during the Cleveland administration. Rev. Byron Sunderland, the pastor was Chaplain of the House in Grant's time, and through the war was a pronounced Union man.

On Easter Sunday services were held of a special character; the pulpit had vases of white lilies, and an Easter anthem was sung; a picture of the cross is on the wall, and other innovations would have made John Knox, the founder of Presbyterianism, shudder at this leaning towards Popery. Three hundred years have passed, and Christmas, Easter and other church festivals, are found in all modern church organizations.

At St. James Church (Ritualistic), the altar was entirely white with Easter lilies, while over the cross were hung a number of them in surpassing beauty, and at the foot of the chancel were many potted plants blooming with lily whiteness in their chaste garniture in memory of Him who was risen from the dead.

On Easter Monday, the bachelor President gave permission, as had been the custom, for the school children to spend the holiday in the White House grounds, rolling eggs down the mound where the band platform was placed in summer serenades.

Four or five thousand children, black and white—aristocrats with nurses and footmen, and plain little ones in common tweed and calico, were all happy together, rolling boiled colored eggs down the hill through the grass. There was not a leaf to be seen in the horse chestnuts and maples, but the lawn was an intense April green. There were a dozen beds of jonquils, blue and white crocuses, and the striped grass at the border were all bringing the glad breath of spring to the occupants of the White House, thus early in the season. Such screaming and happy laughs among the little ones! The girls, mostly, wore little Scotch caps with heavy coats and gloves, but after tumbling down awhile and racing over the hill, they shed off their outer garments to their pinafores and short dresses. Barrels of eggs wasted, but such lots of fun! People drove into the grounds with their fashionable turnouts, to see the children, and enjoy the air. Looking out of the Executive chamber, was the bachelor Cleveland, smiling down on a little group who were playing inside of the iron railing at the foot of the stairs on the south side.

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The 1st of May was not only the signal for picnics, but the Ivy City Jockey Club opened the turf for local flyers. The track is three miles from the city, on the B. & O. R'y. Senator Joe Blackburn and Beck of Kentucky, Senator Morgan of Alabama, were on the grounds nearly all the time, and other lesser lights of Congress visited the track, often. Ladies, with flashing diamonds, cheered the winning horse, and bet on favorites. The skating rinks on Rhode Island avenue and E street northwest, were crowded night and afternoon, although they were *passe* by the fashionables.

Within a half square of the Senate was a base ball park, patronized by professional athletes, and lovers of the national game in Congress. There was a high fence surrounding it, but every knot hole and crevice was covered with a black boy, getting a free sight, and several pictures of St. Jacob in his red monkish habit, holding a bottle of the celebrated oil in his hand, were painted in different places. This park was torn away the next season, and the diamond game found a home in a new park built above the coal ashes, tin cans, bricks and other *debris* of Swampoodle, near the Government printing office.

The Pansy Club—the Pleasure Club and Fruit Growers gave excursions down the river, and thousands crowd the steamboats to the village gardens and pleasure grounds down below all through the heated term.

About May 20, the Mt. Vernon Association consisting of lady Regents, appointed from the different States of the Union, with Madame Bergman-Laughton as Vice Regent of the board, meet yearly at the burial place of Washington, and inspect the management at Mt. Vernon. There are over 200 acres under cultivation, cattle graze in its meadows, lunch tables are a source of revenue, yet this lady Board of Regents, chartered by the State of Virginia, absolutely own the bones of the immortal Washington and his wife, and charge a dollar admission to visitors from the Republic and the world. There is no greater outrage in the public service, than the female management of Mt. Vernon, who keep the local newspapers bought up to say nothing about it. A guest is charged a dollar to go down to Mt. Vernon on the steamer "W. W. Corcoran" owned by the Regents, when you can go below to Glymont and other points for twenty-five cents. With all the sources of revenue on the place, and from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars taken in yearly from the boat, they have the cheek to ask Congress to pay debts by appropriation, when they have \$50,000 in Riggs' bank today. Every bit of milk

from a dozen cows, and flowers from the green house are sold. The wheat and produce of the farm goes to market and the only outlay is for the keep and pay of five negro laborers, male and female, and a superintendent, making in all about \$2,000 a year. Negro labor is very cheap in Virginia.

There is a post office clerk, who is paid by government. There are many canes and drinking cups made out of the "hatchet trees on the place, and sold to visitors. (The original hatchet is shown under an old mulberry tree near the green-house). The house is a two-story structure with twenty rooms; a colonnade porch runs around the front, and in all the apartments there are relics of the olden time in good preservation under the care of the Regent from each state. Virginia watches over the bed-chamber where the great warrior breathed his last. An old-fashioned teester bedstead high up from the floor stands in the center, covered with a feather bed and a white woven quilt—not very large pillows—army relics here and there, and old time chairs make up the furniture. Mrs. Washington never left her room after the General's death, and in a few years passed away in a queer little chamber, that would be an eyrie for ghosts. All over the roof, on the gable windows and everywhere a pencil can put a name, you can see the incorrigible vanity of poor human nature.

In the broad stairway stands an old brass clock, whose long pendulum swings with icy stillness the minutes of the long days, and tells of happy home hours, too, when the last century gave us a Washington, surrounded by his loved ones.

In the office of the Superintendent is an old harpsichord which had been swept by the fingers of Nellie Curtis, and among the visitors we heard a Miss Springer of Chicago play "Olivette," "When the Leaves begin to Turn," etc., a contrast to the long ago tunes.

In the state dining room there are curious souvenirs—a key to the French Bastile, a sword of the first President, old maps, and

spider legged stands—in fact, it is an interesting room. There are queer, old bureaus and brass nailed trunks, a brass warming pan to heat beds in cold weather, and odd looking china in the attic rooms. On the lawn the starry flag floats over the maples and rustic seats, and as a visitor goes down the little path to the tomb, where in a marble sarcophagus the remains of the great Washington are enclosed, the poor ending of all human greatness, is taught in words not to be forgotten.

From this point the Potomac widens around a bend, and the blue waters are as entrancing a picture, as when the statesman and patriot admired the scene after he selected his homestead on its banks.

On the 30th of May, 1885, Decoration Day came in a mist and rain and the exercises at the different National cemeteries were solemn, indeed, to the anxious old soldiers of the city. The President, Col. Vilas, Secretaries Endicott and Whitney went to New York to witness the ceremonies of Union Square, and from the published reports seemed to be in sympathy with the occasion.

The exercises on the classic grounds of the Congresssional cemetery were opened by the Glee Club, and an oration by Col. McLean, of Indiana, the new Deputy Commissioner of Pensions. Considering, that he was trying to harmonize the apparent incongruity of rebels on top, and lauding their victors for licking them, it was a very excellent speech. He said among other good things, "Providence was with the Union army, and none knew it better than the rebels." The exercises were under the direction of Captain Pipes, a brave soldier, whose empty sleeve told the story of his devotion to his country's call. Another feeble soldier, (who died a few months, afterward,) Captain Richard Middleton was Chairman of the Decorating Committee and with his wife and another lady tramped all the morning through the rain, and they showered roses, never so beautiful as

on this May day, covering the green mounds with heaps of smiling flowers. Others helped until the whole cemetery was a flower garden, and not a lonely stretch of marble and solemn pines. At Arlington cemetery, where nearly 16,000 of "our brave boys" lie buried—the graves marked by the little slabs and tiny flags, made a peculiar sight, as the wind lifted their folds of red, white and blue against the marble standing upon the close shaven green of the turf below. The house of General Lee at the Arlington, is used for the office of the superintendent, who keeps a large corps of laborers in the grounds, and in the green house. This house can be seen from Washington, and stands on the upper plateau above the river, with its heavy Doric columns and portico, visible for miles. It is a yellow brick, built with a wide hall and parlors on each side, which of course has been denuded of furniture, and only office desks, camp chairs, war maps, and steam registers are to be seen.

On the largest space in the office wall upon the east side, is Col. Ingersoll's speech commencing with "The past rises before me like a dream," etc., and this hangs next to Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg—both framed, and so placed as to catch the visitors' eye. The house is built of ancient imported English brick, and the kitchen with its porch, is covered with Virginia creepers and ivy. The grounds are beautifully kept, and the grand old trees like an English park, make Arlington always attractive, barring the desolation of a grave yard.

The decoration exercises were mostly under the direction of General S. S. Burdette, late Grand Commander of the G. A. R., and his speech of an hour's length was brim full of eloquence and patriotic sentiment. The Memorial stand is a long grassy esplanade, bricked up in front, and then descends backward to the acres of marble, stretching to the stone wall, which encloses the sacred dust.

Over the seats and platform was thrown an immense tent decorated with national flags, and draped with streamers of red,

white and blue, although some careful hand had trained sweet scented honeysuckles and ivy all over the unsightly props and braces. Beyond the Arlington enclosure is Fort Meyer—a real fort and signal office. There is a large magazine, guard house, and ammunition in abundance. The sunset gun is heard daily in the city. But we digress and go back to the Decoration programme.

The Orpheus Club, a band of colored men, twelve in number, with remarkably fine voices, gave that pathetic number the "Sleeping Soldier" in such harmony, that there was not a dry eye in the whole assembly, and there were hundreds present, who dared to show, then, their love for the old soldier.

The regular army had no officer present, but Generals Greene B. Raum and Col. Alexander, Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, were on the platform.

The graves of that heroic band of war nurses were decorated by the Washington Association, wherever their fellow laborers had fallen in different parts of the country. Mrs. Helen Speare had lately died at Pittsburg. There was such a call for flowers that Miss Cleveland was appealed to the day before Decoration, asking for a small supply from the White House. The request was gracefully acknowledged by the lady, and the box upon being opened presented a glowing mass of purple passion flowers and pansies, white camelias and roses—white carnations and a soft mass of ferns. A note came with the messenger, which read as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. S—D: I am very happy to contribute toward the basket of flowers which you intend sending for the grave of the army nurse—Mrs. Helen Speare.

Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

It endeared the distinguished lady to that noble band of American womanhood—the surviving army nurses of the civil

war. The President of this society is Miss Hannah C. Dame, of New Hampshire, and on its roster are such names as Miss Dr. Edson, Mrs. Joan Turner, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Young, Miss Wood, and other grand names, who served year after year in the hospitals to wait on the sick and dying. They should be pensioned, every one, at \$25 a month, at least. The roses will bloom for them in future Decoration days. * * *

J. L. McCreery, the Dubuque poet, at a literary club in the evening, read his solemn, majestic poem, "There Is No Death." We give a single stanza:

"There is no Death ! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread—
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them 'dead.'
There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more."

This is one of the most beautiful poems in the language, and has been accredited to Bulwer, although it was first published in Harper's Magazine about 1862.

CHAPTER XV.

LAW SCHOOL GRADUATES—NAVY TRIALS—GRANT'S DEATH—
OPENING OF CONGRESS—MRS. WHITNEY, MRS. POTTER.

The graduation of the law class of 1885 belonging to the Georgetown University, made Ford's Opera House a blaze of light and beauty, on the evening of June 1, for the stage was literally banked with flowers, and a brilliant audience filled the chairs of the theater. Senator Jones, of Florida, made a speech of an hour's length, whereby he gave the young barristers many sensible ideas of their future success in life. Any one looking at the level head, broad brow of the sandy haired lawyer, would not dream he would make such a fool of himself in Detroit, a year later.

Hon. Richard T. Merrick, of Star Route trial fame, and himself a graduate of Georgetown, talked well to the young men, and among other pleasant dreams, he advised an ideal home with a young wife and family, who would inspire a man with greater effort. (In a few months he died after protracted dissipation).

There was a sweet cornet solo by Prof. Jaeger, and a solo upon a xylophoné, a curious instrument made of an immense metal basin with a keyboard in the center, and struck by a small hammer. The giving of prizes was by the Reverend Father Dugan, and eleven in the post graduate class—a son of Senator Pugh, and a brother of ex-Senator Lamar, among the number, the latter receiving a tall ladder of red and white roses, others cornucopias, open books, scales of justice, and other beautiful designs in flowers.

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The trial of Medical Director Wales went on through June, and he was sentenced by court martial to a loss of pay, reduction of rank, and other marks of displeasure. Kirkwood and Carrigan, his miserable confreres in defrauding the government by false vouchers, were sentenced by the civil courts to six years in the Albany penitentiary, a few weeks before. Director Wales was a Democrat.

Paymaster General Smith, of the navy, who was so careless as to pay out the money on these false vouchers, was also tried by court-martial, a little later. He paid Jeff Chandler, the St. Louis lawyer, \$1,500 as a retainer for his defense, and Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, nearly as large a sum. But the luck of suspected gentlemen, who in their official capacity are tried by court martials—they rarely get off as well as if they threw themselves on the mercy of the court, and not retained lawyers. All the lawyers' arguments were printed in the National Republican for the use of the defense, and must have cost some money, but General Smith was wealthy. After a few weeks' trial he was deposed from his high rank, with loss of pay—the findings of the court for his carelessness not being considered too severe by the general public.

The Fourth Auditor, Hon. Charles Beardsley, was removed, and the Hon. C. H. Shelley, of Alabama, was appointed in June, 1885, in his stead, although Mr. Beardsley had audited fifteen millions of dollars in accounts, to the satisfaction of the government. Was it true civil service to displace a Union man with a Confederate, who had tried for four years to overthrow the nation? It was enough to make a political student of history open his eyes. Hundreds of good clerks were displaced for Confederate soldiers and their lady friends. This act of the administration the Civil Service Commission never noticed, but drew their salaries of thirty-five hundred a year without a gulp. The most contemptible thing on the face of the earth is the Civil Ser-

vice Commission of Cleveland's administration. There are about 4,000 ladies employed in the departments, many of whom have passed the examinations.

In this month of roses, Keiley, of Virginia, was trying his luck at Vienna, the court of the haughty Hapsburg, after being kicked out from the Quirinal at Rome. The persistency of Mr. Bayard in sending this man to some foreign court, disgusted Democrats, as well as all other sensible people, for the Austrian court would not receive such a blatherskite after King Humbert had humiliated him. But we punished the Austrians terribly, by not sending a minister to represent us there. How they cried in their grief in not seeing the gripsack of a political reformer for over two years.

The White House was enlivened Saturday afternoons by a concert in the grounds from the Marine Band. Opera airs were played, and many from the city came in full dress to enjoy the music with the Presidential party, who sat upon the south balcony. There were black servants and poor Irish house maids, as well as fashionables, for the grounds were free, until three or four thousand under the great trees were enjoying the music. The roses and other flowers gave out their scents; the old flag was floating over the roof of the old mansion; childish laughter, and all was summer loveliness.

But one Saturday in July came, when the terrible truth broke upon the heart of the city that the great General—the tender hearted hero of Appomatox, was dead at Mt. McGregor. The drama was ended at last, when the destroying power came again and again, like the waves of a cruel and treacherous sea, and at its ebb the great life went out into the unknown. There was an anxious feeling that should there ever come a crisis in the nation, “who could fill the place of the illustrious Grant?”

Mr. Cleveland caused the gates closed, the flag swung at half mast, and the White House was again draped in somber black

with mourning emblems all over the public buildings, and the Grand Army posts in tears lamented the loss of their great commander.

A score of plans to commemorate the memory of Grant was submitted through the Washington newspapers. Some wanted triumphal arches over the Long Bridge where no one would see it but Virginia hucksters; others asked over Connecticut avenue to place an arch, that he, with Boss Shepherd had rescued from a cat tail swamp: others hoped that Pennsylvania avenue would be favored with an arc de triomphe, but nothing has ever been done by Congress or the city to commemorate his name, and his inestimable services to the nation.

Prof. Greener, a colored man, was made secretary of a board of organization in New York, to build a monument at Riverside, but only \$125,000 have been realized, and the project languishes for such a man as the N. Y. World may select, that can build the highest obelisk in the world, to the world's greatest hero—who told Lee's followers to go home to their plows with their horses, and take their guns to kill game; who was magnanimity with martial greatness incarnated. Neither the conquering North, or the lifted up South, have the gratitude to remember this hero in an appropriate manner.

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The court of commissioners of the Alabama claims was in session nearly all summer, at their rooms on H street N. W., near the Columbian University. This court was presided over by ex-Senator Harlan, of Iowa, as Chief Judge; on his right, Judge French, of Boston; on his left, Judge Draper, of Albany. There was a marshal, clerks, messengers, and all the imposing routine of even handed justice. The prize "Alabama," a confederate cruiser made by British workmen and manned partly by officers of the English navy, adjudged to have damaged us \$15,500,000, and this large amount of money was paid over by

England to persons who had been damaged by the pirate ship. Their claims had been before the court for several years, but underwriters and insurance men made it difficult to adjudicate claims fairly. Walker Blaine, son of the Hon. James G. Blaine, acted as counsel for the United States. He is not a great lawyer, but as the court itself, also, represented the government, so that there was little need for legal ability in presenting arguments against it in lawful damages. Twenty cases a day, in small amounts were disposed of, and while the administration papers criticized the length of time consumed by the court, yet when it wound up its affairs in the spring of 1886, the verdict proved to be, "well done," etc.

The 1st of July, 1885, caused a panic among the clerks, for on many a desk was found the heart-breaking news in a department envelope, "Your services are no longer required," and as the fiscal year closes the last day of June, a cutting down of salaries, a pinching of clerks was the new caper by the Democrats to make a showing to Congress in December. Republican chiefs of divisions were put on the pay of a low rank clerk, but they did the work, and had the same responsibility as ever; still the higher place with its salary was given to a Democrat. This was another rich phase of reform. One of the new Treasury chiefs—a Confederate officer, telegraphed to Japan a long instruction, that cost the government ninety dollars, which ought to have gone by mail with four cents postage to the paymaster addressed. There were hundreds of such blunders. But the country was "turning out the rascals." We have got to get rid of the *carbuncles*," said a Democratic father in Israel to the President.

"O! of course," said Mr. Cleveland, "the *carbuncles* must go." The Navy Department, under Secretary Whitney, paid Wm. Calhoun \$10,000—a New York expert in bookkeeping, to go over the books of the department, and see if there were frauds hidden away somewhere, and after four months' hard work,

nothing was found wrong. The Treasury experts found the cash on hand tallied to a cent—nothing was wrong. But the *carbuncles* must go! And the ax kept busily at work, while President Cleveland sojourned in the Adirondacks.

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Senator Edmunds' new home on Massachusetts avenue, northwest from Dupont Circle, was finished in the beginning of the winter season at the Capital—a handsome brick structure with stone facings, the bay window in the second story studded with copper plates riveted down with heavy copper nails. The front door is a low, wide archway, something like a mill entrance, a winding stairway and broad hall.

Secretary Whitney having leased the residence of the late Secretary Frelinghuysen, preparations were made to build a large ball room adjoining the back parlor, fifty by thirty feet in width. There was a pleasant bay window with a music platform hidden by tall palms and other tropical plants, and a large fire place with Dutch tiles and panels, the room finished in choice woods, and the walls hung with costly pictures.

At an afternoon reception later in the season, Mrs. Whitney entertained at least five hundred ladies and gentlemen, many of them from the foreign legations. She was dressed in a cream brocade, neck and arms bare, with a diamond necklace and jeweled comb in her puffs of light brown hair. She has large blue eyes, a wide mouth, and is very, very stout, though toned down by a French dressmaker. Her arms were as big as a mill-post, and as only a strap of lace covered her large shoulders, one wished for a fig leaf to drape the solid looking flesh.

She dresses too young, perhaps. But she is a woman of many generous impulses—charitable to the poor and suffering, and without a particle of spite or envy in her nature.

The flowers at this afternoon reception were gorgeous. Bushels of yellow roses, immense bouquets of sweet scented violets,

vases of lilies of the valley, and pinks in sweet profusion, with ferns and smilax where they were needed to finish the decoration. It was a social triumph, at the beginning of the first season.

The table in the dining room was set with Sevres china—Mocha and wines were served with the collation, and strangers partook of the lady's hospitality who called to pay their respects to the charming wife of the Secretary of the Navy.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, of New York, was present, dressed in a gold brocaded black satin, and with her fine, dramatic eyes, gave promise of the rich treat that made "Ostler Joe" so famous.

Mrs. Justice Miller, Mrs. Horace Helyer, Miss Eustis (Mr. Corcoran's niece), were among the callers, and Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence with Mrs. D. Morgan from New York—the latter had bought the Cameron residence on Scott Circle, and was dressed in a black satin covered with black Chantilly lace, her magnificent diamonds calling out remark. Her husband died a few weeks later, destroying her hopes of a charming season at the Capital.

On December 10 a solemn requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Alfonso, King of Spain, was celebrated at St. Mathews' Church at 11 in the morning. Rev. Dr. Chapelle, the celebrant, and a number of priests occupied seats within the sanctuary. Six hundred invitations, heavily bordered with black, were issued to the President, his Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps, with other friends of the church. The auditorium of the church was draped in mourning. In front of the altar rail stood a catafalque, on which was a state basket ornamented in silver. The base of the catafalque was draped with Spanish flags, surmounted by the Spanish national coat of arms. The altar, also in black, the pillars of the tabernacle were draped in black bunting—no flowers on the altar, but on the coffin a simple wreath, the gift of Secretary Bayard.

President Cleveland and Secretaries Bayard and Endicott were assigned seats in a front pew in the centre aisle, opposite the Spanish Legation ; and at the conclusion of the requiem, Senor Valera, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, escorted the President to the door, followed by the secretaries and the corps, after Mr. Cleveland had passed entirely down the aisle. All remained standing till then.

Castle Stewart was rented this season to the Chinese Legation, but, as the ladies from this embassy are never seen in public, it did not make so much difference where they were found. A little girl baby was born to the Minister's wife a few months before, when they lived on Farragut square. * * * The House of Representatives had been more completely renovated than usual ; new carpets, new upholstery, the picture frames regilded, new electric lamps, new cupsidores, and the summer's dust shaken from the silken flags over the Speaker's chair.

There was little opposition on the opening of the 49th Congress to Mr. Carlisle, and he took his seat with a feeling of satisfaction that he was the first choice of the Republicans, if one of their own number could not be elected.

The Knights of Labor had made a wonderful progress in numbers, and thirty local assemblies, white and colored, were heard by their representatives, urging Speaker Carlisle to place General Weaver on the Committee of Labor. This he did, and the Greenback nominee for President in 1880, although often a Democrat and again in opposition to them, yet was made a prominent member of said committee.

President Cleveland's message had not been considered very satisfactory by the K. of L. as favoring the interests of labor against capital, and the Knights' representatives were anxious to be recognized by Congress. Among the tireless workers was Paul Bowen, Esq., a young lawyer with brains, who was admit-

ted into their councils, and made speeches for them in their local assemblies. The Hon. Lee Crandell seconded all his efforts.

Mr. Cleveland had made up faces at the Mormons; talked about bonds being withdrawn from the National banks, but no settled policy to relieve existing depression in business—in fact, trade was at sea, and the manufacturers fearing free trade measures, closed down many of their works in the East, as Morrison was hatching another bill in the interest of the importers of New York city.

Among the new members was the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer from the Ninth District of New York, and while he was at the head of one of the leading New York dailies, he was a modest, quiet person, and made no speeches before he resigned a few months later. His broad brow, large features and sandy beard with his dark auburn hair, made him conspicuous among his colleagues, and no doubt he would have become a very useful member, but he resigned and went back to more congenial employment.

The Democrats were still opposed to the admission of Dakota, as much through its everlasting prohibition plank as its general meanness in being so persistently and overwhelmingly Republican—its delegate to Congress, the Hon. O. L. Gifford, being elected over the opposition by fifty-five thousand majority! In fact, it was “the black belt” of the North, and should be suppressed in “Democratic reform” policy.

The contested election case of Hurd v. Romeis, from the Toledo, Ohio, District, made a stir among the radical free traders, as the former was considered their leader. Hurd was sanguine, spent a great deal of money at Welcker’s on Congressional suppers, so that when he received his *conge*, there was a bitter taste in his mouth, that flavored his summer speeches in 1886.

The contest between ex-Governor Campbell, of the Sixth Iowa District, against General Weaver, proved abortive, as the latter

was too strongly entrenched with the forty-five majority of the House Democracy.

Kidd *vs.* Steele, in the Eleventh Indiana District, hung fire in the election committee rooms, but the case was so plain that Steele, a bitter Republican, was allowed to keep his seat, in spite of the growlings of his vexed competitor.

The District Committee in the House was asked to charter several new street car companies. Among them, an electric cable tramway to the Navy Yard over Capitol Hill was asked for by a large and wealthy corporation of capitalists, but such was the power of the Hon. J. G. Thompson, President of the Georgetown street car company, that all efforts to charter any other was futile. There was no redress, as the commissioners who execute the laws for the governing of the city, are mere clerks in the hands of Congress.

The Library bill passed both houses with an appropriation to buy property on East Capitol street, after being condemned, so that the precious books were to be saved, at last, from the muss of the old Congressional Library.

Among the prominent members of this Congress in the House were: Representatives Bontwell and Reed of Maine, Henderson of Iowa, McKinley of Ohio, Honk of Tennessee, Browne of Indiana, Kelley of Pennsylvania, Barrows of Michigan, Long of Massachusetts, on the Republican side, while the Democrats were led by the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, Hewitt, Morrison, Springer, Oates, Herbert, Murphy, Culberson of Texas, as well as Reagan, and General Bragg of Wisconsin.

The country knows the worth of the Forty-ninth Congress, and its majority votes, that always failed at the right time to do any good for the nation.

In the Senate the Hon. John Sherman was elected Vice President, *pro tem*, as the death of Vice President Hendricks had

made the Speaker's chair vacant. The chamber was hung in black, his chair draped in mourning, and other tokens were seen of the presence of death among the public men of the nation. Generals Grant and Hancock had also passed away, and this illustrious body was soon called to part with another of their number in the person of Senator Miller, of California, who was then slowly dying from a wound received in the Union army.

Among the public measures introduced into the Senate, and which became a law, was the Presidential succession bill. If the President should die, and the Vice President follow, the next to wear the official mantle would be the Secretary of State, after him, the chief officer of the Treasury, and so on, in line of rank in the Cabinet. The House concurred in this provision, and it became a law in the latter part of January, 1886.

Senator Beck advocated the continuance of silver coinage against Mr. Cleveland's policy, "for if we close up mining, there would be no *western* market for produce, the miners would turn tramps, and business be at a standstill," said the Kentucky statesman. It was bad enough now. Failures were everywhere, and petitions poured into Congress for relief. Wall street bankers hoped to contract circulation, contract the volume of currency. They lock up immense sums of money, believing that at some future time it will have a greater purchasing power.

India wheat was coming into competition at Liverpool, at the rate of 140,000 bushels per week, and transportation prices from the West so great, that when American wheat was put into the English market, there was little gold to bring back to New York, to find its way to the channels of trade, and back to the producer. Stocks might go up, or go down under the manipulation of bulls or bears, there was no money in the West.

Senator Van Wyck was hounding the railroads, and eating away like a mouse, against their grants, which they had forfeited.

Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, tried to break down the extortions of the Aqueduct bridge near Georgetown, but accomplished little, on account of the secret opposition of the District Committee in the House, and the Commissioners.

There was an investigation into the manner of the election of Senator Payne, but it flashed up like a straw fire, and nothing was done. Senator Logan contended that so honest a looking old man knew nothing of such crookedness, as alleged by the Ohio people—some of them Mr. Pendleton's friends, who had hoped "Gentleman George" would have been elected, instead of Mr. Payne, to represent the Buckeye State in the United States Senate. The wife of Secretary Whitney was his daughter, and the Senator's family, if not himself, were partners in the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, that had scores of millions at its command. It required nerve to fight a Senator with such backing. The Hon. John Sherman felt a delicacy in tripping up his colleague, and the investigation absquatulated—collapsed.

Senator Blair's bill for educational purposes in the South was strongly supported by Senator Mahone, but antagonized by the Southern members as a rule, for they considered an "ignorant nigger" easier controlled than an educated one, and some Republicans felt that if \$80,000,000 were to be distributed in the South, it would be diverted from its legitimate purpose, as the school lands of Texas had been stolen for political campaign funds. It was feared that the money would not be properly distributed. The good Senator used to talk with all organizations who favored his plans. The Woman's Industrial League, the K. of L. and the Southern Teachers' Association were favorable to his scheme.

Senator Blair has a Roman nose, rather of a high and narrow forehead, his hair a deep, auburn brown tint, and whiskers reddish. He is more persuasive than eloquent. His wife is connected with every charity in the city, and has assisted Madames Logan and Lander in the management of the Garfield Hospital.

Mrs. Blair is fine looking, but dresses plainly—in fact, a garnet silk has done duty for several seasons. The Blairs live in Grant row on Capital Hill. Their parlors are nicely furnished, but not extravagant. As we have hinted, this family give much of their income to charity.

Senator Mahone is a little man, weighs about a hundred pounds (or witch weight), but has a large head, heavy and long gray whiskers, and looks very commanding on horseback. He has wonderful executive ability, and holds the negro vote in Virginia in the hollow of his hand. It was his leadership that abolished the whipping post for them, established colored schools, and though an ex-Confederate, is a protectionist, and a good enough Republican. His wife is a very large woman, would weigh two hundred pounds or more, is rather haughty, and wears diamonds of the King's ransome proportions. She and her daughters have spent some time in Europe, but returned for the season of 1886-7. The heir of the Mahones, Young Butler, is a bully, and has been arrested for assaults on waiters at the different hotels.

Senator Hearst, appointed in General Miller's place, and then elected to the Senate by the California Legislature, seems hardly to fill the great soldier's seat with honor, but his gentle wife entertains elegantly through their immense wealth.

Senator Stanford came from California to his seat in the upper chamber with the prestige of riches and General Grant's friendship. Although worth a hundred millions, yet he is far more easy of access than aspiring clerks may be.

Mrs. Mary A. Kail, of Ohio, who had written many popular campaign songs for the Republicans, was turned out from the Treasury by the reformers, although a good clerk. She wished to publish her poems to pay rent, buy groceries for a large family. Mrs. Stanford hearing of the case, published the first edition

free, which cost her about \$500, thus placing the poor poetess on her feet at once. Many such acts of kindness marks the life of the Stanfords at the Capital. While not giving large receptions, they entertain quietly in a handsome manner. The loss of their only child, a young man of great promise, cast such a shadow over their lives that lavish entertainments are not to their taste. They attend the Metropolitan M. E. church on Four-and-a-Half street, Rev. J. P. Newman, Grant's chaplain, as pastor. Their turnout at this church stands generally on C street—a pair of black Morgan horses with gold mounted harness; the coachman and footman in black, with black hats and pompons. The coach is plainly but very handsomely upholstered in blue satin. Senator Stanford was a California delegate to Chicago that nominated Mr. Lincoln in 1860.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is a handsome man, and is serving his second term in the upper chamber. He lost a dissipated son by drowning in the Potomac river in 1884, and since that time has had a sorrowful face, for this young man was brilliant and well educated. The Morgans live in a three story brick at the northeast corner of the Capitol grounds, and the young ladies are remarkably pleasant and graceful.

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, lives on Rock Island avenue, not far from General Sheridan's residence, and the wife of the Senator is a very charming hostess. At one of her afternoon receptions, she entertained a hundred ladies with great ease and self-possession. She wore a black satin, *en traine*, with a diamond brooch and elegant laces. She was assisted by a group of sweet, Southern women—among the number a married daughter, and Mrs. Congressman Martin. The rooms were delightful—pictures, costly bric-a-brac, and the dining table set with a solid tea service, and a magnificent *epergne* of flowers. "The milk punch was delicious, and so was the Mocha," said the society people.

Mrs. Senator Teller, from Colorado, does not entertain so largely as when her husband was a member of the late President Arthur's Cabinet. Then her Wednesday receptions were crowded at her residence on N street. She wore at one of these a white brocade, with side panels of Nile green velvet, Fedora lace on the sleeves which came to the elbow, and other handsome ornaments. She is a very excellent woman—in charitable work the head and front at the Capital.

Since the death of the lovely Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Grimes has presided over the home of the Senator, which is situated on Vermont avenue, near Thomas Circle. Mrs. Grimes, the surviving relict of Iowa's ex-Senator, has had long experience in public affairs with her husband, and is one of the historic ladies of Washington. Remarkably intelligent, with a sweet face, although nearing the seventies, yet she entertains Senator Allison's friends with a rare grace of manner; and if he, with his wonderful powers of statesmanship, should go to the White House, his mother-in-law would be in her proper sphere.

Mrs. Senator Wilson is very unaffected, and with Western heartiness, welcomes her many friends to the charmed circle of her household with a pleasant smile. She was born and raised in Newark, Ohio, where many good people live to bless the world.

Mrs. Senator Ingalls, when a young girl, went on a visit to Atchison, Kansas, as a Miss Anna Cheeseborough; captivated the Senator when a young lawyer, and in her married life has been very happy with her half dozen children and intellectual lord.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEOSOPHISTS—RECEPTIONS—DEATH WITH THE BAYARDS—OSTLER
JOE—CYCLOVAMA—KIRMES—CLEVELAND'S WEDDING.

There is a small company of Theosophists in the city—Prof. Elliott Cones, of the Smithsonian Institute, at its head. He is assisted in teaching this paganized, half Unitarian doctrine, by several able teachers, who were ready to gulp down a sorry fable, rather than the old faith. The doctrine of the Theosophs is that God is not personal, yet when he wishes to make men good, he injects into them his spirit. Some believe in transmigration of souls. Those who refuse to accept the emanations of Deity are compelled to change the earth form again and again. Christ was no better than Zoroaster, or Moses. Love should be the controlling principle, and a man under certain circumstances, could be a polygamist without sin. The wife of the Professor sued for divorce on the grounds of adultery in the District Court, and obtained it, with fifty dollars a month alimony from Mr. Cones.

“Mind Cure” by prayer had a great run through the autumn and winter of 1885-6, and Dr. Hammond, of Boston, instructed many in the ways of curing colds, catarrh, measles and other maladies, by simply concentrating the mind on the portion of the diseased body, and by the power of the will, and by the help of the Healer, Jesus of Nazareth, they (the patients) should be cured. Yet, this proved a failure sometimes. In certain nervous diseases there was some gain by this practice.

The Cleveland's first New Year's Day at the White House was a lovely jewel in society's girdle. No snow, sleet or north wind, but a cloudless sky and soft air, and this was fortunate for the

thousands who clamored for admission to the American court. After squeezing through corridor, red parlor, to the blue parlor, it was not often that so many attractions were seen there. The President stood near the door—Col. Wilson made the introductions to him, and the pump handle commenced to work—shaking hands. He cared nothing for his guests, and they in turn nothing for him, but they wanted to shake hands with the President of the United States. He was looking rather pale, his flesh a little flabby, and always that look out of the “tail of his eye,” as if watching for adverse criticism. Society had “worried itself *summut*” who should stand in the receiving line, next to Miss Cleveland. Should Mrs. John Sherman, the wife of the Republican Senator, yet Vice President *pro tem*, be found among the faithful? Mrs. Sherman cared nothing for the poor distinction of shaking hands with the multitude for two hours. She had been there before.

Miss Cleveland was looking better than when criticized for wearing short hair at the spring receptions, for she now wore a high coiffure with a pink rose in the puffs—a white silk dress with garnet velvet side panels and peasant waist of garnet, and long *suede* gloves to the shoulder. And Mrs. Bayard, the wife of the Secretary of State, stood next in line in a handsome toilette of white silk crape; Mrs. Whitney in a white ottoman silk with an embroidered front of crystal and seed pearls—three rows of diamonds in the necklace—her bracelet, earrings and comb of almost royal gems. Mrs. Endicott in a heliotrope satin covered with drapings of smoke colored gauze down the back breadths. Mrs. Vilas, a pretty brunette, appeared in a pink satin gown covered on the front with point lace.

There was a magnificent bouquet of Marshal Neil roses, ferns and salvia, with a touch of the bird of paradise flowers, that stood on the center table.

The upholstery of the chairs and sofas was a little shabby, but the walls of this celebrated room were as lovely as when La Farge of New York had put on the finishing touches 18 months before.

The music was from the "Mikado," "The Bohemian Girl," and other popular airs. The Marine Band never played in better harmony. Among the debutantes was Miss Eustis, daughter of Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, a very accomplished young lady.

Senator and Mrs. Wilson, of Iowa, with their bright and cheerful daughter, Miss Kitty, were much honored by their many acquaintances.

Representatives Conger and Holmes, from Iowa, were also present with their charming wives from the Hawkeye state. Mrs. Holmes wore a heavy lustreless silk with a jet front and heavy passementerie panels, and elegant pearl bracelets appeared above the glove worn on her shapely hands.

Miss West and Miss Endicott, the latter in plain white silk, were a pair of twin lilies, so fair a blonde is each, and charming in conversation, withal.

Congressman Frederick, from Iowa, escorted Mrs. Rush Clark, the wife of an ex-Congressman, and Miss May, his stylish daughter, through the East room.

Representative Burleigh, of Whitehall, N. Y., and General Henderson, of Illinois, were arm in arm, hardly satisfied that President Arthur should be succeeded, for they loved the late Chief Magistrate with more than ordinary friendship.

Mrs. Lamont, the wife of the Private Secretary to the President, a dark-eyed brunette, wore a terra cotta colored silk, a large bouquet of bon silene roses and sweet elyssian in her hand.

One of the handsomest dresses in the line, was a violet satin with the back breadths draped with black colored tulle from the waist to the hem of the long train.

Mrs. Manning was much admired for her self-possession and quiet demeanor, as she did not seem to be looking out for compliments.

Miss Van Vechten, of Albany, made a long visit at the White House, and was pointed out as the probable *fiancee* of the President, as she was a close friend to his sister. Her toilette was an elegant black velvet with bare shoulders, and her beautiful neck seemed modeled after a sculptured Venus, while her dark eyes had a roguish look at times, and she was very approachable. But in the President's heart was a picture of a young girl—the little Frankie who used to dance on "Uncle Grove's" foot twenty years before this New Year. No use to ensnare the old bachelor, Frances Folsom had come to stay.

This was a Friday reception, and many thought it unlucky for the debutantes of society for a winter's crop of husbands "to come out" under its unlucky shadows.

The Diplomatic Corps did not remain as long as usual, but the East room was crowded with Congressmen and their ladies. The witty Madame de Struve and the Baron had gone home to Russia, and the legation had not been filled. Minister Schaeffer, the German Minister, was also absent. Among the Southrons who paid their respects to the Chief Magistrate, while secretly hating him, were Representatives Reagan, Singleton of Mississippi, Breckenridge of Kentucky, Clements of Alabama, Senators Coke of Texas, Pike of Arkansas, General Shelley, the Hon. Norman Coleman, Commissioner of Agriculture, who by the way, is one of the most creditable appointments of the reform administration. Senators Evarts, Palmer, Allison, Van Wyck, and General Logan on the Republican side, were conspicuous in that immense throng.

At the entrance near the East room, was a long exit platform put through the French window, so as to give the crowd a chance

to go out to the street, instead of the crowded vestibule. At the close, 2:30 P. M., there were still multitudes waiting to come in.

Fashionable turnouts with their coachmen and footmen seated on the boxes waited patiently in their big overcoats through the wintry air. All was cheerfulness. But the shadow of death was gathering around Highland Place—the home of Secretary Bayard. The lovely Kate Bayard, one of society's brightest ornaments, was looking pale and restless, but she did not complain to any one. There was, even at the beginning of the season, something to remind this society belle of future darkness and despair. It was said her heavy trained dresses, low necks and sleeveless corsages were undermining her health.

Mrs. Hayes, with her powerful *physique*, could preside at a state dinner, hold a reception, and yet be as fresh as a rose in the morning.

The Chinese Minister was dressed in his national costume of white brocaded satin, his wide trousers, and long cue down his back made him conspicuous, as he passed a compliment to Miss Bayard in the Blue parlor. Monsieur and Madame Kaki were there, and the Baroness de Fava, were also with the daughter of the Premier.

Said one pretty debutante to another, "Have you heard that Mrs. Potter is going to give us 'Ostler Joe?'" "It is shocking," said the other; "I don't think I shall hear it!" And yet one could look down to the low line of bust measure below the throat, which was terribly "shocking" to some other people.

"I have lost my heart," said a pretty girl. Her companion added, "and I my lace handkerchief."

Was this New Year's reception unlucky? "Friday, too, and did you notice that thirteen stood in a group about Miss Bayard? Is she not pale tonight?" were questioned by the two girls in a breath. Wretched Miss Bayard! Her shadow, the handsome

Spanish Minister, was always near. Where were his wife and children?

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There were receptions by the Cabinet ladies, several at Highland Place, and other gaieties there, till Friday night, January 16. After the "wee sma' hours" Miss Bayard's maid left her lying on her pillow, her long brown eye lashes falling on her white cheek. Ah! tired with the world and wooing sleep—rest. Sometime in the early dawn the messenger of death came, and Miss Kate found rest from this sin-stricken world forever. The servant tried to waken her about noon, and carried the dreadful news to her mother, who fainted, and was never fully conscious again, and died in a few days. Word was sent to her father, who was at the State Department, and Miss Cleveland, with whom she was to receive that day at the White House. The physician gave a certificate of death from heart disease; the old servants chattered, however, of something else—there was *no* inquest. The mystery of her death was gossiped over, but the waves of society, held back by a short period of mourning, closed over the place, where the beautiful, stately bark went down. * *

The Knights of Labor ordered their members to strike for eight hours a day after the 1st of May. This soured the contractors and builders, so that there was not much building begun in February as usual, and poverty stared many a household in the face. Who held the destinies of these mechanics so surely as Powderly? Charity asked of the wealthy more alms.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, of New York City, under the patronage of Mrs. Whitney, read the much criticized poem, "Ostler Joe," to an immense audience at the New National Theater. All the brilliancy of Washington society shone out on that occasion. "How could a modest woman do such a thing?" said a severe matron with a bitter smile. "Leave her home in New York and go to a strange city and read such a poem in a play

house." "For charity, sweet charity's sake," answered a good girl. "For vanity's sake," continued the Roman matron, "to be noticed in society journals, to be flattered by dukes and fools."

At Albaugh's "The Russian Honeymoon" was played by amateur actors, among them Miss Neville, of Ohio, who later on married J. G. Blaine, Jr. The proceeds were for charity. Between the acts, ladies visited through the aisles, went out through the *foyer*, and criticized the actors. Among them was Mrs. L. Q. C. Lamar, Jr., a slender, lovely woman, with dark eyes and hair, and her lips as red as a cinnamon rose. She wore a black Lyons velvet and flashing diamonds. In a box near were Mrs. Chief Justice Waite and Miss Mina, Judge Shellabarger, Mr. John Douglass and Miss Josephine Douglass, the affianced of Mr. William N. Strong, of St. Paul, the son of the late Justice Strong of the Supreme Court. This couple were married in October, 1886.

Other distinguished society belles in the boxes and orchestra chairs, were the Misses Porter, daughters of Admiral Porter, Virginia del Kearney, Victoria Emory, Mollie West, and Miss Angur, all winsome girls.

Among the foreign representatives were Senor and Madame Romero, of the Mexican Legation, Count Maurice Sala, First Secretary of the French envoy, Senor de Costa, of Brazil, and Baron Paul Baumgarten, Chancellor of the Austrian Legation, who was said to be betrothed to Miss Emma Deuster, daughter of Congressman Deuster, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Judge Gray, the bachelor Justice of the Supreme Court, a fine looking man, was using his lorgnette to good advantage around the galleries, and the play went on without much seeming notice from him. The performance netted about twelve hundred dollars.

Another sensation came in the marriage of Miss Hildreth, the poor stenographer of a certain law firm, to the rich New York

stock broker—Mr. Addison Cammack. Miss Hildreth with her mother, had taken a little rest at Saratoga, in October, and with her blue eyes and golden hair fascinated the old fellow, so that from poverty she could control millions, through her fond and indulgent husband. It was the match of the season. “How was it done?” the old hawks wondered. * * * *

The Cyclorama of the Battle of Manassas, or second Bull Run, was opened about the 3d of March, 1886, to the public. • It is a circular, brick building two stories in height, with a glass dome overhead, and a circular picture containing 20,000 feet of canvas, and represents the battlefield with the surrounding country. In the center is a platform where the visitors are seated and look down to real stones, grass, and short pines and shrubs, then the painting leaves off against an old musket and a Virginia rail fence—begins again with a painted horse, and soldiers standing by him. How this can be done is only known to the French artists. The old flag with the Union soldiers retreating, surrounded almost by the Confederates, was so realistic that many could not bear the sight. This being flattering to Southrons, it was thought by the managers that there would be a good return for the immense outlay of money in painting and housing the picture. But the South never took very kindly to it—they want by-gones forgotten about the war, at least to keep it out of sight at Washington.

The trip of Jefferson Davis through Georgia and Alabama was deprecated by some of the rebels living at the Capital, for fear it might effect the Northern elections, and solidify the Republicans. But Davis’ devotion to the “lost cause” was countenanced by the election of a majority of his sympathizers to the Fiftieth Congress, and if he should lift the standard of rebellion in Mississippi today, there are enough people to sympathize with him in the North to keep him and “the daughter of the Confederacy” from any harm.

On account of sickness Mr. Manning, in May, was obliged to leave the Treasury Department, and Assistant Secretary Fairchild filled his place well, and afterwards was appointed by Mr. Cleveland.

The Jesuistical plan of getting watchmen to spy a clerk, if he left his desk for a moment, and to see if he loitered and spoke to a fellow clerk, was adopted by Higgins, Youman & Co., about these times. A Confederate spy in every corner of the building and even in the ladies' toilette rooms, to see that they did not talk against the administration, and thus keep them like factory slaves, to work. No clerk could leave the building without a pass, excepting a half hour at noon. A clerk in the Internal Revenue division was sent for by his dying wife to come home. The head of the Bureau was out; the chief of the division dared not excuse the terrified clerk, and before the red tape could be fairly slackened from Youman's hand, the wretched husband started off, and when he got to his wife's chamber, she was dead. No more contemptible Jesuitism ever originated in free America, than in this reform administration.

The Grand Army of the Republic had tied up its hands in 1886, through Democratic managers, by resolving to keep out of politics. It might meet at camp fires, tell stories and smoke pipes, but by putting itself on record that it was ashamed of its glorious work—that the war was like an Irish fight with shillallas, therefore, to be forgotten, proved the first demoralization of principle the North received, and while it has feebly lifted up its voice, this administration has laughed in its contempt for the lack of backbone displayed by the flower of the nation—the Grand Army. It should repeal its by-laws, that it will not work in politics.

In the Executive Chamber on Tuesdays sat the Cabinet after Lent, talking over the effects of the new policy of Civil Service in each department. Around the table in this historic room,

where a Webster and a host of great men who had guided the nation through perils, sat Cleveland's Cabinet, weak men, with the exception of Manning. Garland, stained with the corruption of the telephone scandal, was present, but as he is a fourth rate lawyer and too lazy to arrange cases for the Supreme Court, the Department of Justice was a fraud by this weak representative.

This executive chamber is carpeted with Wilton, the windows overlooking the Potomac are draped with heavy damask and lace. Around the long table were eight chairs of mahogany—a cheerful fire place, a fine large picture on the north wall, maps to be seen, and a globe on the mantel. Leading out of it is the library through the western door, and in that room Mr. Cleveland often sits and plans his public policy by the beautiful table presented by Queen Victoria, in 1875, which was made from the timbers of the "Resolute." Mr. Cleveland has a Cabinet, but he is an autocrat in his political schemes.

On the east side of the Executive Chamber, is the room for the Private Secretary Lamont, and his clerks.

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The last week in April, 1886, there was a calico ball at the Chinese Legation (Stewart Castle), for the benefit of the Garfield Hospital. It was the first reunion of society after the Lenten season. From the confessional, from penitence and missal, to dancing and hilarity in the wee sma' hours. Mrs. General Logan and Mrs. General Lander were the lady patronesses of the affair, which proved quite successful. Over thirty free beds in the Hospital were carried through the summer by this charity ball. On the 15th of May, to close the fashionable season, the lady directors of the National Homeopathic Hospital gave the Kirmes, or dance of all nations, at the National Theater. Nearly three hundred young ladies and gents were drilled by Prof. Marwig, of New York, and the result was the most enchanting scene at the opening ever seen in Washington. The

only drawback, some of the dancers had too ungraceful hands and feet. The orchestra chairs were floored over even with the stage, seats in amphitheater fashion were placed back far under the arch, and the brilliant dresses, the flashing lights, made it very lovely to view from the dress circle and boxes. At 8:30 P. M. came the strains of the stately minuet from Donch's band, concealed behind the flower booth, and this elegant cotillion led by Miss and Mr. Williams, of Baltimore, was danced by forty-eight persons. The most beautiful women at the Capital and Baltimore, dancing with the gentlemen dressed in the fashion of the Continental period—patches, rouge and dainty slippers; one could not imagine anything more graceful and elegant. The smirking behind fan and sleeve was well done, and the grace of the old time dance was probably never seen to such an advantage before here. The powdered hair and queues, with sword and sash, characterized the young gents, and the ladies, with their short waists and huge fans, reminded the audience of their ancestors, who had been wrapped in cerement garments for nearly a century. Then came the Tyrolean dance of the peasantry; thirty-eight young ladies dressed in that picturesque costume; each in a red surah petticoat, trimmed in different colored ribbons, as they might fancy, a white muslin underwaist, with a black bodice of velvet and the peaked hat floating long streamers of red and parti-colored ribands.

The Swedish dance, when one saw an exact copy of the Northland fashions, was most gracefully done, and then the Mikado or Japanese dress, was very interesting, as an exact portraiture of the far Orient in its happiest moods.

The Indian dance was after the Western fashion; several of the gentlemen, however, who donned the deer skin dress filled it about like a cat in a strange garret—tolerably lonesome about the chest and legs.

Then came the "Flower Dance," the most beautiful sight of a fairy's dream; there were Bees in black tulle and gold, and But-

terflies made of little girls and yards of gauze; in fact, when the Gypsy dance closed, the brain whirled in trying to recollect the more salient points for a reporter's pen.

Mrs. Charles Nordhoff, the wife of the New York Herald correspondent, was the chief manager, and wore an elegant toilette of pale blue brocaded silk, rich laces, and a diamond comb in her soft blonde hair.

Mrs. Senator Cockrell wore a powdered coiffure, azure colored brocade trimmed with blue ostrich feathers on the corsage—bouquet of pale pink roses

Countess Esterhazy *nee* Carroll, a beautiful brunette, was attired in black satin, *en trainé*, the high panniers trimmed with real pond lilies and sea grass.

Madame Loring, wife of the ex Commissioner of Agriculture, appeared in a stylish cowslip colored brocade covered with black lace and corsage *'decollete'*.

Madame Romero, the beautiful wife of the Mexican Minister, wore a toilet of cream ottoman silk, garnished with point, and the corsage bouquet, La France roses.

Mrs. Lamar, Jr., appeared in Spanish lace over a slip of lemon colored silk.

The audience in the dress circle and boxes was an aristocratic one. Senator and Mrs. Logan, Senator Mitchell of Pennsylvania, were in the dress circle.

Mrs. Whitney and the Secretary, Senator and Mrs. Payne, were in a family party in one of the boxes. Others, too, were noted—Senator and Mrs. Warner Miller, Miss Calhoun, the actress, Hon. W. W. Corcoran and party, Congressman Scott of Erie, and Mrs. Carlisle with Mrs. Congressman Springer.

The box tickets were five dollars, and over three thousand dollars were the receipts for the hospital. "It proved to be the ball

of the season," said Mrs. General Sheridan, who wore a gray toilet trimmed with steel lace.

Mrs. Congressman Vance, in a pearl tinted satin, pointed train and V shaped corsage, with a heavy bouquet of yellow roses, nodded in the affirmative from the flower stand.

Mrs. Leiter, of Chicago, wore a Nile green silk, combined with turquoise velvet.

Perhaps in no city in the world is there such a freedom from restraint, so long as young folks are innocent of wrong, as in Washington. Sons of statesmen, arctic heroes, admirals and official magnates, in the guise of colored serenaders, embellished with burnt cork, and playing on bones and tambourine, with funny antics that would delight a Christy, are often seen. General Beale, in a costume of furs and scarlet cap, represented Santa Claus at a Christmas gathering, and was as happy as the children who admired him. At a party of fish girls, flower girls, quakers, jockeys, jesters, peasants and milk maids, were aristocratic masters and misses in disguise, who never speak to a servant, except in command.

There are over sixty retired army officers, Major Generals Ricketts and Carroll among them, and forty-four retired naval officers, more than half of whom are of the high rank of Rear Admiral, in the city. Life, to them in active pursuits, is over. Their families living on retired pay, secure in the promises of the government, have no care and elegant leisure surrounds them all.

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The K. of L. called a mass meeting in April, 1886, to confer with political leaders on the situation of distress from lock outs, strikes, etc. Hon. Lee Crandall, General Weaver, Paul Bowen, and other lights of the Labor Party were present. Hon. Dan Voorhees, in very pretty platitudes, talked of the rights of the

laboring men, as if a public speaker would *talk* any other way before an American public. Hon. Jerry Murphy told the audience that he came to Iowa a barefoot boy. But as these gentlemen vote and work for British manufacturers, against protection for working men, it was a laughable travesty on their rights, and many of the Knights of Labor knew it. Hon. O'Hara, a colored Congressman from North Carolina, talked of the rights of poor black men to their own earnings. For example: "A negro Knight in North Carolina cannot move his crop to market without permission from his landlord, who often trumps up bills against him and his crop. Another law in South Carolina is, that no laborer can leave his landlord, without forfeiting all his back wages, and no landlord or Southern planter ever pays his help to date."

Hon. Mr. Berry talked old-fashioned Whig doctrine of protection, who with Mr. Powderly believes in it, as in the interest of labor.

The town gossips had heard of the President's betrothal to Miss Folsom before May day, and her journey to Paris, her wedding *trosseau*, and above all "her wonderful beauty," called forth all the adjectives the English language was capable of, by the society correspondents of New York and other papers. Miss Rose Cleveland took a quick journey to the Empire State—boxes and trunks came back with her to the White House. The Mansion took on a new shade of elegance—there would be a warm welcome to the President's bride.

Miss Folsom, at Wells College, was a pretty girl with brown hair banged over a broad brow, regular features, except the nose that is a speck too wide, laughing brown eyes, and a tolerably clear complexion, but when she was Mrs. Cleveland—"a marvel of loveliness."

A wedding in the East room reminded the guests of the bridal of sweet Nellie Grant and Algernon Sartoris twelve years before.

The picture of the ceremony was described by a corps of correspondents—"the happy pair,"—Rev. Mr. Sunderland—Miss Folsom "in a violet brocade,"—"Mrs. Sunderland in a pearl gray," and so on—the congratulations of the guests, and the magnificent presents, are so near to us in memory that we omit details.

High salaried correspondents ring the changos on the beauty of the scene. They were instructed to find every shred of interest—the dresses—the *lingerie* of the bride were minutely described, and in such word painting that a school girl in Oregon could tell the exact pattern of the lace, and the number of tucks and frills on her garments. And the press mirrored the wants of the public, for millions of newspapers were sold throughout the nation to learn all about the wedding. Sixty millions of people blessed Mrs. Cleveland, as she started on her wedding journey to Deer Park, June 5, 1886.

The Republican press was as friendly as the administration papers, and a triumphal journey to the Alleghenies wound up the day in June, as triumphal as Alexandra going to church with H. R. H., Prince Albert, twenty-five years ago.

The President's first Sunday on the crest of the Alleghenies dawned bright and clear. Col. Lamont and wife arrived on an early train, and were driven to the Executive Cottage, where they were to be quartered during their stay in the mountains.

The party for church consisted of the Clevelands, Lamonts, ex-Senator and Mrs. Davis, John W. Wise and Mrs. Lamont's two children, that generally accompany their mother everywhere. The little Garret Memorial church under the oaks of the mountain's crest, was crowded by the rustics of the neighborhood, as well as the hotel people from Oakland.

The correspondents followed them to the pew, saw them enter the carriage—the next day saw them fish, walk the cottage porch,

eat an apple, an orange, whip a cane around a bush. After whittling on the bridge awhile, "Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland went back into the cottage." The correspondents telegraphed the latter important item, and then picking up their pine whittlings went to dinner themselves.

This constant surveillance is very irksome to Mr. Cleveland. But he should know it is the drawback—the penalty of greatness.

Fancy Thurman caring anything what the newspapers would say—"the boys" and he are good friends. We have never heard that Mrs. Cleveland objected to public notice, and she received the public after the wedding without a change of countenance.

Mrs. Cleveland held no summer receptions after the middle of July, and with her mother superintended her new home at "Oak View," in furnishing and decorating the interior. This cottage or two story stone house, is situated in a field of 20 acres, nearly white with Maryland daisies, which being an aesthetic flower, is not cut down excepting by practical farmers. An old-fashioned rail fence runs around a part of the way, the rest enclosed in a wire guard painted green, and the avenue leading to the house is curbed with cobblestone; rustic seats are under the great forest trees, while old-fashioned lilacs, syringa, and damask roses lend a charm to "Oak View" or "Red Top." A policeman with his assistant keeps out strangers from driving into the yard, and none but those intimate with Mr. or Mrs. Cleveland, are admitted. It is a private house, and tourists are not allowed to gratify their curiosity, if the owner is a Jeffersonian Democrat. The drive to "Red Top" is through Woodley's Lane, a picturesque road, and beyond is Tennallytown, a beautiful Maryland village, about three miles from the city. It has a magnificent view of the Potomac and the Virginia mountain towards Hardee's Ferry.

The buying of this farm by the President was a lucky scheme for several real estate men, who owned property in the vicinity. They had a plan of opening up Massachusetts avenue, and

striking diagonally across the Rock Creek valley, reach Woodley's Lane, and the President's country seat, direct from Lincoln Park, measured six miles. But the eastern portion of the city—Capitol Hill, which has been oppressed by taxes to improve the northwestern portion of the city so long, was up in arms, and the project was set down upon by Senator Ingalls, who lives within a stone's throw of the Senate wing on Capitol Hill. The project of making Rock Creek valley a beautiful park, is only a matter of time. It will come.

There is much driving by fashionables out Fourteenth street, then to the left out Woodley's Lane to Tenallytown, and back by Pierce's old mill. Many of the foreign attaches take a horse-back ride every morning through this picturesque section.

The President's seal browns dash up this road, the coachman with Hector from "furrin parts" beside him—his fore-paws on the dashboard of the *coupe*. "Hector is a darling doggie," said a young lady to his mistress, "for he is so black and smooth, and that yellow ribbon is so becoming to his round, little neck."

The seal browns are well bred Hambletonians, fifteen hands high, and were fine steppers before Albert Hawkins laid the reins over their broad backs; now they can dash down Pennsylvania avenue "in finished style," says the sable coachman to another of his class.

One nice October day, the mistress of the White House gathered an autumn bouquet from the Oak View grounds, of bright sumach leaves, golden rod, and the leaves of the Virginia creeper. She wore a steel gray suit of corduroy, with hat and gloves to match. She brought lace for the windows—ribbons to decorate with, that followed afterward, in the "Boston dry goods" van.

How deftly she touched up the rooms, and Mrs. Folsom approved it all. Will destiny always weave so bright a carpet for her girlish feet? The storms and furies which dash so wildly over others, seem to be waved back by some guardian spirit, so that no harm comes to the young wife, as yet.

CHAPTER XVII.

FASHIONABLE GOSSIP—A JAPANESE FARMER—PEDIGREE FAMILIES
—MRS. CLEVELAND LUNCH—THE K. OF L.—OAK HILL—GEN-
ERAL LOGAN'S DEATH.

There are hundreds of men waiting for places in the departments and other offices, who live at fashionable hotels to all appearance, and yet never eat a meal there, unless as another's guest. Their methods are after this style: They associate in the clerk's office and on the street with the leading men of the country, talk of their influence with Congressmen, give pointers as "how to pull the wires," have their letters and newspapers directed to their hotel, squeeze out a cigar or a drink of wine with some big sachem, and when obliged to eat slip in after dark to some cheap restaurant when nobody in society is around. These curious make-shifts seem almost incredible to an initiated person. We know of a young society dude, an officer in the navy, whose expenses to theater, carriage rides and swell suppers, were paid by a doting father who had the misfortune to have an unattractive but ambitious daughter that the young officer escorted through the season.

Therefore to be invited out to dinner, and be invited "to come often," is a fortune to these hotel mushrooms. We know of married ladies in Washington, whose tired husbands enjoy a newspaper at home better than society receptions, theaters, etc., who secretly board and pay many bills for young fellows, whose best suit of clothes and their good looking faces comprise all they have in the world. They are necessary to Madame's convenience, and the husband overlooks the matter, as bringing him relief from the bore of society duties. These chaps often make

good matches by this means, and so they are very willing to be Madame's walking stick.

* * * * *

Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, gave an elegant lunch in November, 1886, at her residence on I street N. W., to which nineteen young ladies were invited to meet the girlish bride of the President—Mrs. Cleveland, although, a special pleasure was to be given to Miss Howard and Miss Thorne, the granddaughters of Mr. Samuel G. Ward, of Washington Place, New York—the ladies having taken a house with a lady chaperone for the winter season of 1886-7. The hour for the lunch was 1:30 o'clock. White chrysanthemums were used in decorating the table, and corsage bouquets of violets, Mrs. Whitney's favorite flower, were placed at every plate. The cards were gilt edged, and had a gilt monogram "W" on the cover, or envelope. This was the celebrated lunch where the W. C. T. U. objected to the drinking of wines in long resolutions to Mrs. Cleveland.

There were glasses at every plate for Apollinaris water, claret and champagne, and high stands of glass filled with candied violets and rose leaves. Bon-bons, peppermints and the salted almonds were in flat dishes of silver, the edges beautifully chased. Seven courses were served with fruit and coffee.

Mrs. Cleveland's toilette was a visiting one of brown silk, the sleeves rather large, the basque trimmed with the same shade of the dress, in passanterie, and the panel revers at the sides of the skirt had the same trimming. The bonnet of brown velvet was trimmed with a touch of navy blue. The hostess, Mrs. Whitney, wore a becoming dress of cream colored brocade, draped with point applique at the back, and the front draped with pearl embroidered net. She had on slippers of white satin.

The young ladies all wore street dresses. Beside these ladies we have noticed, were Miss Mary Manning, who sat at Mrs. Whitney's right hand, and at the other end of the table (the seat

of honor to the favored guest, Mrs. Cleveland), sat Miss Waite on her right, and Miss West at her left. The other guests were, Miss Endicott, the daughter of the Secretary of War; Miss Mitchell, one of the most beautiful girls in America, and daughter of the Senator from Oregon; Miss Susanna Bancroft, grand daughter of the historian Bancroft; Miss Edgar, niece of Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte; Miss Clymer, of Pennsylvania; Miss Howell, Miss Warden, Miss Stout, Miss Royal, Miss Dodge, and Miss Natalie Berry.

President Cleveland, always sensitive to the raw, rarely dines out, except with his Cabinet, and really loves home life. With all his obstinacy, he makes a model husband.

The author of "Little Breeches"—John Hay, at his magnificent residence opposite St. John's Church, on Sixteenth street, entertains literary people to dinners, and a quiet chat in his library is something to be greatly desired, especially by his many Nimrod friends.

Mr. Adams, next door, has a splendid home, but his wife in a temporary fit of insanity committed suicide a year ago, so that the shadow of such a great sorrow prevents ostentatious living.

The home of Stanley Mathews, on Connecticut avenue, has been brightened by a new wife, who took the *grande tour* to Europe with the Justice after the wedding in June, 1886, and now she entertains largely. At one time she was a patent office clerk, very stylish and pretty, when she attracted the notice of Mr. S. C. Theaker, the Commissioner of Patents under Mr. Lincoln, and he married her for a second wife. Dying a few years ago, he left her \$50,000 in solid cash, which gives her pin-money in her new home among the Supreme Court surroundings, but while she is from a good New England family, it was not distinguished.

Out of our American aristocracy, the "Heraldica" says, there are "but one hundred and ninety-two families entitled to wear

coats of arms, or insignia of rank, as belonging to blue blood, *per se*." Curiously enough, the Bonapartes are not found there, although a swelt dinner in Washington is not complete without them. They have no crest, but on their note paper and carriage door is a good sized bumble bee made of solid silver, which looks pretty enough, and carries out the Napoleonic idea of greatness, who above all men had this ridiculous desire and wanted the haughty, blue blood of the Hapsburgs to flow in his children's veins.

Mr. Welles also says that but three Presidents are entitled to be named in heraldry—Monroe, Tyler and Garfield, and these three were not the haughtiest of the twenty-two Magistrates.

Of the Cabinet—Secretaries Bayard and Whitney; and of the Senate, Hoar, Salisbury, Wilson, and that great leader, Van Wyck, of Nebraska. The rest are, Attorney-General Brewster, the Bells, the Browns, the Davenports, the Hancocks, Lees, Loring, Phillips, Montgomerys, Hays, Randolphs, Roosevelts, Schencks, Scotts, Voorhees; and out of a million of Smiths, none have blue blood but the Smiths of Searsdale, in Scotland.

Among the most exclusive of the Senator's wives, is Mrs. Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine. She is worth a million in her own right, as the only heir and daughter of Hon. Zach Chandler, of Michigan, the war horse of the Republican party in its successful campaigns. She has four sons, which she has taken to Europe for a three years' stay and finish, at Heidelberg. The Senator is sought after at dinners, as he is a society man, and ladies adore him.

Another Senatorial set is that of Mrs. Hearst and her friends from California. The lady is handsome, and gives costly dinners.

Mrs. Senator Don Cameron, the prettiest matron in official circles—a pronounced blonde with golden red hair, does not entertain so often, but with tact and much genial feeling, at her

residence on Lafayette Square, known as the old Tayloe mansion. The Senator paid about sixty thousand dollars for the property and repairs. It is an immense house of thirty rooms, with iron porches running clear 'round the structure, and faces westward towards the lofty trees of that lovely bit of ground.

Mrs. Justice Miller, at Highland Place, assisted by her granddaughter, Miss Lucy Corkhill, gives elegant dinners, not only to the Supreme Court, but other distinguished people at the Capital. She is a charming hostess. Her residence is in the best of taste, and in all her surroundings, there are many marks of luxurious refinement. Miss Corkhill has fine dark eyes and hair, and takes the place of Mrs. Miller—Touzaline, in the family circle.

Justice Blatchford has swell dinners, and Justice Harlan, who lives at Rockville, Maryland, is fond of an informal gathering, more for its sociability than for its gastronomic qualities.

Justice Bradley lived down in an unfashionable quarter, among a neighborhood of rich Jews, which was once the most exclusive quarter of the city, when Grant lived there and located on I street, almost down to St. Aloysius Church. The Justice, now dead, was a slender man—a great contrast to his confreres, Judge Gray or Harlan—the latter a Kentuckian of great *bon homme*.

Justice Miller has abstracted hours, but is full of life and fun when wakened up in society. The nation owes them all a world of gratitude for their purity of character on the Supreme Bench. Heaven only knows (for they escape the reporter's pen), how much the Republic is indebted to the Supreme Court through the last quarter of a century, for its righteous decisions—its fidelity to principle. They all stand high in Washington, making no dinner or reception quite complete, without one or more of the Supreme Bench and their families.

Mr. Tomari, of Tokio, Japan, had been at the Capital through the early part of winter, to study the use of the microscope, in

connection with agricultural pursuits at the Department, under the supervision of Commissioner Coleman. This intellectual "Jap" has spent a year in study at our different agricultural colleges, showing the earnest desire of his country to learn the arts of Western civilization, and to cultivate the Yankees—a contrast to the mulishness of the Chinese in inter-national courtesies. President Cleveland gave every assurance of help to the distinguished foreigner.

It is a little curious that foreigners know better than some of our own people how to address the President and officials in the presence, or, by letter. We heard a country bumpkin, who was a member of a state legislature, address Mr. Arthur once, as the "Honorable Mr. Arthur," instead of "Mr. President." Senators, Justices, Congressmen and Colonels all want their correct titles at the American court. One must be careful in so addressing them.

About the 15th of last December, in the flurry of stocks, there were a good many losses among Congressmen and others, who were caught on Lackawana, Lake Shore, and other securities. One Member lost \$35,000, another \$20,000, one real estate firm \$13,000, and so on, until there was a half million out of Washington financial circles. One poor fellow put up his Congressional salary for a year, which he lost gambling in stocks, and yet the police allow no gambling, but dabbling in stocks is not gambling. "Oh! no."

President and Mrs. Cleveland occupied a box at the Barrett impersonations at Albaugh's this week, and parties who had seen the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, were struck with the family resemblance between the beauty of the White House and Amelia Folsom, who ruled the patriarch of Salt Lake with her sunny laugh and daring courage. The cousin Amelia married a railroad official after Young's death, and lives at Ogden, Utah, but has no notion, after she passes beyond, to have her coffin

under any one of the nineteen marble slabs scattered around Brigham's grave at Salt Lake, which were placed there by his order, when High Priest among the Saints.

Mrs. Cleveland sat next to her mother, Mrs. Folsom, who is a young, handsome woman yet, in spite of her 44 years. In the box also, were Colonel Vilas, his dark eyed wife, and Miss Nellie Vilas, in a white suit of corduroy—the party, of course, attracting universal attention.

In the theater were several of the coming debutantes—Miss Mary Manning, the lovely daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, by his first wife; Jennie Lamar, of the South, whose brown eyes and hair, clear olive complexion and scarlet lips, had made sad havoc in hearts already, and Miss Ophelia Mahone, who had finished in Europe her education, was to come out while her father, the Senator, lived at the Capital.

Miss Agnes Dolph, of Oregon, is a beautiful brunette with bright black eyes and jet black hair. She wears an ivory brooch with a portrait of the Duchess of Gainsborough exquisitely painted and set in brilliants. Miss Dolph has been out in society a season before, and taken the *grande tour* abroad.

Miss Patten, daughter of the millionaire widow from California, is of another set, but much admired.

At New Years the fashionable season opens in Washington, and hundreds of society people from American cities fill the hotels and private rooms to bring their daughters out at the Capital, after the President's reception, January 1, which ushers in the gay world.

The worry and anxiety of a *chaperone* or mamma, is often seen, in spite of polite endeavor to keep it out of sight. A boy can dance the german, eat an ice, or candied violets, without espionage, but a young lady must be watched every moment, for fear of a *faux pas*. She may break the laws of health, of the Decalogue, but not of etiquette.

The Christmas eve party held at Mrs. Whitney's, for the children of her family, was something unique.

The Christmas tree was a pine sixteen feet high set in the center of the ball room, crowned with a silver globe, and on its branches over two hundred beautiful presents, numbered to correspond with the juvenile guests, who were numbered, too.

It was a wild dream of fairy-land. The boy choir from St. John's Church stood near the old Dutch fire-place and sang Christmas carols. There were seventy children in all, accompanied by older parties. Miss Pauline Whitney is a tall young girl, about 16 years of age. Miss Mollie Vilas, the second daughter of the Postmaster General, a pretty rose faced girl with blonde hair and blue eyes, appeared in a short sleeved dress of sheer mull, and May Codman, the little cousin of Mrs. Cleveland, sat near her. She wore a blue silk skirt with pink waist, pale pink stockings and tiny black slippers. Among the guests were General Phil Sheridan with his wife and children, Mrs. John Hay, the wife of Lincoln's biographer, with her pretty girls and two boys; Mrs. Senator Jones and three little girls; Mrs. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, has six children—three were with her; Senator and Mrs. McPherson; Mr. and Mrs. Voorhees, Mrs. Helyer, the beauty of the British Legation, Mrs. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Crawford, of the New York World, were all present, accompanied by children.

Among the grown up folk were Senator and Mrs. Payne, Secretary and Mrs. Manning, Miss Manning, Mrs. and Miss Endicott, the Postmaster General and Mrs. Vilas, Miss Nellie Vilas, and the golden haired beauty—Miss Mitchell, of Oregon, who is to marry Lord Sackville West, the British Minister.

In the dining room a table was set, where ice cream, cakes, sandwiches, and fruit were served to the young people, and such merrie children they were! There was a very large cake with a

diamond ring, and Miss Mollie Vilas got the jewel in her piece of cake—a lucky Christmas maid was she! Henry Vilas and Harry P. Whitney, the oldest son of the Secretary, assisted in entertaining the children.

All was over by 7 o'clock, and the children in their leave taking said many sweet, thankful words to their charming hostess and family, as they went out to their carriages.

It was an afternoon they never will forget—that Christmas tree at the old Frelinghuysen mansion. After this came Dorothy, a cradled baby, to add interest to the old place. But the evangels never sang sweeter than the boy choir at this Christmas eve party, given by Mrs. Whitney to her children friends.

Morning came—the bells of the Metropolitan, St. Dominick, and St. Aloysius churches rang out, “Christ is born!” and thousands of happy hearts mingled their gratitude with the incense of altar and chalice. Many of the poor colored people—poor mechanics, had little to make a merrie Christmas, and wondered if there was ever to come a time when the poor would be rich.

The local assemblies of the Knights of Labor were full of a desire to relieve themselves of this pressure of want. What we need is, for government to take the surplus from the Treasury and inaugurate public works, as they do in France and Belgium, and pension every poor soldier of the Union army.

Give the laboring men something to do, and not a cheese paring economy to go before the people, and say, “We have turned out a hundred clerks to starve,” and saved the government a hundred thousand dollars, which to each voter is a hundredth mill apiece! Another thing, in spite of cranks, take the tax off from tobacco. A poor laboring man, who has his pipe alone for a luxury, ought to have it cheap, and take the tax off from sugar, and protect Louisiana planters by a bonus.

Let us have public works on the Mississippi ; dredging of lake harbors ; widen the Erie canal ; build the Florida ship canal ; even try the Hennepin—but do something for the poor, and get the public revenue from the rich, alone. Tax heavy incomes, which, in the hands of proper officers, could be accomplished, and a merrie Christmas would come to the poor of 1887.

Above all things, do not cripple our manufacturers, whether in Alabama, Iowa, Georgia, Maine or Massachusetts, and turn their operatives into tramps, hunting for work.

Finally, let Congress carefully study the interests of all sections. Know no sex, class, or race, but legislate for all—in the interests of humanity.

Representative Reagan, of Texas, who, for fifteen years had antagonized the railroads, with a flourish of trumpets announced that the House of Representatives would pinch the corporations this season, as never before. The people demanded it. But Reagan wanted to be Senator from Texas, and all through the legislation on the Inter-State Bill, he was down at Austin, working up his chances, and when he compromised with the railroads, he was elected Senator. Being a member of the Forty-ninth Congress, as Representative, he accepted the emasculated measure of the Cullom bill as a desired reform, and when the vote was taken, made himself absent in the bath room of the Capitol. We give this on the authority of a Democrat, who is a friend of Senator Reagan.

The Spartan integrity of Congressmen with railroad legislation has greatly disappeared from Washington.

Perhaps the best lawyer, and at the same time with the greatest oratorical powers, we place Wm. M. Evarts at the head of the Senate in 1887. He is a corporation lawyer, and makes no secret of it, but he is true to all he believes to be right.

General Hawley, of Connecticut, is a thorough worker in the committee rooms, but he does not make so polished a speech as Senator Evarts in the upper chamber, yet he is a thoroughly honest man.

The Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, the Hon. Wm. B. Allison, has the entire confidence of the Senate and the business community, and Senator Sherman, loved for his firmness by the Southern Republicans, and respected by Northern men of the party for his integrity, are the leaders in the Senate on financial subjects, especially.

The dependent pension bill, in spite of great opposition, was passed by a large majority of both houses of Congress, for Democrats who loved justice were determined the old soldiers' families should be placed above want.

There are five G. A. R. posts at the Capital, and when the President vetoed this beneficent measure, a smothered feeling of execration rose to their lips. Everybody knew it was done to make the South solid for Cleveland's renomination, as pensions "to the blue" is the eyesore of the old rebel element. "We will forgive you for keeping Republicans in office," said a Representative from Alabama, "but for Heaven's sake veto this bill. The South raises the tobacco and whisky for the revenue to pay these pensions." And among themselves at the Metropolitan and their club houses, there was cursing of the President until he vetoed the bill. No power of argument from mugwump admirers, from officeholders who may be soldiers, can excuse this dirty veto. The claim that agents were making money out of it was unworthy and ridiculous by the party organs of Mr. Cleveland, as agents only get ten dollars for making up the evidence for a soldier. Many soldiers deserving of a pension found their hospital records imperfect from the lapse of time, from the haste of tired and overtaxed officials through the war, and asking in individual cases for help took up much valuable time of Congress-

men, so that the relief measure would be better for the soldier, take out the surplus from the treasury, and scatter it all over the country, assisting the old defenders of the flag.

The President vetoed the Des Moines River bill, giving relief to 3,000 settlers in Iowa who had the title vitiated to their homes by an impudent railroad company, whose bonds were largely held by the heirs of the Hon. Horatio Seymour of New York. For years the claim of these poor settlers had been plead before the Supreme Court, before Congress by that good man, Col. A. M. Dawley, of Fort Dodge, who lost his life by hard work in their favor, and when Congress, shamed at last into justice, passed the bill for their relief, then, to have it vetoed was too much for human patience—too much for an excuse by the officeholders, and his wickedness has been kept out of sight in a quiet way. “No, they never mention it” in Iowa, or the West, as these settlers first had the patent to their lands signed by Abraham Lincoln and his Secretary of the Interior. Cleveland is the *bete noir* of these settlers.

On the 27th of December, 1886, passed away that gallant soldier-statesman, General John A. Logan. By his impassioned eloquence—by his prestige as a lawyer, he had held Southern Illinois to the Union, had been in every great battle of the rebellion, was severely wounded twice, and in Congress had always voted on the side of justice and humanity. Criticisms of his grammar, of his blunt ways, were not heard now, for he was beyond the slander of his rivals and enemies. The nation with mourning voice placed his name high on the roll of fame with Grant, Rawlins, Davis, Douglass, and the immortalized Lincoln,—high up among the stars that look down on the prairies of Illinois. All hearts went out in sympathy with Mrs. Logan, who had blessed so many households with her beneficent charities. Senator Logan was buried at Rock Creek church with high honors, to be removed at some future time to Chicago. In the words

of Senator Blair, the world will remember the great Logan. "Among strong men he was one of the strongest; among wise men one of the wisest; among good men one of the best," and Mr. Blaine added, "I never knew a more fearless man." Yet he was abused, misrepresented so much, that the cruel shots of malice had done their work in causing his death when weakened by disease.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S RECEPTIONS—WHITE HOUSE LUNCH—OAK HILL CEMETERY—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—NEWSPAPERS.

The President's wife, after the New Year's levee of 1887, opened the season for fashionable society, that closes its gay doors on Ash Wednesday, at the beginning of Lent. Her receptions were on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 12 to 1 o'clock P. M., and occasionally ladies might be received by sending a note asking for an interview. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the clever authoress, was her guest in February, and the mistress of the White House gave her sister-in-law an elegant lunch, forty-eight covers being laid in the state dining room. There were no wines. Instead of the Blue parlor, the guests were received in the East room, which was elaborately decorated with flowers, and they proceeded to the dining room in the following order: Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Senator Sherman of Ohio; Mrs. Senator Cockrell of Missouri, and Mrs. Senator Vance of North Carolina; Mrs. Senator Kenma of West Virginia, and Mrs. Senator Payne of Ohio; Mrs. Senator Gray of Delaware and Mrs. Senator Hearst of California; Mrs. Wm. R. Morrison and Mrs. Congressman Springer of Illinois; Mrs. Benton McMillan of

Tennessee, and Mrs. Admiral Upshur ; Mrs. Folsom and Mrs. Leiter (or *Leeter*) of Chicago ; Misses Ramsey and Farnsworth of Albany ; Miss Alice Wood of New York, and Mrs. A. A. Wilson, wife of the District Marshal ; Mrs. Rev. Sunderland and Mrs. Ralph Cross Johnson ; Miss Proctor and Mrs. Scott Townsend ; Mrs. Nott and Mrs. Judge Peckham of Albany ; Mrs. Speaker Carlisle and Mrs. Senator Butler ; Mrs. Senator Gorman of Maryland, and Mrs. Warner Miller of New York ; Mrs. Senator Sabin of Minnesota, and Mrs. Senator Eustis of Louisiana ; Mrs. Senator Walthall of Mississippi and Mrs. Randall of Pennsylvania ; Mrs. Senator-elect Hiscock and Mrs. Representative Oates of Alabama ; Miss Dawes, daughter of Senator Dawes, and Mrs. General Sheridan ; Mrs. J. M. Wilson and Mrs. McAllister Laughton ; Mrs. Bancroft Davis and Mrs. Admiral Selfridge ; Miss Walcott and Miss Van Vechten of Albany ; Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist ; Miss Mary Hallock Foote, writer in the *Century*, and Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of the Confederate General, and Miss Rose Cleveland closed the line with Miss Lucy Frelinghuysen.

It was an elegant party of the American court.

The beauty of Oak Hill Cemetery should not be passed over in these sketches. It was first laid out over thirty acres in a romantic spot, once known as Parrot's woods, which covered a slope down to the bright waters of Rock Creek, but beyond the cemetery is nearly surrounded by handsome villas and residences. It is still wooded with native oaks and pines, and between the marbles and avenues, the grass is kept shaven down like a gentleman's park.

One of the first objects after passing the porter's Lodge, is the monument to John Howard Payne, erected at the expense of Mr. Corcoran to the memory of the poet-author of "Home, Sweet Home." His remains were brought from Tunis (where he died as Consul) in a government vessel, and re-interred June 9,

1883, in the presence of President Arthur, his Cabinet, and an immense concourse of spectators. The programme was as follows : United States soldiers in line of march under General Ayres ; National Rifles, Col. Burnside ; the Union Veterans, Capt. S. E. Thomason ; Light Battery, Capt. Rogers, United States Army ; W. L. Infantry, Colonel W. G. Moore ; Artillery, Col. Langdon. "Home, Sweet Home" was sung by the immense audience ; the music was under the direction of Professors Bernays, Sousa and Widdows ; prayer by Reverend W. A. Leonard, rector of St. John's church ; unveiling of monument by the President ; oration, Leigh Robinson, Esq., and the interment ceremony by Rt. Reverend William Pinkney, Bishop of Maryland, who died a few months later.

Payne was re-buried in the most impressive silence under a slab near his monument, that was covered with flowers. A dash of rain came down, but there struggled through the clouds a rift of sunshine, as the wayfarer was laid at rest in the forests where he had played, as a boy, nearly a century before. The birds in the tree tops chorused "Home, Sweet Home." The confined remains were really only a shred or so of his clothing, a few of the larger bones of his body, and his coat buttons. The whole affair cost Mr. Corcoran about seven thousand dollars.

Here lies Lorenzo Dow, who was first buried in Holmead cemetery, and now rests beside his wife under a gray slab, making a shrine for devout Methodists from all parts of the world.

The great War Secretary of Lincoln's administration, who has borne more undeserved abuse than any other public man in the nation, lies here. The country can never pay the debt it owes to Edwin M. Stanton, and all the Surrats or rebellion's sympathizers cannot smirch his fame.

Oak Hill is rich in costly marble. Among its beautiful shafts may be seen the Corcoran monument, and the VanNess mauso-

lenm—the latter a copy of a temple to Vesta. This marble was taken up piece by piece from the old VanNess property a good many years ago, and set up again in this cemetery, stone for stone. This tomb is constructed of marble—an open dome with stone pillars, and a vault beneath eight feet in depth, with three tiers of cells, where the confined remains of the Burns and Van Ness family are entombed. First, David Burns, who was buried in a winding sheet, the fashion of the early part of the century. Next came his wife, the mother of the beautiful Marcia, the “heirress and belle of Washington,” eighty years ago. This lovely girl married General VanNess, member of Congress from New York, in 1804, and the handsomest man of his time, if pictures are reliable. He used to ride to the Capitol in a carriage drawn by six horses, and to entertain Congress every winter with a dinner party. Their daughter, Miss Annie, married Arthur Middleton, and died in childbirth. General Montgomery and Governor C. P. VanNess, of New York, were also buried in this singular temple of stone. These are all buried in the mausoleum.

Oak Hill chapel is a plain gothic structure, nearly covered with ivy, and the rose garden adjoining it is perfectly enchanting in summer. Hundreds visit this cemetery every day through this time of sunshine and beauty.

There are ten extinct graveyards, which the growth of the city covered with buildings after the remains were moved further to the outskirts. Lafayette Park and Mount Vernon Square were once sacred enclosures for the dead.

The statue to Admiral DuPont is seen from the bounds of Oak Hill, and is one of the most artistic in the city. It was dedicated to the memory of the great sailor and unveiled in the presence of Mr. Arthur and his Cabinet in December, 1884. It is in front of Mr. Blaine’s residence and Castle Stewart.

The Garfield statue, that cost much more, and erected by the Army of the Cumberland to their commander, is situated at the Moorish gate of the Capitol Park, which overlooks the Botanical Gardens between Maryland and Pennsylvania avenues. This statue of enduring bronze, by Ward, the sculptor, rests on a platform of granite, and a shaft runs up at the right with three symbolical figures—the student, the warrior and statesman. The face and well shaped head of the great Ohio warrior is well executed, as well as the roll of manuscript he holds in his hand. From the crown of the figure to the grassy boulevard is twenty-feet.

In the Capitol grounds towards the Senate wing is a fine statue of Chief Justice Marshall, which was unveiled in 1883, to an immense audience of distinguished people. The broad brow, the firm, compact limbs, and the folds of his robe are carefully done by the sculptor, and upon the grassy turf of the beautiful park it casts a shadow of twenty feet.

From these statues a visitor can see Garfield Park, which contains about fifty acres, and lately been rescued from the cow pasture and frog ponds of South Washington. It is about a half mile from the Capitol, southward. It will be, when finished, one of the most beautiful reservations about the city.

Scheutzen Park, a charming rendezvous for the German Verein, is situated on the Seventh street road before one reaches the Soldiers' Home. The Verein often tent here for a week, playing games, shooting, dancing with most delicious music, and that freedom from care which marks the sensible German from the fretting, care worn Yankee.

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One of the sensations of the fashionable season of 1887, was the *elite* of Washington going over to Baltimore to attend a charity ball. The President and Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Vilas,

Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Jennie Lamar, Mrs. Goodyear of Albany, and Miss Sicard of New York, escorted by Marshal Wilson, made up a very interesting party in the "Baltimore," the private car of President Garrett. In the "Delaware," another beautifully upholstered car, were Miss Manning and Miss Endicott, and other less distinguished ladies of Washington, followed in the train. The ball was held at the Academy of Music, draped in Oriole colors, that is, yellow and black, and it proved a great success. Mrs. Cleveland wore her wedding dress, a white corded silk, cut low back and front, without sleeves, and only held on the fair shoulders by a strap of the silk, covered with *Venise* point. Her diamonds were the gift of the President.

The *entente cordiale* is frequently seen between Baltimore and Washington, it being only an hour's ride over that magnificent highway, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and just forty miles from city to city. The Baltimore American and Sun, are printed at the Monumental City, but their Washington subscribers of both papers are numbered by the hundreds.

The Sun has an immense building on F street N. W., constructed of the whitest of marble, eight stories in height, and is the most costly private building in Washington. The Sun property is worth ten millions, counting in both cities.

Every leading newspaper in the United States has rooms nicely fitted up, in the vicinity of Willard's Hotel, and a corps of correspondents to report every scrap of news from the Capital. There is nothing escapes the net of the experienced angler of news at Washington.

The local newspapers are the Washington Post (Dem.) and Republican, morning papers. In the evening appears the Star (Ind.) and the Critic (Dem.). In the main, there are no more well-conducted journals in the world. Bitter personalities and coarse allusions never appear in their columns. The Sunday

papers are the Capital, Sunday Herald, Chronicle and Gazette, while the Republic, Hatchet and Public Opinion appeared the evening before, and are read as Sunday papers. The National Tribune, the soldiers' paper, has an immense circulation among G. A. R. posts over the country—about 300,000 regular subscribers. Colonel Lemon, the owner, hires Editor McElroy and a corps of writers to run the paper, and the Colonel also keeps sixty clerks arranging evidence in pension claims. He is said to be worth a million. The National View, greenback organ, if so shadowy a sentiment as greenbackism can be called a force, is edited by Hon. Lee Crandall. The Army and Navy Register, edited by Colonel Edmund Hudson, the correspondent of the Boston Herald, has a large circulation in army and navy circles.

In many of the advertising columns of these journals you read notices like the following: "I will pay fifty dollars to any one getting me a government position." Some have given two hundred dollars to get a position in the departments. It is clear that office brokerage is a paying industry, or the call would not be made. There is a class of unprincipled people, both men and women, who claim to have influence with Congressmen, that could not get a place for a canary bird, yet take the money from their victims with regularity and *sangfroid*.

Many Congressmen get postmasters soft places, and when settled down to business, the office holder must divide with the Congressman or he might lose his place. "The power that creates can destroy," said a Western Democratic Congressman to four fat paying offices; "divide with me!" and they immediately *divided* profits with the lawgiver.

Social influences are unsparingly used with Congressmen, who visit the departments, and with increasing pertinacity insist on their favorites being appointed, in spite of civil service reform in this administration.

Probably no better man could be found in America than the Hon. S. P. Ronnds, Government Printer. He was a practical printer, well known through the country, but civil service could not prevent his removal, and Mr. Benedict, from the state of New York put in his stead. Mr. Rounds is one of the proprietors of the Omaha Republican, one of the leading papers of the Northwest.

The Government Printing office has over two thousand employes, and sixty presses of the largest power are kept running night and day. Speeches of the lawgivers and doings of Congress fill the Daily Congressional Record; the reports of officers in the army and navy, coast survey, revenue marine, agriculture and other public documents are printed and bound here. The building is at the corner of H street, N. W., and North Capitol, and is an immense brick structure painted yellow, and like all the public buildings, has a tall flag staff with the stars and stripes floating over it.

Not far from the printing office is the K street market, a very large brick structure, which covers nearly a block of ground. There are five markets—Capitol Hill, "Riggs," O street, Twenty-second street, K street and B street, and without doubt the fruits of the earth—the Bay oysters, meats, chickens, and everything toothsome, never look more inviting than in the stalls of a Washington market. Hucksters with strawberries, oysters, and cherries, cry their wares through the streets, and "Coal, C-o-a-l!" is heard in such dulcet strains, that it is a pleasure to buy of such sweet voiced fellows.

Living is cheaper here than in any other large city in the country. Rents are low, comparatively, and with the exception of the street south of Pennsylvania avenue that runs between the Treasury and the Capitol, it is desirable to any family of wealth and leisure to live at the Capital. One can find pleasant lodging rooms and parlor already furnished, from ten to forty dollars a

month, and then boarding at the hotels and restaurants, makes living moderate through the Congressional season, as well as the fashionable period.

The best dry goods houses are Hoe's, Shuster, Boston dry goods house, and that extensive dealer, Lansburgh, not forgetting the old reliable house of Brodhead & Co. The Palais Royal is an excellent place for fancy goods, lace, shopping, etc.

The Arlington, Riggs, Willard, Ebbitt, Wormley and Metropolitan, as well as the St. James on the European plan, are the best hotels. The Howard House, Belvidere and Hamilton are cheaper, but keep excellent tables.

The leading restaurants are Welcker's, Harvey's and Abner's, with the Chamberlain Club House on Fourteenth street.

There are but three railroads that come to Washington from the East, North and West. They are the B. & O., the Baltimore & Potomac, and the Chesapeake & Ohio railroads.

Down at the river wharf are the steamboats belonging to the Potomac Inland and Coasting Company. None stop at Mount Vernon but the "W. W. Corcoran," which has the exclusive right to land passengers at that particular wharf. There are a great many schooners, brigs and sloops, that ply between the Potomac wharf, Chesapeake Bay, Norfolk and Newport News, beside the little river stations. This river is not frozen over excepting at Christmas tide and through to the middle of February. These ships and steamboats used always to toll their bells in passing Mount Vernon, but the practice is not kept up now, with the exception of the Regent's boat, the "Corcoran."

On both sides of the river railroads will soon reach the Bay. Old Point Comfort, or Fortress Monroe, is a place of great attraction both winter and summer to Washingtonians. After Lent, through the heated term, and in the depths of winter, its hotel, the Hygeia, has from 800 to 1,200 guests at its excellent

table, and it, at the Fortress there is a spectacular parade, the number is often largely increased. Fortress Monroe is the only one of the kind in the United States, with its moat filled with water — drawbridge, caissons, shells, and the dread panoply of war.

Fort Washington, twelve miles below the Capital, is nearly dismantled, and is used mostly for picnic grounds, although its grass covered wall and frowning parapet looks threatening to the citizen.

Still nearer the city, just below and opposite Alexandria, is Fort Foote, named after Admiral Foote, of Mississippi river fame in the great rebellion.

Many picnic parties also rendezvous there, as well as at Fort Washington.

As one sails past the Eastern Branch, at its mouth, one is more struck with the lovely environments of the Capital than at any other point.

The view of Anacostia, Arlington, Georgetown, and the great city is like a poet's dream.

We must take our readers to Cabin John's creek, six miles from Georgetown, where the finest bridge in the world is seen. This magnificent structure springs over the chasm at a height of 101 feet. It is erected of immense blocks of granite, with Seneca parapets and coping, and leaps the ravine in a single arch of 220 feet, with fifty-seven feet rise from the springing line. The bridge is twenty feet wide, and its whole length 420 feet. It cost \$237,000, and was built by the United States. It is the largest stone arch in the world, the second being that of the Grosvenor bridge, with a span of 200 feet over the river Dee, in Scotland.

When Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War under President Pierce, this bridge was built, and his name in bold letters was inscribed on the parapet.

After the rebellion broke out, General Meigs had the traitor's name erased to the great pleasure of all good citizens at that time; but now if such a thing were attempted, there would be such abuse—"Why cannot they let the *dear old man* alone? the unforgiving wretches."

Wave the bloody shirt, and you are stigmatized as worse than a traitor. No! treason is *not odious* in the year of our Lord, 1887. Southrons, treasonable, are of finer mould than Benedict Arnold or Revolutionary Tories, and in New York city a monument will soon be built to perpetuate Southern valor and patriotism, in defense of State rights!

Beyond Cabin John's bridge, the scenery is very picturesque, until you reach Great Falls; the Potomac is divided into two great channels before you reach the cascades, by Cupid's Bower and Bear Islands, and at the place itself the river is again in two channels by Comis Island and Great Falls. The Government owns the water right of five acres of ground for the purpose of distributing water to the receiving reservoir, a natural basin formed by an embankment across Powder Mill Creek, which retains the water over an area of fifty-two acres—a depth of 53 feet, and drains 40,000 acres of the surrounding country.

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But after all, the main interest in Washington is the Congress of the United States. Its feeblest utterances are felt in the city in thunder tones, and in the last four days of the last session of the Forty-ninth Congress, it was watched with intense interest by her citizens.

The title to the Kidwell bottoms was not fully established, the cable tramway bill was defeated, and certain legislation for the interests of the northwestern portion of the city recommended by the three Commissioners of the District of Columbia, was also defeated. The Inter-state Commerce Bill, which lashed the business portion of the Republic from ocean to ocean into the

wildest confusion from its crude and oppression measures in transportation, did not cause a ripple in the city. The railroads that center here and run their freight cars upon handsome avenues, had subdued Congress the law making power, and no appeal or moan had lately gone up from the crushed citizen of Northeast or South Washington.

Looking back to the early days of the Republic, when Jefferson opposed the Bank of the United States in such forensic display that he carried everything before him, and giving the anti-federals a distinction they never lost—when Livingston, Pinkney, Madison and Monroe talked so eloquently for and against internal improvements in spicy debates in Congress, one wonders if the Republic has not lately tailed in sending its brainiest men there—Clay urging legislative action towards recognizing the South American Republics, in words of such lofty patriotism and eloquence that his listeners bowed in homage to the fire of his genius—in that wonderful debate in the Senate when Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, the eloquent expounder of State rights, met the greatest master of American oratory—Webster, the especial champion of constitutional law and supremacy, and such was his power that, backed by Federal bayonets under Jackson's authority, it settled the arrogance of South Carolina secession for nearly thirty years. John Quincy Adams, as British Minister, Secretary of State and President, was greater still on the floor of the House of Representatives battling for the right of petition from the freedom loving North, and after ten years' persistency he wiped the infamous Atherton gag law from Congressional rules, so that petitions for the abolition of slavery could be heard. Douglass urging the unjust Kansas and Nebraska bill and opposed by Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, and so on through the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery to the close of the reconstruction period, it seemed as if a holy inspiration on the one side, and eloquence born of fallen

seraphim on the other made the Capitol brilliant with a blaze of human intellect that the world never saw before.

But in the last few sessions of Congress, many mediocre men have crept into place, money has bought position, and the coming Fiftieth Congress will probably be like the last, a weak, drifting—wordy debates—and no great good accomplished.

The Capitol is lovely by daylight—by moonlight—under the electric ray, and answers back with gleams of beauty to the Monument a mile southward.

The new marble terraces which are built around the north, west and south side, approach completion. They are 204 feet long on the capitol wings, and 415 feet on the west side that is intersected by the grand staircase, which descends to the plaza below. These terraces are built of white marble, with copings and balustrades of Tennessee stone of variegated color—elegant lamp brackets—and the whole of the terraces cover large document rooms that is accessible from the crypt below. This last improvement will cost over a million of dollars.

The plaza, or park, has a gothic structure in the southwest part nearly covered with ivy and flecked with purple clematis in summer, where the tinkling of falling water in a spacious grotto, makes a most desirable resting place for a tired visitor; and with shrub, tree, and flower, is a picture of rare interest in itself.



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